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ELECTIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS



FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., AND ALFRED E. PEASE, M.P., c. 1887.

ELECTIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS

By
SIR ALFRED E. PEASE

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

7

FIRST EDITION . . . 1932

7

TO
MY CHILDREN AND CHILDREN'S CHILDREN

I DEDICATE THIS ATTEMPT TO RESCUE
SOMETHING FROM TIME'S
DESTROYING FLOOD

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PREFACE

I ENTERED the House of Commons in 1885.¹ The principal actors on the parliamentary stage in "the eighties" have nearly all passed away. Many outstanding politicians of an earlier time, with whom I had associations, have disappeared from public memory. In the following pages reference is made to some of these and to a distant past, but in the main they record the impressions of the later exciting and fateful period (1885-1892) in the language, used in the heat of conflict, of my diaries. There are many biographies of the Statesmen of my time written by their supporters and admirers. The sketches given here are at least drawn as each scene and as each person appeared at the moment, before the eyes of a moderate Liberal, who never believed moderation was inconsistent with bold policy, nor, as the reader will find, with the use of strong language.

What is taken from my diaries is placed in quotation marks. In some cases passages distinguished thus epitomise the original entries ; thus I often give the same sentences which appear in the original and omit superfluous context. In a few cases I have substituted milder adjectives, but I shall not be blamed for being too discreet in this or in any other respect.

Incidentally, I give the genesis of the principles upon which Liberal policy was based during the

¹ I resigned my seat for Cleveland December 1902.

Preface

greatest struggle in recent parliamentary history. The policy of Home Rule for Ireland was defeated, yet the failure was less ignoble than the abject surrender by the Unionists of the cause of the Union for which they fought so fiercely for some thirty years.

I defend certain Whig principles and traditions which I inherited and adhere to. Whigs and Tories have alike long since departed, but the convictions and sentiments which inspired them can never be eradicated from the minds and hearts of thinking men so long as Liberty and Loyalty have any meaning.

Though Whigs had talked of democracy and of "the Sovereign people," they were never democrats in the modern sense. They believed that Government was a *practical thing*, and did not exist to furnish a spectacle of uniformity nor to comply with logic, arithmetic or the theories of visionary politicians. They were for Liberty, with a big L, for toleration and for justice, but they never confused inequalities with injustices and never desired to see administrations come and go by chance majorities or by the changing humours of millions of uninformed voters.

My references to local politics and persons are here to illustrate very different times from the present, and may interest north-country readers. They are of a character which more competent and more ambitious historians are not likely to give nor be able to produce out of their own experience.

What follows is admittedly and obviously an *ex parte* record. To reproduce denunciations and hard words used nearly half a century ago may provoke adverse criticism, yet an adequate impression of the intensity of the conflict can hardly be given in any

Preface

case and no idea of it without reviving memories of the temper of the time. For a fighter in the struggle to attempt a judicious survey would be affectation. For instance, I do not claim that all my denunciations of Arthur Balfour or of the agents of the Unionist policy for Ireland are fair or that there was no other side to the cause which I espoused, yet they do undoubtedly express my opinions and feelings at the time when they were written. Reader and author alike can but give the verdict of his own conscience. My generation witnessed the power, prosperity and glory of our nation reach their height. Both parties were inspired by patriotism, and both must share the responsibility of having handed over our great heritage to the control of "the people." There is no reason to despair, but whatever may come of it the light-winged hopes of youth are flown, for I know that I shall not leave the world better than I found it.

In old age we desire to end our days in charity, not only with the living but with the dead. "With the dead there is no rivalry," and where either party was provoked to indignation by what it deemed injustice and wrong, this indignation now makes way for a feeling akin to compassion, for the old know too well that these bring their own retribution, so that the author as a septuagenarian is able to withdraw every accusation which is offensive, made when he was a young man. A Great War taught Britons they could be brothers. Would that Peace could do the same.

ALFRED E. PEASE.

PINCHINTHORPE HOUSE,
GUISBROUGH,
YORKSHIRE.
January 1932.

CHAPTER I

MEMORIES

I WAS born in 1857, so that some forty-four years of my life were lived in the reign of Queen Victoria. I look on this as the most eventful and brightest period in our island's history, and regard myself as fortunate to have been born into it. It was gorgeous, dignified and graceful. It was a more hopeful and therefore a happier time ; it was intellectually more brilliant ; and we lived free from the fears and depressing anxieties which afflict the post-war world which I have lived to see and which I do not pretend to understand. My own life, if remarkable in nothing else, has been so in the variety of its experiences and vicissitudes, the multitude of which is due in part to vast political and social changes as well as to the great scientific discoveries which have affected the conditions of existence throughout the world. These pages deal with the comparatively small part of my active life which was concerned with party politics.

The moral atmosphere of our youth affects our opinions to the close of life. Some reference to early years seems necessary in order to explain political opinions long since out of fashion, but which were founded on experience as well as principles. These have at least a similar interest to other antiquities. Our children and grandchildren cannot realise the romantic nor the brilliant side of

Memories

the Victorian era. The spirit of adventure remains the heritage of our race ; there are as many heroic men and women as ever, but in no age, not excepting the Elizabethan, has there been such varied opportunity for its exhibition. The field was wide ; vast areas of the new and old worlds were unexplored and held mysteries and secrets. Each year brought forth its crop of heroes, revealed new wonders and yielded a harvest of romance. Europe was ever on the tip-toes of expectation.

The ideas held by the present generation of what Victorians were, how they lived and of their environment, moral and material, are so strange that they are difficult to account for. They seem to have their origin in the novels of Victorian authors and the libels of ignorant latter-day writers. Charles Dickens, with his caricatures, weird characters, his repulsive and melodramatic pictures of life, has something to answer for. No doubt the period, like every other one, had its ugly features, but on the whole it was a sunny, contented age of expectancy, with its full share of musicians, singers, dancers, artists and poets. But this chapter is one of political reminiscences.

The echoes of the Crimean War were about my childhood as well as the heroes of Inkerman, the Alma and Balaclava. I knew several of those who came through the Charge of the Light Brigade, including a brother Yorkshireman, Sir George Wombwell, who lived on till 1913 and was born in 1832. I came into the world during the Indian Mutiny. I remember distinctly the Schleswig-Holstein War and violently taking the Danish side. I knew nothing of course of the complicated

The Abyssinian Campaign, 1868

dynastic questions involved in regard to the duchies, nor of the very German nature of the territories concerned. My indignation was that we allowed the little country which had just given us our beautiful Princess to be robbed of its possessions. It is often curious how a trivial incident impresses a lasting memory on one's mind. I have a vivid recollection of the celebrations of the Prince of Wales's wedding in 1863, and of a procession, because when I asked an uncle what I should see, he said, "You will see some Buffaloes." Now, I longed to see buffaloes and strange animals, and I was nearly broken-hearted when a section passed, much like others, with its banner, and I was told, "There are the Buffaloes!" I have had an enduring contempt for an Order which inflicted such disappointment, and do not yet understand why it is so called. I detected nothing even bovine in their make-up.

As a boy I enjoyed reading all the news of the Abyssinian Expedition into the strange and little-known Ethiopian Empire, the fall of Magdala, and the tragic end of King Theodore. That would "larn" people who kept British subjects captive! More than thirty years after I was at Adis Abeba, and made the acquaintance of one of these captives, McKelvie by name. In spite of a war waged on his behalf, he had declined to be repatriated, a fact which stimulates some cynical reflections. He gave me an account of the floggings and tortures he suffered under King Theodore, but he preferred Abyssinia to his native Ireland! The days of a jealous protection for the meanest Briton are over. We shall go to battle no more for Jenkins's ears or

Memories

howled with terror, while awaiting the moment when I should be scattered in fractions over Falmouth. But the cap was taken off, the screaming charge drawn, and I was replaced on deck among the grinning cut-throats and laughing officers. One said, "Now, I guess you can say what no other Britisher can, that you have been inside the gun which sank the *Alabama*." We were on the U.S.A. corvette, the *Kersage*, which had sunk the *Alabama*, privateer, off Cherbourg in 1864.

It is not only the wars and political storms of our youth, the sound of which grumbles on like thunder through the passing years, but those of preceding times which leave their mark on the character of succeeding generations. Children born to-day, a decade after the Great War, will not outlive its blast nor cease to hear its echoes.

There are five very distinct periods with which the shrinking number of my own generation is linked, directly or indirectly: (1) the later Georgian, (2) the Victorian, (3) 1901-1914, (4) that of the Great War, (5) the post-war years. This record deals with the two earlier ones. My link with the times of George III, George IV, William IV, and with the first twenty years of Victoria is of course through those whom I knew who belonged to them. The parliamentary record of my immediate family (Peases) has been fairly continuous, for nine of us have sat in the House of Commons between 1832

square round the guns, and when these were fired received a shower of human fragments, flesh, bones and blood. He described it as an appalling business, but considered its moral effect was enormous and lasting. Treachery and the wholesale merciless massacre of Europeans was punished by what was to the native mind the annihilating death of their fellow-culprits and by their own terrible defilement.

County Government by Quarter Sessions

and 1926. My grandfather, born 1799, the first Quaker M.P., chiefly remembered as a railway pioneer and the creator of the port of Middlesbrough, sat in the first "Reformed" and later Parliaments. He died in 1872, when I was in my sixteenth year, but there were many men born earlier in the eighteenth century with whom I was brought in contact who long survived him ; whose conversation and ideas belonged to the pre-Victorian period, that of the Napoleonic Wars, and memories of the horrors of the French Revolution still lingered in the public mind.

When I was a boy, the country was still ruled mainly by the great political families, and local government in the counties remained in the hands of the county gentry long after I was grown up. When I came of age, I was entitled to be placed in the Commission of the Peace, on the qualification of the "eldest son of a Knight of the Shire," which sounds a curious one to-day. From 1880 to 1889 I took my part in the civil administration of the North Riding by Quarter Sessions and on the Committees appointed at the Sessions. After nearly forty years of subsequent experience of County Council work, the volume of which is immensely larger and more important than that which fell to the Justices, I am bound to say that it will never be possible to surpass the prudence and care exercised by the Justices of that time. The efficiency in County administration depends more and more on the efficiency of the County officials. There were features in the rule of the County Magistracy, especially in regard to their criminal jurisdiction, by no means to be commended.

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From the age of twenty-two I often had to deal with offenders in my smoking-room. These *untried* persons were usually led by a chain, and handcuffed, along three miles of road to my house. This administration of justice in private appeared to me scandalous, and I rejoiced when it was abolished and the Summary Jurisdiction Act was passed. At the same time, the few magistrates of that day studied their duties and took much more pains in the discharge of them than do the majority of Justices now, comparatively few of whom would even get through an examination in the rules of evidence.

It is an undoubted fact that, with a small and far less efficient constabulary, crime was more effectively checked by the Justices and Judges in the former time.¹ The immense increase in the number of indictable crimes known to the police and the low proportion of prosecutions and convictions in recent years confirms this statement. There have been great improvements, on the other hand, in bestowing powers to deal with less serious offences, juvenile and first offenders, in a way that the law prevented us from doing in the old days. One change, I suppose made in pursuit of the fetish of popular election, I think was regrettable, for formerly all Justices were *ex-officio* Guardians of the Poor, and among them were found the most enlightened administrators of the Poor Law. There was a distinct advantage in Justices being familiar with the practical application of the Poor Law, and in direct contact with the poorest class of the community. The authority and influence

¹ Sentences were more severe and entailed real punishment.

A Link with 1715

of the county families has, practically speaking, vanished, but in my grandfather's day the feudal traditions and the territorial powers of the great families were very much alive. It is true that the great manorial system with its courts and jurisdictions had been greatly modified by the beneficent Enclosure Acts, substituting individual ownership for the commoners' rights in the arable fields, meadows and pastures of each manor. This had redeemed agriculture and improved the lot of every class dependent on the industry. Yet such men, say, as the Duke of Northumberland wielded immense power and commanded hosts of men, and could even call up their private armies.

My grandfather could tell of the Percy Tenantry, Cavalry and Artillery in the Percy uniform, with their officers and pipers being mobilised on occasion from the time when Paul Jones appeared on our coasts to that when fairs were first proclaimed at Tynemouth and even later. Links through my grandfather with this different past have always interested me, and I give a few. In 1810 one of the Duke's pipers, Tibby Allen, died in Durham Jail, having been convicted of horse-stealing in 1803. He was born in 1721, and his widow died at Rothbury in 1830, in my father's lifetime, aged 109. When my grandfather was about nine years old one John Ramsay died at Cullercoats who had served as cabin-boy with Sir George Rooke at the taking of Gibraltar in 1704, and had been born about 1692 in the reign of William III and Mary. But this fact interests me more. My grandfather lived at Darlington; close by his home was Polam Farm, where lived John Yarrow. He was

Memories

110 years old in 1814. In 1715 he was ploughing with some horses on a farm near North Shields, when the horses were commandeered for the transport of stores for the campaign against the Old Pretender.

All this has little to do with politics, but gives a perspective of the last century, and as I was much with my grandfather and often led him about when he was totally blind, it may give an idea of the subjects of the conversations of old men when I was young. For these men had lived in the days of Canning, Sheridan, Fox, Burke, and in the glorious but astounding times of the Regency and of George IV. My acquaintance with some men who were Ministers of the Crown in pre-Reform days placed me in touch with those now almost-forgotten and stirring days. The close association of my father and grandfather with great Whig leaders of that day has no doubt had its influence in attaching me to certain Whig traditions and principles. When I allude to these it is to those of which Edmund Burke was the most masterly exponent.¹ The Whigs were guilty of as many vagaries as other parties have been ; they were given to the same place-hunting propensities with an eagerness to retain an aristocratic family domination, but they adhered to the Constitution as fixed by the Revolution on the accession of William and Mary. They were thoroughly Protestant,² they opposed the Tories and High-Church party in continuance of their stand against

¹ And which animated Pitt, who called himself a Whig to the end of his life.

² Yet they were the protectors of the Roman Catholics.

The Whigs

the Jacobites, and they held that Government exists for the welfare of the whole community, and believed that Liberty and Freedom should not be mere phrases. A greatly extended franchise never appealed to them. Whatever the cynic may say, holding these principles, they considered that they themselves were trained and fitted to be the leaders and guides of "the Sovereign people" and they were not far wrong.

I read recently (in 1930) the dictum of a modern "Conservative," that "party exists to carry out the will of the people." The Whig in me rose up in protest against this statement. "Party" came into being with no such purpose, but to secure good government and the welfare of the whole nation. It is doubtful if it is ever possible to discover the "will of the people" on more than one question at a time, and at all times it may be fluctuating, ill-informed, or even actually wicked. *Vox populi vox Dei* is a convenient substitute for reason in the mouth of the demagogue, but the voice of the people has called for the crucifixion of the innocent, and crazily shouted, "Give us back our eleven days." Even a Radical like John Bright declared that it was a duty to stand like a "tiger" in the path of the people when they are wrong. Good government is achieved neither by logic nor by arithmetic. The dividing up of a whole population into gangs of 30,000 or 50,000 voters does nothing to secure good government or the presence of the wisest and most capable men as Ministers of the Crown. It does not even ensure the operation of the "will of the people." In two recent elections "the people" declared against Socialism, yet

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“ Liberals ” (mark you, “ Liberals ! ”) on both occasions placed a Socialist Government in power. It is because the British Constitution was full of anomalies and illogical that it was superior to all others. The Whigs can no more be acquitted of bribing voters and M.P.'s than can be the Tories, but they would have been horrified to see politics degraded to the present system of a competition between parties to buy votes *en masse* out of the public treasury.

At the end of 1902 I retired from Parliament, because I could no longer afford being a member, and accepted an administrative post in the Transvaal. On my return to England in 1907 I was inclined to re-enter the House, but the desire was quelled by my Whig view of representation. Burke stated in 1774 the opinions I still hold, when Members of Parliament have become little more than the *paid* delegates of party organisations, men who have “ toed the line ” laid down by the devisers of programmes. “ Your representative owes you,” said he to the electors of Bristol, “ not his industry only, but *his judgment*, and he betrays instead of serving you if he sacrifices it to your opinion ” ; and again : “ Parliament is not a congress of ambassadors from different and hostile interests. . . . It is a deliberative assembly of one nation with one interest, where not local prejudices ought to guide, but the general good.” The Whigs fought the idea that those who did not hear the arguments nor take part in the deliberations should control either policy or legislation. I was the last Liberal M.P., and a solitary one, who voted against payment of Members. I never lost the

The Whigs a Family Party

support nor the respect of my constituents for exercising my independent judgment and liberty. At my last two elections, in the first one I was returned without a word from me, being absent in Somaliland, and in the second I was unopposed.

Is not the main question how to have a Parliament *fitted* to control "the welfare of a fifth of the human race, the relations of this vast multitude to the remainder of mankind and the future of millions yet unborn"? Who can say that Parliament is now fitted for this task, or that it has not abandoned many of its imperial responsibilities? In 1881 and in 1886 it afflicted me to see the chief Whig families desert Gladstone on his Irish policy. I am convinced that the Fitzwilliam¹ who had been Viceroy of Ireland in 1794, the Lord Durham who had been Governor of Canada in 1838, and the soundest Whigs of the old days, would have seen that any other policy was a disuniting one. It used to be a common sarcastic observation that the Whigs were a family party and not a political one. Lord John Russell's first administration was indeed mainly one of his relations, and the Russells, Cavendishes, Grosvenors, Howards, Leveson-Gowers, and Harcourts of my own day all descended from an eighteenth-century Lord Gower. I lived to see this party, which lacked the political sagacity of its founders, drowned in the party which calls itself Conservative, yet which is far less conservative and less wise than the old Whigs.

When I entered the House in 1885 as the Senior

¹ Fitzwilliam was too far ahead of his age, which is almost as serious a fault in a statesman as to be behind it. Pitt knew this and recalled him.

Memories

Member for York City, my father introduced me to the then "Father of the House," Christopher R. M. Talbot, who was eighty-two years old ; he had sat continuously since 1828, with only three contests in fifty-seven years, and I sat with him in the next Parliament as well. He also introduced me to Charles Villiers, who succeeded Talbot as "Father of the House" ; at that time he was eighty-three, and I sat with him in three Parliaments. He had entered the House twenty-two years before I was born, and was still there when I was forty-one years old in 1898. He was born in 1802, and sat continuously for Wolverhampton from 1835 to 1898. His name will be preserved in history on account of the persistence with which he pressed for the repeal of the Corn Laws from 1838 to 1841. These and several others had sat with three generations of my family. I must mention one of these, a dear old Tory who also became "Father of the House," Sir John Mowbray, with whom I sat in four Parliaments. He sat first for Durham City, and later for Oxford from 1853 to 1899.¹ I shall always remember when I returned to the House in 1897 as Member for Cleveland, his holding me affectionately by the hand and saying : "Although I am a Tory, I am delighted to welcome you back" ; and adding, "I have sat with three generations of Peases and with six of your family," and pressing my hand and smiling, "and if the whole House of Commons was composed of Peases, the country would have nothing to fear."

¹ The Rt. Hon. Sir John Mowbray, Bt., was a son of Robert Stribling Cornish, of Hills Court, Exeter. In 1847 he married the only child of George Isaac Mowbray, of Bishopwearmouth, and of Mortimer, near Reading, and assumed the name of Mowbray.

Gladstone in Office under William IV

I have political associations which carry me still farther back. One of my earliest was being driven by my father to call on "Lord John Russell" (then Earl Russell), at Pembroke Lodge, in Richmond Park. He had sat almost continuously from 1813 to 1861, when he went "upstairs"—he died in 1878, when I was grown up. He had been Prime Minister when my father was first in Parliament (1865), and had been leader of the Whig Party which, after 1832, gradually but distinctly assumed the name of the Liberal Party. In appearance he was small and weak, but he was "wiry." He was a poor speaker without style, and he stammered, his manner was cold and he had no smile, but as a leader he was very wise and an able tactician with sound judgment. This great little man had stood with Wellington in the lines of Torres Vedras, had conversed with Napoleon I and had held all the highest offices of State.¹

Gladstone entered the Reformed Parliament in 1832, at the same time as my grandfather, Joseph Pease; he died in 1898, when I was still an M.P. In 1887 I dined at Lord and Lady Rendel's on the eve of the Queen's Jubilee Celebrations. We dined at a large round table; Mr. Gladstone sat on one side of Lady Rendel and I on the other. During dinner she turned to Gladstone, who was expatiating on the beauty of the Coronation Service, and said, "I suppose, Mr. Gladstone, you can remember the Queen's accession?" "Oh, dear me, yes!" said he. "I held office twice under William the Fourth."

I think my acquaintance with a much less-known

¹ See Table I, Appendix.

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man than these has given me more reason to wonder at what a man may see and do in the course of his life. I allude to The O'Gorman Mahon, otherwise known as Colonel James Patrick Mahon, who was about the very last of the old "Irish Fighting Gentlemen." He had been M.P. for Clare in 1830 before the Reform Bill, and was M.P. for Carlow when he died in 1891, aged ninety-one ! But what a life lay between these years ! It is worth recording. He was not in the first Reformed Parliament, and did not return to the House until 1847, when he sat until 1852 ; he did not reappear again until 1879 and sat until 1885. He came back in 1887 at a by-election, and remained a member until his death in Chelsea on 15th June, 1891, having been born 17th March, 1800. It was during his last years that I came to know him, and we often travelled homewards together after midnight in the last "Underground" train from Westminster. I have in Africa and elsewhere met many who have lived strange and adventurous lives. Some of these, like my friend Baron Slatin Pasha, who used to call me his "twin," as we were exactly the same age, have survived more terrible and more astounding experiences, but The O'Gorman Mahon's life in the variety of its experiences and performances must be almost unique, even in the Victorian age of adventurers.

Though he was eighty-seven years old in 1887, grey-haired and bearded, and clad in a rough grey suit when he signed the Roll of Parliament, he was still a magnificent specimen of a man ; over 6 feet 3 inches in height, perfectly erect, with a commanding presence and easy carriage. He had

The O'Gorman Mahon's Duels

the gentle courteous manners and address of the old school. In such conversations as I had with him he hardly once alluded to his eventful past, except in relation to persons and parties in the House of Commons. When he was dying, I asked Dr. Tanner, M.P., his constant medical attendant, if he ever got him to speak of his past, and Tanner told me he had attempted this several times, but all the dying gladiator had vouchsafed on this subject was, "Tanner, me boy, I have lived a very wicked life, and I do not want to talk about it." In repeating this I do not think more meaning should be attached to it than to the words of any dying warrior ; we are all miserable sinners, and most of us could say the same thing when reflecting on our misspent days and wasted opportunities. One day when he was standing by the table at which I was writing in the "No" lobby, an M.P. came up and with more curiosity than manners said to him, "O'Gorman Mahon, I have been told you have fought many duels ; how many, I wonder ?" I wondered what he would "get" as an answer. The old warrior looked at the questioner and said quietly, "*Sir*, I never in me life gave any man the occasion to challenge me." He then turned his back and walked away.

As a matter of fact, he had fought at the very least thirteen serious duels and three fatal ones, and I gather from this answer he had always been the challenger. I actually saw him when he was about eighty-eight years old, during one of the stormy Irish debates when the Tories were shouting epithets at the Parnellites, rise from his place, stride across the floor and up the opposite gangway,

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and present his card with a bow to one of the noisy Conservatives. The receiver of this polite attention appeared to have no idea of its significance; he turned over the card with a puzzled look until his neighbours enlightened him. The Speaker observed the episode and administered a milder reprimand than he would have to any other Member, and I imagine gently explained to him later that this effective way of discouraging insults had gone out of fashion. The fighting Colonel was the master of many languages, had taken his M.A., been called to the bar, was a D.L., and a J.P. at twenty-one. He had been when young a Captain in the West Clare Militia. His father had been a rebel in 1798 and he himself a follower of Daniel O'Connell, Butt and Parnell. His career as a soldier of fortune began soon after 1831. About then he became a favourite at the Court of Louis Philippe and in Parisian society, after which he proceeded to other European Courts. Then he travelled in Africa, in the Far East and in South America.

Returning to Ireland in 1846, he sat for Ennis from 1847 to 1852. Abandoning politics, he went back to Paris and tried his hand at literary work, journalism and his luck as a financier. Growing restless, he went to Russia, and obtained a commission as Lieutenant in the famous Body Guard of the Czar. He hunted big game with the Cesarevitch, fought in the Tartar wars, travelled in India and China and served in both the Turkish and Austrian Armies. In 1862 he was again in Paris, but soon after he was fighting in the successful revolt against Spain as a General in the Army of Uruguay. In the fight of Chile for independence

Gladstone and The O'Gorman Mahon

he actually became Admiral of the Chilean Fleet, and after he was a Colonel in the Army of the Emperor of Brazil. During the American Civil War he fought in the Army of the North. After four years of fighting in the New World he returned in 1866, and served in France as Colonel of a regiment of Chasseurs under Napoleon III. In 1867 we find him in Berlin on intimate terms with the Crown Prince and Bismarck, and in 1871 he returned to Ireland and to politics.

He had retired after being Home Rule M.P. for county Clare in 1885, but in 1887 Parnell was troubled about filling the vacant seat for Carlow. He went to Gladstone, and told him he thought The O'Gorman Mahon would stand if Gladstone would just write to him and say that he would like to see him back in the House. Mr. G. complied, and the old fire-eater returned unopposed. He made his entry, as I well remember my first sight of him, a great grey giant standing at the bar at attention, making his three bows to the mace, signing the roll and shaking hands with the Speaker amidst our cheers. He then went down the Conservative Ministers, greeting those whom he knew, and then, catching sight of Gladstone on the front Opposition bench, he made for him, and promptly sat down by him, had a good "buck" and head-wagging with the G.O.M., and settled himself on our front bench for the rest of the sitting, to the vast entertainment of the whole House. His like will never be seen again in that assembly of curiosities.

Some of my reminiscences are personal, and of more interest to a few northern counties than to

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the rest of England, but are illustrative of the nineteenth century. Joseph Pease was a supporter of the administrations of Earl Grey and Lord Melbourne; his brother, Henry Pease,¹ who followed him in the representation of South Durham, was returned in 1857 with Lord Harry Vane, both as followers of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell. My father in 1865 succeeded to the same seat as a supporter of Palmerston, then of Lord John Russell, and later of Gladstone, Hartington and Rosebery. In 1885, when I was elected for York, the Liberals were divided into two camps—the right wing following Lord Hartington and the Radicals Joseph Chamberlain, then regarded as a republican revolutionary by moderate men. I stood as a supporter of Hartington, but when Gladstone reappeared at the front I was returned as in favour of Gladstone's Irish policy of conciliation. During my last years I was a devoted follower of Lord Rosebery, whose confidence and friendship I enjoyed until his death in 1929. It will be seen from this that we all four belonged to the Whig or right wing of the Liberal Party. At the same time we all claimed and exercised much independence. My uncle, Arthur Pease, who was at one time a prominent North-country M.P., was regarded as the Radical member of our family; he was physically and morally a striking man, with a naturally eloquent persuasive gift of speech, but being opposed, like many Nonconformists, to Gladstone's Irish policy, became a Liberal Unionist. The other members of my family on whichever side they sat were purely party men.

¹ See Appendix, Table VIII, for M.P.'s of this family.

The First Quaker M.P.

In 1832 Joseph Pease was a marked figure in the House. His appearance, manners, speech and political activities are all described in "Random Recollections of the House of Commons" under the heading "The Country Liberal Party." The author says : " He speaks with great rapidity, and is never at a loss for words or ideas. His style is correct and plain. His face is of an angular form and is expressive of the mildness and intelligence for which he is distinguished " ; and again : " In his attendance on his legislative duties he is the most punctual and close of any man I ever saw. He beats even Mr. Hume himself. . . . As to a party object, he knows not what it is. A more conscientious and upright man never sat in the House." The notice of him ends with this passage : " If he is a fair specimen of the Society to which he belongs, the country would have no reason for regret were the entire six hundred and fifty-eight members selected from the Society of Friends." What drew special attention to him at the outset was his refusal, as a Quaker, to take the oath, and the discussions in the House on the legality of an affirmation in substitution. There are many now living who remember the heated debates about Charles Bradlaugh, some fifty years later, though Joseph Pease's objection to the oath was a religious one and Bradlaugh's exactly the reverse. I possess Lord Althorpe's kind and sympathetic letters to my grandfather on the subject. A Select Committee was appointed, and eventually he was allowed to affirm.

In his diaries he says the question of *his hat* gave him much more worry than that of the oath which

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agitated Parliament. He was not so foolish as to think that his hat mattered much, but as Quakers still attached importance to their weird ritual of "hat testimony," he did not wish to offend against it, and he walked into the House with his hat on ! The Quaker hat of the period was a broad-brimmed beaver high one. The door-keepers came to his rescue, and regularly took his hat off his head as he passed the door ; later he got over the trouble by making a practice of leaving his hat in the library. He went to Court with this hat and without a sword, and attended the Queen's Coronation in the same way. From the brief descriptions of such occasions in his diaries, there seems to have been much more tolerance by the Queen of these eccentricities than later, when the Prince of Wales represented her at Levées and when he came to the throne. I have several times seen important personages "turned back" or reprimanded for very slight irregularities in dress or uniforms. King Edward was a close scrutineer of such details and insisted on their being correct ; but the Queen allowed Quakers to dispense with swords and excused John Bright from kneeling to kiss hands on accepting office.

Here is one extract from Joseph Pease's diary, "April 11th," 1840, à propos of the Queen's Drawing-Room which he had attended that day :

"The guard at the door did not like my coming with my round hat [i.e. his broad-brim topper] ; the footmen at the door of the presence chamber would have my hat from me and those at the other end were surly because I had no bag-wig. I told them I had been presented without one, and would

Admiral Dundas and Joseph Pease

come to the Drawing-Room without. . . . I was much disappointed at the small proportion of really handsome women, and thought there would be no difficulty in finding a dozen elegant Quakeresses to eclipse them."

In the description of the Coronation by "Barney Maguire" in the "Ingoldsby Legends," there is the following reference to him :

"Then the noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,
And the Bavarians and the proud Hungarians,
And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs,
Then Mither Spaker and Mr. Pays the Quaker
All in the gallery you might persave."

He was liked by and very popular with many of the North-country M.P.'s and others, for he had a sense of humour and enjoyed relating stories, even against himself, and the chaff of his friends. I remember one or two stories he used to tell of Admiral Dundas,¹ who was M.P. for Greenwich, and who enjoyed telling him yarns about Quakers. Here is one of a Whitby Quaker who had been "pressed" for the ship which Dundas commanded. Dundas, knowing what sort of an animal a Quaker was, put him to non-combatant duties. In a very hot engagement Dundas was boarded by a French ship of the line. When the fight was at its hottest and the Frenchmen were clambering over the gunnel, Dundas declared he saw his Quaker seize a marline-spike and do marvellous execution with his weapon, and that he in a quiet determined voice

¹ This was Sir James W. Deans (*b.* 1785, *d.* 1862), who, having married the heiress of Charles Dundas, Lord Amesbury, took the surname of Dundas ; he saw active service in the Napoleonic wars, and had, I believe, a command as late as the Crimean War.

accompanied every blow and thrust, as he felled some of the enemy to the deck and hurled others overboard into the sea, with these words : " Friend, keep on board thine own vessel ! "

A similar story is of a Quaker master mariner whose vessel was attacked by an Algerine corsair or Salee rover. In the fight which ensued the pirates were worsted, and the Quaker skipper followed up his success by going in pursuit of a boat-load of his tormentors, in his gig ; overhauling it before it neared their vessel, he seized the Ras, pushed him under water, and held him there, remarking : " Friend, it is against my principles to kill thee, but I will hold thy head under water until it shall please the Lord to take thy life." There were many privateers and armed merchantmen fitted out in Whitby, and some of the leading Whitby Quakers got into trouble by using " carnal weapons " and having a stake in these ships. My great-grandmother, *née* Jane Chapman, of Whitby, was disowned by the Society of Friends " for having her fortune in armed vessels."

I have lived to see Liberals Protectionists, then become Free Traders and then return to Protection. The wisdom of a fiscal policy depends on the circumstances of the times. Joseph Pease was a strong supporter of Protection for Agriculture, and repudiated as a calumny that he favoured Free Trade.¹ He was always in favour of the maintenance of law and order, and the following passage from

¹ *Vide* his Election Addresses. His 1832 Address is a striking example of the old manner of appeal and of the carefully chosen style of language used by candidates ; these were expected, by the limited and more highly educated electors of that day, to display some literary accomplishments in these compositions and in their speeches too.

Joseph Pease and "O'Connell's Tail"

his diary illustrates that the profession of abstention from the use of force cannot always be put into practice by those charged with the protection of their fellow-men and the maintenance of the public peace. Referring to an alarming riot in Darlington, he writes :

"The cause assumed for these disgraceful proceedings is the arrest of Thomas Horner, Solicitor, for debt ; his house has long been his Castle. . . . A much more correct version of this story *I* believe to be : that of late the acting magistrates of this district *have borne the sword in vain* and have ceased to be a terror to evil-doers—their ill-timed levity to several culprits charged with outrageous conduct on the ' 5th of Nov.' was a direct encouragement to blackguardism, and I was one to express my conviction that the consequences were sure—here they were openly shewn and to this cause I must solely attribute the proceeding. Individuals are never a-wanting either as the head or tail of a Mob, the former are the 'would-be Heroes' and their followers are the Filth and offscouring of the people, those who have neither honour, nor virtue, nor property to sacrifice—a desire to put down all order and authority was the real motive."

Later he expresses satisfaction that the Special Constables and "posse comitatus" were too formidable to be resisted, and that they disarmed and dispersed the "Vagabonds." On the other hand, in the following instance, where his own personal conduct was concerned, he kept to the Quaker doctrine of "non-resistance." He had learnt and exposed the fact that a group of Irish members, known as "O'Connell's Tail," had arranged to deny absolute *facts* adduced by the Government to

support the case for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland. On account of his denunciation of this conduct, he was violently attacked by O'Connell, and Dwyer, M.P. for Drogheda, challenged him to a duel, but he ignored the challenge. Dwyer appears to have been much incensed by this insult, but his acquaintance was more amused than anything else at the unsatisfactory result of challenging a Quaker. A caricature of the period represents Richard Lalor Shiels, the most gifted of O'Connell's followers, walking very gingerly downstairs after this exposure, with the title "Mr. Shiels with Pease in his shoes." However, on 14th February, 1834, Pease notes in his diary: "Shiels acquitted of any double dealing. Cries of Pease ! Pease ! Would not rise till some charge is brought against me."

Referring to the practice of duelling, I recall a story of my grandfather's in which he related how he went to stay with a friend of his in Ireland who had just purchased an estate there. The first morning of his host's arrival at his newly acquired place he received a challenge from the owner of an adjoining property, a man whom he had never seen, and whose name he hardly knew. He at once rode over to see him, and politely asked in what way he had offended a neighbour with whom he had hoped to have pleasant relations; the answer explained all: "Sure, and are ye not the gintleman that bought the estate from the man in Dublin who has the mortgage on me property?" He pleaded ignorance of the fact, the challenge was withdrawn, and a lasting friendship ensued. The story gives an idea of the fighting spirit in the Irish

Duels

gentry of that day. It persists among the Irish lower orders, for a relation of mine, about the time of the recent rebellion in Ireland, was travelling there, and saw a fierce faction fight in progress outside a small station at which the train stopped, and a passenger jumped out of a compartment brandishing his blackthorn and rushed towards the mêlée shouting, "Which will I hit? Which will I hit?"

The last Englishman I knew who was given to fighting duels was a personal friend of mine, Harry Vane Milbank. His family and mine had for two generations been on terms of intimate friendship. He was a remarkably good-looking man, with charming manners, and I was always happy in his company; he impressed one as a particularly gentle and kindly person. On one occasion, when I was shooting with him at his father's place at Thorpe Perrow, I noticed he was not well; on enquiry, I found he had been shot in the stomach at St. Petersburg in a duel and the wound was not yet healed. As the result of a letter he received, I think from the man who had shot him, he went straight off to St. Petersburg and fought the same man again and was back home in a week or two. His opponent had fired at him before the word to fire was given, so Harry Milbank had a free shot; drew a bead on him and shot him dead. I believe his last duel was at Ostend, when he shot the Duc de Morny in the thigh. Hearing the Duc use some insulting language about England in a Paris restaurant, he had challenged him. A full account of this encounter was in the evening paper one night when I was on the way to York with his

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mother. I tried to keep the paper out of her sight, but she got hold of it, and was very much distressed about it. My fondness for Harry was a comfort to her, for most people shook their heads over him. He died without issue when a little over forty years old.¹ His younger brother Powlett inherited about a third of the last Duke of Cleveland's estate, and he also was a charming and handsome man and very tall. I was for some years in the House of Commons with him. He and his father will come under notice when I reach my own diaries.

I have somewhere, but I cannot lay my hands on it, an account of one evening I spent in Sir Algernon West's rooms in St. James's Palace with Gladstone and one other. The G.O.M. was in great form, and told us many stories of his youth over a bottle of port after dinner. Two topics upon which he poured forth information were the old duelling days, and the other what he called the days of the "so-called" three-bottle men. He said their numbers were few, and he ticked them off by name on his fingers, and gave particulars of those whom he had known, but, said he, they were really mostly only "two-bottle men," and "Now, what happened to them?" and he went through them again with anecdotes and concluded, "You see, not one lived to be thirty-five, and most never reached thirty years of age." He also said, "Remember, in those days you sat down at four and left the dining-room at nine-thirty or ten p.m."—putting six glasses to the bottle for five hours is fifty minutes for each glass. His first memory of the drinking days was when it was no longer considered anything but

¹ See Table IV, Appendix, for the family of Milbank.

The Hard Drinking Days

disgraceful to be "under the table." He said he remembered going up to London from Liverpool with his father when he was about ten years old, and was taken to a large house for dinner at 4 p.m.

"I sat by him, [said he] and after the ladies left the room the gentlemen, some ten in number, sat on until about 9.30 p.m., and about once in every hour a page boy entered the room and walked round the table and went out again. I asked my father what he did this for, and my father told me it was a survival of a custom, and that the boy's job was to look at the stocks and neckcloths of the gentlemen and to see, in the case of any gentleman who was 'full,' that the neck dress was loosened. That [added Gladstone] is *my link* with the three-bottle days."

There were some sober one-bottle men of my acquaintance in the present century. One of these, Thomas Parrington, born in 1818, lunched with me when he was about ninety-three years old, and after three glasses of sherry he drank a bottle of very old port (1840 black strap), all but one glass, which I drank, and he told me that he had made it a rule for more than thirty years always to drink a bottle of port after dinner every day of his life. He died in his ninety-seventh year in 1915. After Sir Moses Montefiore's death at the age of 101 in 1885, a ruby ring which he always wore came into my possession. When dying he had given it to my father-in-law, Sir Robert Fowler—he also always drank a bottle of port after dinner. To quote George Russell, these are "disheartening facts" for teetotallers. Sir Moses had dined with Nelson on his ship, and remembered the beauty of Lady Hamilton.

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I have forgotten Gladstone's stories of duels, but Sir Algernon West gave us an account of one in Paris when he was there, and he knew who were the parties and all the details. It was one between an old fighting hand and a young Frenchman, and "à la barrière," i.e. the combatants each stood six paces from the barrier, and could fire, after the "Allez, Messieurs !" whenever they liked, but every time they fired they had to take one pace in advance towards the barrier. The young man was excited and fired and advanced, fired and advanced, for all his six shots at the old man, in rapid succession. The last shot was fired at only six paces from the old man, who stood all this fire without moving a muscle, and the young man stood against the barrier. The old man then walked up to within one pace of the barrier, slowly raised his pistol to within about a foot of the other's heart, and said, "Pauvre jeune homme ! je prends votre vie," and shot him dead. It was fair enough, yet one could have liked another ending, but then, most of us have never had to stand six shots at close range with death so near us each time.

It was the Prince Consort who did as much as anyone in getting duelling suppressed. He proposed Courts of Honour as a substitute, but this did not prove to be acceptable. Historians ascribe the cessation to the growth of manners, culture and "education," as one would expect them to do. It is an absurd view, for there was nothing wanting in the education of the duellists as a rule, and the class which provided duels has certainly not advanced in either manners or culture. I would rather ascribe it to the growth, under Queen Victoria, of the

Codes of Honour

application of Christian principles after the godless times of the two previous sovereigns. The most creditable reason is the reluctance to kill an enemy in cold blood, however guilty.

There is another aspect too. The fight was often on very unequal terms, and there was a story told of a very wealthy bachelor who challenged a man who maintained his wife and five children out of his official salary ; he replied to the challenger that he was ready to fight him, but only on equal terms. Asked what he meant, he said, " If you will convey an amount of your wealth sufficient to produce an income for my family equal to that of my appointments, I will fight you, but not otherwise." The challenger, reflecting on the difference between their situations, withdrew his challenge. When Pitt had his duel with Tierney, and they had exchanged shots without effect, Pitt refused to apologise for what he had said, and the principals were preparing to fire again when General Fitzgerald stopped them and said honour was amply satisfied, and that he would retire as a " second " if they continued to fight, and the meeting was ended. I am afraid the value set on honour and virtue has declined. At least to old-fashioned people the present complacency of men whose wives have been debauched by others and the immunity of those who dishonour them and their families is positively shocking.

It seems to be now an impracticable attitude in this country to be against " divorce " under all circumstances, but that is, in my opinion, the only way to maintain the sanctity and solemnity of marriage. Obviously it means many cases of great

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hardship, but with all laws the principle of the vicarious sacrifice of a minority for the well-being of the majority exists. The knowledge that the tie, come good or ill, is for life, tends to circumspection in entering the bond and to careful conduct after it. The present state of things resulting from the facilities for divorce has corrupted the public view of marriage ; it is entered into lightly and perjured and guilty parties are no longer even under the ban of social condemnation. The only check on faithlessness is the individual conscience. Not that I think it is my duty or the duty of society to sit in judgment on divorced persons, but it is a question for the State what is its duty to the family. For on the high conception of the family and of a most solemn contract the general happiness and standard of conduct largely depends. I am thoroughly Protestant, but the attitude of the Roman Church seems to me better than ours on this question. I was born a Quaker, and in the Society of Friends, as far as I can remember, no such thing as divorce among its members was tolerated or recorded. Thus religious extremes agree on this question, at least in practice. I have a certain respect for the Mohammedan rule, that the man whose wife is faithless has the right to take the life of his wife and her seducer. It was not a despicable custom which laid the duty on a man or a near male relation to defend the honour of a family. This existed in the duelling days and was a deterrent as regards adultery amongst the educated and higher-placed members of Society, that was, those who held strong views as to honour and moral conduct.

The End of Duelling

I found even the French ready to recognise in some degree the reasonableness of a Mohammedan's code of honour, for I had a very upright and faithful shikari, Ali Belkassim, in Algeria whose family I knew, and in whose tents I have slept. He caught his wife with her lover in his (Ali's) tent *flagrante delicto* and drew his knife and slew them both. He was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude at Lambessa. I represented to the French the religious code of the man, satisfied the authorities on the question of his irreproachable, gentle and kindly character and the legitimacy of his rage and horror at the defilement of his wife and of his honour. He was liberated, returned to his tents, and died quietly of a broken heart, at having been treated as a criminal and being a *forçat libéré*, for the crime of wiping out those who had defamed his name and his family. I have often pondered over this tragedy and the mental suffering of this Arab with whom I had spent happy times in every mountain almost from Bou Sada to the Gulf of Gabes. He is one of many native companions I hope to meet again in a better world, but under our own code he would have been sentenced to death as a murderer.

I have seen it stated that duelling was ended by hanging duellists who fought with fatal results, but find no evidence of that. It is true that Major Campbell was hanged for killing Captain Boyd in a duel in 1808, but there were a great many duels fought between that date and 1845. The Duke of Wellington in 1824 approved of the "British Code" for duels, and he himself fought a duel with the Earl of Winchilsea in 1829. In

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1840 the Earl of Cardigan was tried by his peers (the Lords) for his duel with Captain Tuckett, but was acquitted. They each had two shots and Tuckett was only wounded, but there were fatal duels fought up to 1845 in England.

But to return to my grandfather's active political life. Apart from his continuous labours in promoting railway and canal projects, he was, I think, the most constant supporter of Sir Fowell Buxton's efforts to abolish slavery in the West Indies, although he strongly opposed the compensation of the slave-owners until there was proof that they were losers by the exchange to free labour. He was the first to attempt legislation against Bull and Bear-baiting by the insertion of a clause in the Metropolitan Police Bill, but was beaten by 4 votes. Subsequently he took a leading part in the successful efforts to make these horrible practices illegal throughout the kingdom. He also was prominent in securing the amendment of the Draconian laws which prescribed the death penalty for numerous offences, and the abolition of the gibbeting of felons on the highways. The ancient practice of exposing the corpses of pirates and traitors in chains in public places had only recently been extended to those of highwaymen, owing to the number of highway-robberies. It had acted as a deterrent, but so multiplied gibbets and unsightly corpses that it had become revolting. He, with others, obtained its abolition in 1834.

There is a very curious account of the last gibbeting in the North in "Sykes' Local Records," of a convict executed at Durham, of the transporting of the body to the scene of the crime

The Vanes

after it had been cased in pitch, put in an iron cage, and of its being hung on a high gibbet on the water side at Jarrow. William Jobling, the culprit, was executed on 3rd August, 1832. On 6th August the body was taken in a wagon with an escort of a troop of Hussars and two companies of infantry at 7 a.m., and at 1.30 p.m. reached the gibbet, which was placed at Jarrow Slake 100 yards within high-water mark. The gibbet was 21 feet high, set in a stone (1½ tons). At high tide 17 feet of the gibbet was above the water. On the 31st August the body was stolen. Sykes gives the trial and all the proceedings in great detail, with a portrait of Jobling.

Before dealing with my own time I want to mention some of the great Whig families whose influence lasted into the eighties of the last century. The Earls of Darlington and Dukes of Cleveland¹ wielded enormous influence in the county of Durham, and the tenantry may be said to have held the balance of power in the southern half of the county. The Vanes had generally been stout Whigs, but the last Duke but one was at heart a Tory. In 1857 my great-uncle, Henry Pease, and Lord Harry Vane were elected as the Liberal Members for South Durham. Lord Harry had sat as a Whig for various constituencies since 1841. The Duke, Lord Harry's brother, had at this election allowed his tenants (i.e. ordered) to split Vane (L.) and Farrer (C.). At the next election Lord Harry had got an assurance from his brother of similar equivocal support and stood again, but late in the contest the Duke had been "got at," and gave orders to his people to "Plump for Farrer,"

¹ See Appendix, Vane pedigree, Table III.

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and Lord Harry had to withdraw, so that Pease (L.) and Farrer (C.) were returned unopposed. When Lord Harry became Duke in 1864 he was a staunch backer of my father, and long after he had retired from public life my father used to go to Raby, and oftener still to his house in St. James's Square, to confer with him. As a boy I sometimes was present in the big house at the corner of the Square and King Street. I wish here to assert, contrary to commonly accepted tradition, that the Duke remained a Liberal. I think the following letter of his in "The Times" in 1864 gives a good idea of his way of looking at things and of his common sense :

THE DUKE OF CLEVELAND

ON THE RUSSIAN NOTE

To the Editor of "The Times"

"SIR,—I am far from wishing to defend the tone or even substance of the despatch of Prince Gortschakoff. It is impossible to resist the conviction that Russia has chosen this opportunity for declaring herself no longer bound by the Treaty-stipulation with regard to her armaments in the Black Sea, from a conviction, well or ill founded, that she has no resistance to fear.

"A Treaty restrictive of her natural rights such as that she was compelled to sign in her distress will never be held by a great Power to bind her when a conjunction of circumstances enables her to free herself from the obligation.

"We must recollect that Russia does not menace at this moment the independence of Turkey, but, on the contrary, professes to respect it.

"It would be better, as a principle, for the peace

The Last Duke of Cleveland

of the world, that Treaties should be of perpetual obligation. But a question of this kind must be considered with reference to all which has occurred and is occurring around us.

“ France has engaged in an unfortunate war, and her power is prostrate. Prussia has received by these events an immense accession of influence. She is now the first military Power in Europe. We were told by Count Bernstorff that Prussia was neutral in the Crimean war, benevolently inclined towards Russia. She was a co-signatory party to the Treaty of 1856, but there can be no doubt that she would consent to relieve Russia from what is humiliating in it. I thought at the time that the Crimean war might have been avoided, and was, therefore, a mistake. Mr. Bright made against it one of the ablest and most convincing speeches I ever heard him deliver without reference to his peculiar tenets on war. As I share the opinions he then expressed, I now warn and earnestly adjure my countrymen not to commit a similar mistake. Who would be our Allies in the present war if we should unhappily drift into it? Austria and Turkey, both of them on the verge of bankruptcy. We possess no army for a foreign war.

“ Would it be worth while to enter on a war of indefinite magnitude on account of the tone of a dispatch?

“ We are quite strong enough to defend ourselves if our honour is assailed or our material interests attacked. We are only one of the co-signatories of the Treaty of 1856, and our immediate interests are not engaged. I have not such a poor opinion of the wisdom of my countrymen as to believe that a war with Russia would be popular. I deprecate, however, the possibility of Her Majesty's Government acting on such a belief.

Memories

"I beg to apologise for the length of this letter, and my only excuse is that, while there is yet time, I feel it a duty to express an earnest opinion.

"I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,
"CLEVELAND."

"RABY CASTLE,
"Nov. 21, 1864."

I think the last public appearance of the Duke was in 1875, when he unveiled the statue of Joseph Pease at Darlington, at which ceremony my younger brother (the present Lord Gainford) and I were present. This Duke married Lady Dalmeny, the mother of the late Earl of Rosebery, but having no issue, all his titles died with him except the Barony of Barnard. The present Lord Barnard,¹ who is a Conservative, inherited the Raby estates.

Another of the great Whigs whom I came to know when I was about eighteen years old through being a pupil of the then Vicar of Embleton in Northumberland, Mandel Creighton (afterwards successively Bishop of Peterborough and London), was the 3rd Earl Grey of Howick. As he lived in the parish, I often met the old Earl, who took some notice of me, as he had been in the House with my grandfather and had given valuable support to his and Buxton's efforts for the emancipation of negroes in the West Indies. As Lord Howick² he sat as an M.P. from 1826 to 1845, and was a very distinguished member of Lord Melbourne's Government. When I first met him

¹ See Appendix, Vane pedigree, Table III.

² Lord Howick at the age of thirty-two received high praise from the author of "Random Recollections" as the inheritor of the high principles and talents of his famous father. The author says: "His countenance is pale and his person has an emaciated appearance."



THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, M.P., c. 1835
(afterwards Baronet)

The Great Whig Families

at Howick in 1876 he would be about seventy-four years old, and was a tall, dry, spare, gaunt figure and lame—altogether rather weird and alarming to youth. This interesting old mummified politician lived on until I was thirty-seven years old. He was born in 1802 and died in 1894. Another resident in the parish and a distinguished member of the same family was his second cousin, the Rt. Hon. Sir George Grey, Bt., of Fallodon, who was extremely kind to me. He was a very different man from the old Earl Grey, whom I have just mentioned, being a delightful man, trusted, loved and revered by all who knew him. His kindly, modest manner often made one forget how great a political figure he once was. He also had been in the Melbourne administration as Under-Secretary of the Colonies and held higher offices in my father's time. I well remember the consternation in the North and my father's indignation in 1874 when "Tommy Burt," the miners' candidate, turned Sir George Grey out of his seat at Morpeth. He had sat from 1832 to 1874, and had a splendid record for sound judgment, sensible advocacy and honest administration. He was born in 1799, and died in 1882, when he was succeeded by his grandson, Edward Grey, now Viscount Grey of Fallodon, K.G.¹

Down to 1880 at least the Whig influence of the Vanes, the Greys, Lambtons,² Dundases,² Beaumonts,² Milbanks,² Fitzwilliams and of some other families was powerful on the Liberal side in the North. To-day, with the exception of Lord Grey

¹ See Table II, Appendix, Grey family.

² See Tables, Appendix.

Memories

of Fallodon and Lord Allendale, I can think of no member of these families who gives any support to the neo-Liberalism which dates from about 1909, and I should say that in the two exceptions the support was qualified. The Beaumonts sat for long years for Northumberland and Yorkshire constituencies ; few of them achieved office and distinction in the House of Commons, but were reliable and generous backers of the Liberal cause. Wentworth Beaumont, who sat for forty years (1852-1892), I knew well, and his brother Somerset was an M.P., his first cousin, Major Fred Beaumont, R.E., was my father's colleague for some years in the representation of South Durham, and his first cousin, Henry Beaumont, was long an M.P. I knew all these very well, but I cannot recollect one of them ever having made a speech in the House. Wentworth was created Baron Allendale a year before his death, in 1906, and his son Wentworth (M.P.) held Court appointments under the Liberals and was advanced to a Viscounty. Michael Beaumont, who now sits as a Conservative, is a member of this family.

Enough now has been said of links with a very different past from the times I have lived into. In every walk in life it is observable that those bred to their trade, educated for it, apprenticed to it, and "put to it" young, are superior in their callings. The decadence in Parliament is due very much to the want of this class and the substitution of quite a different one. Yet perhaps almost as great a cause is the elimination of the Irish Members. The Irish eloquence, wit and its fighting temperament not only outshone the rest

The Liberal Party

but "gingered up" the English and even the Scotch. Ministers now govern on lines of expediency, and parties in opposition act as "arrivists" instead of holding to the principles which they are supposed to represent. It must be confessed that in Victorian times the Liberal Party was an *omnium gatherum* of the fast and slow, of theorists and practical men, of aristocrats, plutocrats and democrats, but it was a mixture of talents. It managed to keep step fairly well under trusted leaders and its banner of Peace, Retrenchment and Reform. It was broken up by Asquith, though Harcourt and Campbell-Bannerman ministered to its fall. As Gladstone sealed his fate by taking the Radical Chamberlain into his Cabinet to secure the support of the left, so Asquith sealed his by coalition with Lloyd George and "Limehouse." In each case it was an attempt to conciliate the extreme left by sacrificing the centre and the right. The moderate Liberals represented a combination of Liberalism and common sense, which is a solid character of the English and Scotch.

The two men who, if they had had thicker skins, might have saved the Liberal Party were Lord Rosebery and Sir Edward Grey. The former was too sensitive and so disliked every kind of intriguing party tactics and being a target for abuse that he preferred "a lonely furrow"; the other preferred to devote himself to the duties of his own department, and his splendid services to his country at the Foreign Office remain an imperishable monument to his sound judgment, fearless rectitude and patriotism.

There is no particular virtue in being detached

Memories

from all political parties, as I have been since 1909, and my opinions are of no public importance, but any student of history and of political economy who has taken but a humble part in legislation and administration with years of observation and residence in other countries may contribute something out of his experience which is worth recording. I have never changed my views as to the true functions of government and in what Liberty consists. There is neither liberty nor progress without social discipline and some subordination in Society. The old principle, that whoever we are and whatever we are, we are all servants, from the King down to his humblest subject, seems the safest principle, one with a certain divinity about it, in the maintenance of interior peace, order and happiness. We have gained nothing by arranging social strata by wealth and "jobs"; even subordination by rank and ability was superior to that. In these matters I am a disciple of Edmund Burke, for there is no sounder exponent of the objects of government or of the methods by which men can be well governed in harmony with true conceptions of liberty and morality and in accordance with economic laws.

I commend, as a brief compendium of practical political wisdom, his "Thoughts on Present Scarcity." After reading it critically over and over again, there is but one passage in it which does not entirely satisfy me. It is where he is confronted with the problem of the very poor, who are the victims of the operation of economic laws. He says that the victim passes out of the rules of commerce and the principles of justice and comes

The Victorian Economists

within the jurisdiction of mercy. He relies on charity as a direct and obligatory duty on all Christians, and adds that to those in miserable circumstances "patience, labour, sobriety, frugality and religion should be recommended," and says, "All the rest is downright fraud." It is not for me to say Burke is wrong, and I am bound to confess I have never known a man who followed this advice, who was courteous and obliging, ever to be without comfort and friends or for long without work. Yet there is a condition and extent of poverty which is intolerable in any self-respecting community. Doubtless the greater proportion of modern poverty and depression is due to the defiance of economic law by successive administrations, yet no humane person can bear the spectacle of little children without sufficient food, clothing and shelter. When Christianity and charity fail, the State must protect the innocent victims from the punishment inflicted on them by the violators of economic laws. The corrupting tendency of State assistance may be so applied, and perhaps has been so applied, as to be the cultivation of indolence, insolence, greed, waste and vice.

In the seventies one heard politicians prophesy that what they called "education" (meaning compulsory instruction in schools) would abolish poverty as well as crime. It has done less than nothing in these directions. Fifty years of this education have not taught the people or their representatives the very simple lessons in regard to the working of economic laws. The delusion, from which Victorians were free, that it is possible to remove the questions of wages or the cost and

Memories

standard of living, outside the operation of economic laws, or that you can free a community from the consequences of defying the law of supply and demand in relation to labour, is now cherished by all classes of politicians. The Victorian economists gave proof¹ that these things cannot be done—that, to mention one of the many follies, if we attempt to fix wages at a higher rate than the rate fixed by demand and supply, the rate which distributes the whole circulating capital of the country among the entire working population, it can only be accomplished by keeping a like proportion of their number permanently out of employment. High wages may reduce costs if they secure greater effort and efficiency, but it is certain that Trades Unionism has worked deliberately to limit output and to shorten hours. I have had long experience in the management of a large building estate. I have known superior houses built by bricklayers laying on an average 2,000 bricks a day, and have lived to see bricklayers not allowed to lay more than 300 ! and people of their own class denouncing the higher rents and wondering at the shortage of houses !

¹ See J. S. Mill's "Principles of Political Economy," Book V, chap. x.

CHAPTER II

1865-1886

FROM 1865 into the seventies our London home was in Prince's Gardens. This square and Prince's Gate were then an island as it were. All west of Exhibition Road was open country or brick fields up to Kensington. Cromwell Road did not exist ; to the east, towards Knightsbridge, where Ennismore Gardens now is, were fields and elms with cows grazing under them. Our playground was the Horticultural Gardens, all that is now covered with buildings from the Albert Hall to Cromwell Road. It is useless to attempt to describe London in those days, the colour of it, the carriages, liveries, the variety in dress and scene, and the brilliancy of it all, in the parks and in the streets. Each square had its band, its turn of Savoyards, with hurdy-gurdies and marmots, its dancing bears, its barrel-organs and monkeys, its morning visits by troops of donkeys which supplied asses' milk for infants, its Punch and Judy shows, Jacks in the Green and heard the many London cries. The colour and variety which abounded in every place have gone. It is now a very dowdy and uniform crowd to look at, and the splendour and beauty of horses, carriages and trappings have made way for the roar and stench of motor-cars and omnibuses, tearing about on their clumsy wheels.

Mankind may not have deteriorated in character,

but it has in appearance. Women of the middle and lower classes are certainly smaller and less graceful, though often "dressed to death." I am just 5 feet 10 inches in my boots, and was certainly considered small and below the average height of men fifty years ago. Lately I was in a dense crowd on Liverpool Street Station about 6 p.m., and I looked *over the heads* of the seething mass, whilst the women did not come up to my shoulder. To an old Victorian these thousands of small people in drab surroundings, each with an evening paper, all dressed alike, pouring in and out of trains is a sad sight. Yet this generation may be as happy as ours was. I think it is on the whole a kinder one and more tolerant, if it sometimes tolerates a good deal which we old people think it had better not countenance.

No one had a better lot of carriage horses than my father, and his "turn-out" in the sixties would be considered smart to-day, but it was, as became a Quaker, the least conspicuous of any in our square. Even the Archbishop of Armagh, at No. 42 Prince's Gardens, went out to parties and to the opera in a great blazoned coach with a wigged coachman on a hammer-cloth, and two gaudy footmen standing behind, whilst our footmen, unlike most, were not even in powder. My bedroom looked on to a big corner-house which belonged to Lord Dynevor, and after his death there was a great hatchment, similar to many to be seen all over the West End, which remained there a very long time to remind us of his lordship's demise. Even now, if I pass this house I look up to see if the semi-black board with black crows and a queer dog and griffin are there.

Queen Victoria

This reminiscence reminds me of rather a nice story of my father. I have an inkstand mounted with two of the hoofs of my father's pony, "Little Billy," which he rode daily in the Row with my grandfather. "Little Billy" died in town, and the family coachman, Oliver, to comfort his master, told him that his pony was buried under the Achilles monument in Hyde Park. Not long before my father's death in 1903 he and I were passing this memorial of the Iron Duke when my father stopped to look at it, and said, "Do you know, I still think of 'Little Billy' underneath it, so firmly did I believe that he was buried there, and I have never passed it without this thought." I think it was as nice a lie as could be told to a child, and when I look at the little hoofs I think of my father, his pony, of Hyde Park, the Row, Achilles, the Duke of Wellington and much else, all thanks to old Oliver's fraud.

I very likely depreciate unfairly the new generation and freely admit that it has fallen upon far more difficult and puzzling times. There is much to criticise in the Victorian days, but they were not what they are now represented to have been. The attempts to detract from the character of the Queen's reign are useless, for she, more than any other individual, uplifted her nation and us as a people. Under her we reached the high-water mark of prosperity and of social content with a general and genuine respect for private and public virtue. Why did she receive the homage and love of her subjects? Because whilst she asserted unhesitatingly her position as a queen, she was simple and sympathetic as a woman ; because she worked

with tireless industry at her duties whilst performing every exacting function as a wife and mother. Lord Rosebery, who was her Prime Minister, considered her, if not quite so great a queen, "a far nobler character than Queen Elizabeth" and truly "the mother of her people." The secret of her influence comes out in what she wrote in a private letter. I forget to whom, or from what I copied it.

"Virtue, honesty, fearlessness, truth, unselfishness and love are the only things truly great and eternal, whether in high or low. . . . I would as soon clasp the poorest widow in the land to my heart . . . as I would a queen or any other in high position. I would as soon grasp the hand of the humblest peasant who felt for or with me as that of the highest of princes."

The great sorrow of her life brought her people to her, and in a sense levelled all distinctions between them. It is common to scoff at the Victorian women and the woman who reigned over us, but women were then above mankind, and where man could only advise woman could command. They have now stepped down to seek equality with men, they have become as common and as accessible. We believed that, so far as a woman enters the lower and more brutal sphere of masculine activities, whether as a politician or a chimney-sweep, she loses her higher and more beneficent influence in the world. Women still have the liberty to act as women or men—angels or devils they always were and will be.

I have turned up a childish diary of my first tour of Europe in 1869 with my parents. My memory

The Continent in the "Sixties"

of it all is very vivid ; the record of it is scarcely so. Since I scrawled it more than sixty years ago all Europe has altered, its peoples have changed in appearance, manners and even in language. National dress has all but disappeared. Railways and motor-cars carry people by the thousand, where we and a few hundreds travelled in great carriages with four horses on white dusty roads and over Alpine passes. Hotels are ubiquitous, where we found often only dirty and uncomfortable inns. The chief impressions left on my mind as a boy were such things as the enormous variety of coins, especially in the numerous German States, the feeding of our horses with great bread loaves sliced up at the post-houses when we baited, the awful crowds of beggars, cretins and goitred people who followed us in the Swiss valleys, the freedom given us, especially in Northern Italy, to help ourselves to grapes by the roadside, and the first crops of maize which I had ever seen. My admiration survives for the splendour and brightness of Paris in those days of the Second Empire. This last is the strongest of my recollections ; of the military display, the gay Court, the magnificence of the Tuileries with their black Turco sentinels, and of the general atmosphere of happiness and prosperity spread over France then.

I was accustomed to seeing the Guard changed at our London palaces, but I had never seen nor heard anything like the march past the Tuileries every morning. You could hear the drums far away and coming on ; when they arrived, there was line after line of drummers as far as you could see, in very open order, taking the whole width of the broad

road, perhaps ten in each rank then, at a much greater space between each rank than with us, line after line, all drumming ; yet this was only the head of the parade. It was a thrilling and splendid sight. The memory of it all is fixed by contrast with the present, and by the awful spectacle, when I saw Paris again, just after the bloody suppression of the Commune, and found the glory had gone, Paris a wreck, its monuments in the dust. The Tuileries gutted and mere blackened ruins, and a people who had lost their pride and happiness. To-day Paris and France have deteriorated to an extent which happily those younger than I am cannot appreciate. The few great palaces which remain are a terrible contrast with what I remember of St. Cloud, Versailles, the Trianon, Fontainebleau and the Tuileries. What are left are mere filthy, untidy and defiled relics and reminders of France's fall and degeneration. No one can persuade me that the French people have gained anything by republican institutions. Squalor and poverty now meet you in the country and the towns, even the once dainty and fashionable Palais Royal is now a slum. Of course, London has lost its colour, display and chief attractions, but our descent has been respectable and orderly, and our streets and buildings at least are vastly improved. If dowdy, it is clean.

As for my journal of 1869, I am more interested in my composition and orthography than its story : " We got on to a staemer and started for Bolone, a lot of peapole were sick, and there was a little boy next me who was sick over our rug. None of us were sick." At the Hôtel Meurice, Paris, " we dressed and had dinner at the Table Dote at 6

My Diary in 1869

o'clock, among the things we had was stewed frogs." We also drove about in the "beautiful bois de Boulogne." We stayed at "Digon" and "Bern." I am quite floored by many of the names of the places we were at on our way to Ragatz, and only put down "Pef" for Pfäfers. "We were the first persons who ever drove over the Schyne Pass" (Shien), and "we slept at Stéphen Casten (Tiefenkasten), which was not very comfortable." From "St. Morice" we made an "excursion to Silva Plana." In Austria at "Ishel" we met the "empror," Francis Joseph, then a good-looking young man. I saw him at various times after; he died forty-eight years later, in 1917. At "Shalsberg" (Salzburg) we saw the "little Prince Imperial" (French), who overtook us. "My father said he was a nice-looking little fellow." At Munich "we went to a concert conducted by Joseph Gungel; at our hotel (Bavière) was "the Queen of Spain and the husband of Isabella. Queen of Spain had all the best rooms." I wax eloquent about the great Statue of Bavaria into which I went, and "in which fourteen peapole can sit in its eyes, four in its neck and about four in its chinon" (chignon).

I remember very well seeing the coffin of the Emperor Maximilian; I think it was, resting on its arrival from Mexico in what I call the "Vaults of the Caupatians" (Capuchins) in Vienna, or it may have been at Innsbrück. I recollect that the general feeling was that he had been martyred and sacrificed dishonourably by Napoleon III, but I believe the truth is that he was more the victim of his own ambitions and of his refusal to avail himself of an avenue of escape. Napoleon had the choice of

flouting the opinion of France or of keeping his word, and preferred to "save his own bacon." However that may be, I never hear "Paloma," the air he asked to have played to him before his execution, without seeing his coffin and remembering the sensation caused by his tragic fate.

At one part of the tour we reached Venice via the Brenner and Verona. The contrast between the Venice of sixty years ago and the Venice of to-day is very great. She had not then lost her freshness and colour, the outsides of palaces and buildings were cleaner and brighter, her canals and waters were free from steamers and modern hideosities, her people wore picturesque dress which brightened every public place. Now it is a dirty and decayed Venice, plus what is ugly in modern introductions. On the other hand, the filthier habits of the Italians of that day have disappeared. My horror at the latter was great ; for instance, every corner of the ascent of the Campanile was used as a *lieu d'aisance*. At Salviati's we inspected the glass mosaics for the House of Commons which appeared wonderful then, but which, when I looked at them in after years, seemed to be not very effective and little noticed by the M.P.'s or by the public. They are placed too high, and are too stained with London dirt for people to see they have beauty.

I have a vivid recollection of being twice on the Hustings, both on the Nomination Day, when the "show of hands" was taken and the poll was demanded, and also on the day of the Declaration of the Poll at each of the elections for South Durham in 1865 and 1868. The last was the final one of

On the Hustings in 1865

the old-style election with open voting before the counties were cut up and "redistribution" of seats took place. The whole of South Durham polled at Darlington, and on these days the vast space surrounding the market and municipal buildings and far beyond was a seething mass of humanity decked in party colours, with their bands and banners, each town and district sending in its marshalled contingents of electors and followers. On the Nomination Day the process of filling this vast area, as each army arrived, beggars description. The noise was terrific, with each band playing its party tunes and the yelling of the party cries as each contingent forced its noisy way into the human sea. The Liberal colour is blue, the Conservative red in that county; in Yorkshire the Liberal colour is yellow and the Conservative blue. The favourite party air of the Tories was the old Jacobite one, "The White Cockade," of the Whigs "Bonnet of Blue" and the "Cock o' the North," for the Whigs had no air glorifying the Hanoverian Black Cockade.

The Hustings were divided into three "boxes" by two partitions: the centre box was occupied by the Sheriff and officials; the right-hand one by the Conservative candidate (in 1865 Captain Chas. Freville Surtees) with a dense throng of his chief supporters; the left-hand pen contained my father and Captain Fredk. Blackett Beaumont, the Liberal candidates, and was packed with their supporters, among whom I found myself. The "show of hands" was a great sight; when called for by the Sheriff, a forest of hands went up in turn for each candidate. At all contested elections a poll was

demanded, and I remember the messengers arriving at my father's house every few hours during the polling days with the figures of the "State of the Poll" and information as to which contingents had not yet polled, which added much to the excitement of the polling days. My brother in 1865 was only five and I was eight, and we were dressed in suits of bright blue. During the hail of rotten eggs and missiles on the two party pens, someone lifted me up by the seat of my blue breeches and dropped me into the Sheriff's box out of the line of fire, where I was quite at my ease, for the Sheriff was an old friend of ours, Colonel Stobart, though a staunch Conservative. He had recently given us a forty-year-old parrot, which died forty years after, when I had children of my own. At this election Pease (L.) and Surtees (C.) were returned.

In 1868 my brother and I were both on the Hustings, and I thoroughly enjoyed seeing the two Tory candidates get well plastered (Surtees and one of the Hamilton-Russells) and their friends catching it, at the same time as my father's frock-coat was streaming with putrid egg and Beaumont's new top-hat was knocked off by an egg which exploded on its brim. Yet the fire was not so hot as in 1865, for the police seized twelve or thirteen hampers of ammunition—a capture they reported to the Sheriff. There was a great row in 1868, as the Sheriff declared the "Show of Hands" to be for Pease and Russell, when it was obviously in favour of Beaumont and Surtees. The actual poll resulted in a great victory for Pease and Beaumont, with Hamilton Russell last. This led to another row, for Surtees accused my father of breaking an

The Durham Thirteen

arrangement to divide the seats ; and my father indignantly denied any compact of any kind or any power to make one. Surtees filed a petition to unseat my father. At this time almost anyone could be unseated for bribery, but the petitioning party ran great risks of exposure, and always incurred great unpopularity. Indeed, the more corrupt the constituency, the more unpopular was a petition. South Durham was not corrupt according to the standard of that day, and the petition was withdrawn. I think this election cost my father £17,000, including part of Beaumont's expenses, which was not considered "out of the way" in those days, for the figure of £100,000 was passed in one of the North Durham elections. Captain Beaumont¹ was a handsome blue-eyed swell officer with long side-whiskers, and though only thirty-two years of age at this time had been through the Mutiny, the China War, had the Turkish medal as well for the Crimea, and was a pioneer in some important military inventions—he was also the inventor of the diamond drill, which revolutionised mining. These reminiscences are more of local interest than general, but illustrate bygone times.

In the Parliament of 1868 the Liberal majority was 110. The elections of 1874 gave the Conservatives a majority of 49—such a "turn-over" was considered an extraordinary phenomenon at the time, and augured instability of policy in the future as the result of our extended franchise. Yet at the elections in 1874 every one of the thirteen constituencies in Durham County returned Liberals—though the two Members for North Durham (Isaac

¹ See Table VII, Appendix, for Beaumonts who were M.P.'s.

Lowthian Bell and Charles Mark Palmer) were unseated on petition. Lord Castlereagh, afterwards the 6th Marquess of Londonderry, then only twenty-two years of age, stood against Pease and Beaumont as the Conservative candidate in South Durham. I remember his breaking down and shedding tears when trying to speak. My father took a great liking for his youthful opponent, and this contest was the beginning of a long and friendly relationship between them. The shy boy of 1874 afterwards was Viceroy in Ireland, and filled many important offices of State, which is more than any of the thirteen successful Liberal candidates ever did.

In the 1874 election I recollect the whole of the North Riding being plastered with a long blue strip about a foot wide, which was the *only* Tory election bill I ever saw. On it were just these words : “ *Who Sold his Birthright for Half a Million ?* ” in black letters. This referred to Fred Milbank, the Liberal candidate, who had sold his reversion to the Duke of Cleveland’s estates to the Duke. The Duke (the 4th and last—“ Harry ”) being without issue, like the previous two Dukes, Fred Milbank, descended from the 1st Duke, was in the entail.¹ I was on Milbank’s platform at several places in our part of the North Riding, and it is amazing to think that speeches turned largely on this extraordinary question ! Milbank confined himself pretty much to dealing with this awful charge, which for some reason or other, difficult to appreciate now, implied disgrace in bartering a “ Birthright,” and suggested wild extravagance as the predisposing cause of the crime ! There was

¹ See Tables III and IV, Appendix, for Milbanks.

The Duncombes

some degree of truth perhaps in the cause, but it showed some acquaintance with the mental condition of the electorate for the Tory tacticians to have anticipated its effect. His defence always wound up with, "Yes, gentlemen, and had I another birthright to sell, I tell you *straight*, I would do it again!" This manly and honest avowal was always received with thundering applause. However, he continued to sit as one of the two members for the Riding.

The most powerful family on the Conservative side in the Riding was that of Duncombe, with the 1st Earl of Feversham at its head, and it provided the other member.¹ In 1880 there was no contest in the North Riding, Milbank (L.) and Lord Helmsley (C.) being returned unopposed, but certainly up to that date the awful words pronounced by Fred Milbank many years before in a burst of rare metaphorical rhetoric for him, in which he had declared he "would *haul down the flag* from Duncombe Park," were rubbed into the electors. It was represented to be a most terrible and shameful threat for a member of one Yorkshire family to have used against another Yorkshire family, words which neither party passion nor election heat could excuse! I have seen old Tories years after 1880 tremble with horror when mentioning this historic threat, and even old Whigs shook their heads and recalled the days when such words would have involved pistols for two and coffee for one.

Viscount Helmsley, M.P., born in 1852, was the only son of the 1st Earl of Feversham, and heir to some 30,000 acres in the Riding. He was as

¹ See Table V, Appendix, for Duncombes who were M.P.'s.

handsome as his sisters were beautiful. It is popularly said that the good looks of the Duncombes owe much to the marriage of Charles Slingsby Duncombe to Isabella Soleby, the beautiful daughter of a Helmsley gamekeeper. Their son Charles Duncombe was created Baron Feversham in 1826. But to return to Lord Helmsley; he had been returned with Milbank in 1874 when twenty-two years of age, and he married in 1876, but was so delicate that Milbank had to attend to most of the local claims of their vast constituency until 1880. In 1881 Lord Helmsley attended the arduous session of that year, went to Madeira, and died there at the end of December, leaving a son and a daughter. The son succeeded to the title and estates, was a member of our County Council, and laid down his life on the field of honour on the 15th September, 1916, a date I remember, as three of my cousins were killed in action on the same day. The present Earl of Feversham is his son, and is a member of our County Council. I have been associated in county administration with four generations of this family between 1880 and 1931. The death of Lord Helmsley in 1881 caused a vacancy, and early in 1882 a fight for the vacant seat took place. I took an active part in it, and it was a memorable election in several ways besides being the last of the fights in the big constituency under the old county franchise.

There had not been a contest since 1868. For fifty years the Duncombes had held one seat, but now the Conservatives selected Guy Dawnay, a charming representative of a very popular North

Guy Dawnay's Victory in 1882

Riding family.¹ Our candidate was Samuel Rowlandson, a noted farmer. He was put forward by the Liberals in the hope that in very depressed times for agriculture, his own class would support him ; but not a bit of it : what business had a farmer to want to go into Parliament ! Rowlandson's programme was a pretty radical one for the relief of agriculture and local taxation, we thought, but evidently Toryism was changing, as Guy Dawnay adopted it and topped it by advocating a 5s. a quarter duty on imported corn ! We made a good fight of it with our rather dreary candidate, who was sensible enough but was without the slightest sense of humour. The N. Riding register was a very old one with 20,000 names on it. The result was :

Dawnay	8,135
Rowlandson	7,749
		<hr/>
Majority	.	386

This was no surprise, for many of the Whig families had been much disturbed by Gladstone's 1881 Irish Land Bill and "Land Courts," and besides, a few Liberal M.P.'s appeared to be coquetting with Home Rule. The Whigs did not like exchanging yellow for blue, but felt they had come to the parting of the ways when their party selected a farmer to seduce tenants from their loyalty to their landlords. Besides, the public was by no means satisfied with the Treaty with the Boers after the defeat of Sir George Colley's force on Majuba. At the time I thought the Treaty just and mag-

¹ See Table IX, Appendix, for Dawnay family.

nanimous.¹ I modified my opinion later, for I had no idea at the time that no consideration had been shown to those loyal colonists who sacrificed everything and had fought for us, and who were abandoned to their fate. At the same time it must be remembered that gross misrepresentation by the opposition prevented the generosity of the Treaty being fully effective. The worst fault in the Treaty was that the suzerainty of the Crown was neither properly defined nor emphasised, whilst in practice it was not made to function. Still, in justice to Gladstone, I must give the opinion of a Conservative statesman ten years after :

“ LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL ON THE TRANSVAAL
‘ SURRENDER ’

“ Lord Randolph Churchill, in a letter from Capetown to the ‘ Daily Graphic,’ says : ‘ The surrender of the Transvaal and the peace concluded by Mr. Gladstone with the victors of Majuba Hill were at the time, and still are, the object of sharp criticism and bitter denunciation from many politicians at home *quorum pars parva fui*. Better and more precise information, combined with cool reflection, leads me to the conclusion that, had the British Government of that day taken advantage of its strong military position and annihilated, as it could easily have done, the Boer forces, it would indeed have regained the Transvaal, but it would have lost Cape Colony. The Dutch sentiment in the colony had been so exasperated . . . that the final triumph of the British arms, mainly by brute force, would have permanently and hopelessly alienated it from

¹ The fact that we had from 1852 until 1877 recognised the independence of the Boer Republic, and that Shepstone’s annexation was a high-handed proceeding, seemed lost sight of by those who denounced the Treaty.

Secession of Whigs in the North Riding

Great Britain. . . . The actual magnanimity of the peace with the Boers concluded by Mr. Gladstone . . . atoned for much of past grievance, and demonstrated the total absence in the English mind of any hostility or unfriendliness to the Dutch race.”

Besides all this, Guy Dawnay's attitude was so different from the old high and dry Toryism we were used to that he was very attractive to the younger generation of electors. The result was that whole families of Whigs, or their heads, which then was pretty much the same thing, went over to the enemy. This was the case with Lord Zetland, the Russells, Sir Henry Beresford, Peirse, the Hildyards, Cradocks, Stapyltons, Chaloners, Yeomans, the young Squire of Skelton, W. H. A. Wharton, and others. Some, like the old Squire of Skelton, the Hon. John Dundas (Lord Zetland's brother) and the Duke of Cleveland, did not change their colours, but were shaken in their allegiance.

This was the first great secession of the Whigs ; the second one came in 1886 with Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, but this later measure drove out quite as many Nonconformists and Radicals as well.

Lord Zetland's defection had results which in the old-fashioned way of “arranging” things led to my father's cousin, Henry Fell Pease, getting the seat for Cleveland after the Redistribution Bill became law in 1885. I mention this, as the story gives illustration to political conditions in the eighties. Before Lord Zetland succeeded his uncle in the Earldom (1873) he had been the Liberal M.P. for the borough of Richmond, and had been

introduced by my father into the House. One result of his "turning Tory" was that his brother John Dundas, who had succeeded him in the representation of the family borough, told my father he must resign his seat. It was obvious that Richmond would be disfranchised, but nevertheless Henry Fell Pease was "put up" for it as Liberal candidate in order to secure for him a *priority claim* for one of the new constituencies, and the little plan "worked."

Though I put in hard work in the Rowlandson election, I see by my journal entry on 7th January, 1882, that I went to the N. Riding Liberal Association meeting at York, and "sacrificed a day's hunting to my party," as my father, who was abroad, could not be there. I went there "with the full intention of not supporting Rowlandson's nomination for the candidature," but as "apart from agriculture" his "general politics were those of a moderate Liberal," I fell into line. I give a list of the subscriptions to his expenses promised at the meeting. Among these were :

George Howard (afterwards Earl of Carlisle)	£1,000
H. F. Bolckow	£1,000
Ward of Hurworth	£1,000
Arthur Pease	£500
H. F. Pease	£200
and "I think my father will do"	£1,000."

On the polling day I note that the old order of things was dying. Even in Guisbrough it was evident that many were voting without orders or "even against orders!" I asked one tradesman

Old-fashioned Justices

why he had not voted "yellow" as usual, and he replied, with tears rolling down his cheeks, "that Mrs. ——— had sent him word that if he voted at all she would withdraw her custom, and she was by far his best customer." I have never understood this kind of cruelty, but it existed before the Irish brought it under the name of "boycotting" to an infernal system. In Guisbrough that day a mob, mostly in our colours and chiefly ironstone miners of the district, had possession of the town, and it is the last occasion on which I have seen rotten eggs used in the old copious fashion, with yellow ochre, "blue-bags," sods and soot showered on the blues, and especially on "t'ton cawts" (turn-coats), and it was late before any kind of order was restored. I record that Admiral Chaloner, Robert Yeoman, Johnny Rudd, of Tolesby Hall, and I sat as Justices to deal with the arrested rioters, but went no farther than to inform them that they "might have got 18 months and have been fined £100," and we solemnly pronounced the affair "a disgrace to the town." This leniency was perhaps the natural result of the satisfaction of my colleagues with Guy Dawnay's victory, but a "good row" on polling days was then the usual thing. We knew, even under the ballot, exactly how people had voted: in this town, out of 590 voters on the register 40 were dead or abroad, 386 voted for Rowlandson, and 113 for Dawnay. The Liberals thought this a sad change from 1868, when they boasted that there were only 3 Tories in Guisbrough.

I am tempted here to refer to two of the Justices I have just mentioned, who illustrate the old order of things. John Bartholomew Rudd was the last

survivor of an old Cleveland family, lived outside our Petty Sessional Division and was a peculiar character. He used occasionally to invade our Bench, and by right of seniority turn Admiral Chaloner out of the Chair, much to the annoyance of the Admiral. Johnny Rudd at these times arrived in Volunteer uniform, wearing a big busby and horn-rimmed spectacles, carrying an *umbrella*, and with his *market basket* on his arm, for he did his own housekeeping. The Admiral, who wore "pepper and salt" clothes and a high hat, in summer a white one, was an excellent Chairman; and administered pure justice with a considerable amount of the language of the quarterdeck. If the Clerk ventured to question the strict legality of any of his proceedings, he would retort, "I am here, sir, to administer *Justice*, and by God I shall do it." In those days it was extremely difficult, such was the law, to avoid sending young persons to prison. The Admiral generally managed to dispense justice by dispensing with inconvenient laws. He would in some cases insist on a whipping, and to get over the defect in the law which prevented such a sentence would send for the father of the culprit, and in a very vivid description of the awful provisions of the law call on the parent in alarming language *to request* that the offender might be whipped. Having secured this, the father and son were ordered off to the police-station for the execution of the sentence.

There were two other regular attenders at the court—one the old and kindly Archdeacon of Cleveland, Henry Yeoman, of Marske Hall. He acquiesced in all punishments with great reluctance, and often defeated our intentions by paying

Bradlaugh and the Oath

the fines of the poorer offenders. His brother Robert Yeoman gave such close, conscientious and exhausting attention to every case that he required the following day in bed, if our proceedings were protracted or a difficult problem presented itself. Under these three upright and God-fearing men I served my apprenticeship, so to speak, as a Justice of the Peace.

MY DIARY, 1882

"*February 15th.*— . . . Had an argument with Dale (the late Sir David Dale, Bt.) on the Bradlaugh Question ; he says I am 'politically unsound.' My view is : Bradlaugh is not legally entitled to affirm (there is no law allowing him to), he declares an oath not to be binding on his conscience, when any form of promise is binding on an honourable man. He avows himself to be an Atheist and a Republican, and now says he is willing to take the Oath. The Oath contains an appeal to God and a promise of allegiance to the Throne and Constitution ; it is there for a purpose which should not be openly abused. The House of Commons is perfectly free to exclude a professor of subversive or immoral doctrines or anyone it considers a 'bad subject.' It often has disfranchised constituencies, and is competent to semi-disfranchise temporarily Northampton. It is more a question of tolerating open disloyalty and aggressive irreligion than one of religious toleration."

On the 28th February I note that "that nasty fellow Bradlaugh has been re-elected for Northampton with 107 majority. The question was not one of excluding Atheists, for many of these entered the House, such as John Morley," who had been sufficiently aggressive once as an author as to write God

with a little "g." Nothing but Bradlaugh's blatant advertisement of his obnoxious opinions raised the question, and "there was no ground for his claim (at that time) to affirm, for this right is confined to those with *religious* scruples."

Bradlaugh was a great massive man, with a large peculiar face and an upper lip like a saddle-flap. He had a loud full voice, and could not put an H in its right place. When interrupted in his orations, which were mostly denunciatory, he used to stop and glare with an assumed air of being unfairly used, and shout "Hi 'OPE the 'Ouse will 'ear me." He made some telling and excellent speeches and a few outrageous ones. I found him very pleasant and sensible in such private conversations as I had with him. I made his acquaintance by beckoning him to my table when he was looking for a seat in the House of Commons luncheon-room. The next twenty minutes changed my opinion of him, which hitherto had been that he was a ruffian. His hatred of those who had no use for his politics declined in the generally kindly and tolerant atmosphere of the House. Before his death he was quite popular with many Members in all quarters of it, and we all came to regard him as a more honest politician than his colleague Labby.¹

THE MURDERS OF LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH AND BURKE IN THE PHŒNIX PARK

I have made no reference to the many periods of great excitement over the Fenian risings and conspiracies in Ireland, Canada and the U.S.A., for so much has been written on the subject. In

¹ Henry Labouchere, M.P.

The Murder of Lord F. Cavendish and Burke after years I knew some of the Fenian leaders of that time, but only slightly, including Michael Davitt. I was familiar with the appearance and speeches of others. There was one little, bearded, mild-looking Irish M.P., James Xavier O'Brien, whom I often looked at with curiosity, for anyone less like a dangerous conspirator cannot be imagined, yet he was the last traitor to be sentenced to be hanged, drawn on a hurdle, and quartered after disembowelling, with all the rest of the barbarous words. He had been reprieved because in the storming of a police (R.I.C.) barracks which had been set on fire he had at the risk of his life saved one or more of the police from a horrible death. But as I have seldom known the public so shocked, I give part of my entries in regard to the Phoenix Park murders in 1882 :

“ *Sunday, May 7th.*—On my way to the Chapel Royal with my father-in-law (Sir Robert N. Fowler, Bt., M.P.), we were stopped by a friend of his at Hyde Park Corner, and were told of the assassinations of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Burke. . . . I was staggered at the news ; it is all so sudden, cruel and unreasonably devilish—this murder of Lord Frederick, who has devoted his life to the good of the people, who had gone as a messenger of peace to Ireland, and who had only been on her shores for a few hours. Throughout the service my thoughts were on the deed and still more on its fearful consequences. . . . I went to Brooks’s and the Reform Club, where groups were discussing the why and wherefore, and members were reading the latest editions of the ‘ Observer.’ ”

The following extract gives the starting-point of my views on Irish politics from which very different opinions evolved as the years passed :

" *May 8th, 1882.*—By the time I was about the whole of London was ablaze with the frightful news from Ireland. . . . In the afternoon I went down to the House with my father, and was fortunate enough to get a seat under the Gallery (at that time the eldest sons of M.P.'s had a right to sit there if there was room, a right I often exercised). Every corner of the House was crowded, and there was dead silence while the Prime Minister (Gladstone) in a low, very clear voice, which at times all but broke down with emotion, moved the adjournment in consequence of the foul murder of one of his closest personal friends, and announced the intention of the Government to let all business give place for the purpose of introducing a Bill for the suppression of crime in Ireland. Sir Stafford Northcote seconded. Forster paid a tribute to Burke, and Jim Lowther did the same in coarser fashion (the two latter had been Chief Secretaries for Ireland). Parnell rose and denounced the crime, expressing his belief that it had been perpetrated by enemies of the Land League. And perhaps it has, Mr. Parnell and your Manifesto plausible, but England will not forget *who* gave rein to lawlessness and outrage in Ireland, *who* never condemned the murdering and maiming of honest rent-payers, the torturing of cattle and the assassination of landlords and women [a reference to the recent murder of a Mrs. Smythe while driving home from Church]. . . . We wait to see the uncrowned 'King of Ireland' use that power over the masses which he and the Land League boast of."

Among those Liberals who were suspected of being shaky in their support of the Government was Fred Lambton, my father's colleague. An adverse vote he had given on the Crimes Bill led to a very

The Rebellion of Arabi

stormy private meeting of South Durham Liberals at Darlington on the 17th July, at which I was present in my father's stead. Instead of Lambton being hauled over the coals, my father was severely attacked for *not voting against* the Liberal Government for their bombardment of Alexandria. My defence of my father was greeted with much cheering, and finally the meeting contented itself with a general resolution of confidence in the Government. My father, in forwarding this resolution, asked Gladstone to say a word for Lambton in his reply. The reply was characteristic : it is before me. He thanked both Members for their "general support," and added, "I am very sensible of the eminent services rendered to the Liberal cause by *three generations* of the Lambton family." Fortunately, the public was not aware that Freddy Lambton belonged to the fourth generation which had represented Durham constituencies in the Whig or Liberal interests.¹

Among the Radicals there was a good deal of opposition to the entry into Egypt to quell the rebellion of Arabi. In view of later events it interests me to read what I wrote at the time : "I think it will involve great expense and that for some years, though possibly it may result in profit to the Egyptians and ourselves." I lived to see the regeneration of Egypt, the freeing of the people, order in its finances and the same in the Sudan. For ourselves our highway of commerce was secured and improved, and a lasting example given of the capacity of our civil and military rulers to govern, to give peace, prosperity, and to heal the wounds

¹ See Table VI, Appendix, for Lambtons who were M.P.'s.

1865-1886

of war and of anarchy. I speak of what I know and have seen *in situ*, and there have been in my time no greater benefactors of the human race than Cromer and Wingate. I do not like to think of what has happened since.

In Ireland, Lord Spencer ("The Red Earl") and Sir George Trevelyan, with the aid of one of the severest Coercion Acts ever passed, were grappling with savagery and murder. I note events there, such as the execution of three out of eight of the convicted murderers of the Joyce family at Mamtasna, but I only mention Ireland here to remind the reader that it was only after four years of a very thorough application of Coercion which had failed utterly to lessen either Nationalist sentiment, or authority and power, that Gladstone, after the constitutional demand for Home Rule had been made under the extended franchise, attempted a new policy.

1883

In March this year I attended a banquet given to my father and Sir Frederick Milbank, M.P., at Hartlepool, of all places, and a very enthusiastic Liberal meeting at Bishop Auckland, at which Lambton defended his adverse votes very well. Lambton hardly ever opened his mouth in the House of Commons during the years I was there, but I was often on his platform from 1880 onwards. He had rather a peculiar but taking style, jerking out short and pithy sentences. He was, if much "on the spot," laconic, like other Lambtons. I never knew him to use a long sentence, nor to display the least sentiment, temper, enthusiasm, emotion or eloquence.

Egypt

After November 1883, when the question was raised of my standing for York City, I began to think for myself, but still my entries are pretty much the repetition of merely party views and not worth recording. Undoubtedly the easiest ascent in political life is to keep strictly to the party path roped to the opinions of others. You need then never trouble yourself to solve any problem, except on the rare occasions when the rope breaks. There is really little to be said against the earlier handling of the Egyptian question by the Gladstone Cabinet, but the plans for the Sudan were weak and faulty. This in the main was due to the variety of counsels and wrangling among the military authorities. The details and preparations of plans were in the hands of Hartington at the War Office, but Gladstone had to bear the brunt of all attacks.

1884 DIARIES

“*February 17th.*—The Egyptian debate continues all this week. The Opposition attack the Government for inconsistency and indecision, and lay at its door the defeats and massacres of the armies under Hicks and Baker Pashas and of the Sinkat garrison, but cannot say what other policy should have been pursued; apparently everything is wrong, and if they now think that we ought never to have meddled in Egypt, the Government made a good defence, namely, that they discountenanced the Egyptian attempt to reconquer the Sudan, that nothing but these Egyptian defeats and the probability of inroads into Egypt by the Mahdi's followers and the massacre of other garrisons would have made them send the fleet to Suakim, General Gordon to bring out the garrisons, and to have troops prepared to relieve Tokar and Khartoum.

Their policy is 'Rescue and Retire.' I feel uneasy about this policy, and have a preference for the reconquest of the Sudan and its pacification, but the Government is hampered by Little Englanders and the Radicals, and the country, unless strongly led, does not take kindly to a strong line."

This year, in spite of rigorous Coercion, many executions, the sinister operations of the Fenians and Secret Societies continued in Ireland, and dynamite outrages in England were added to the crimes of the extremist Irish and Irish-American Nationalists. In contrast with my later views I suggest that an Irish M.P. should be hanged for each dynamite outrage as a possible cure. This I write on the occasions of the blowing up of Scotland Yard and the Junior Carlton Club in June.

This session the Representation of the People Bill was carried in the Commons, and was the logical sequence of the extension of the Borough franchise granted by the Conservatives in order "to dish the Whigs" in 1867, and described by Lord Derby as "a leap in the dark." The Conservatives now declaimed against this measure, because it did not include Redistribution, which was a much more complicated business to be dealt with in a separate measure. Gladstone was very conciliatory, and made concessions in the hope of avoiding the obstruction of his measure in the Lords. After all their threats, the Opposition allowed the Bill to pass its third reading without a division. Sir Frederick Milner's (M.P. for York—he died June 1931) voice was the last raised against the Bill, and Gladstone took the unusual course of rising after the division and saying, "Mr. Speaker, I am

The County Franchise

desirous of observing that the Bill was read *nemine contradicente*," a remarkable anti-climax to the prolonged and furious Opposition. The Lords rejected the measure, and threw the country into a turmoil of agitation against themselves,¹ and meetings of protest were held all over the country.

In the autumn Mr. Gladstone and the Opposition came to an arrangement on the question of Redistribution, the Bill was re-introduced, and was passed by the Lords on the 6th December. In May 1885 the Redistribution Bill passed the Commons, and was accepted by the Lords on the 27th June, 1885.

I allude to these two important measures, as, for better or worse, they marked an immediate and enormous change in the political condition of England. The whole atmosphere was altered, and henceforward the constitution became, in theory at least, democratic. Yet those who shouted loudest for democracy have devised means which give no more liberty to the people to select candidates or to decide policy than before. Mr. Asquith and later Mr. Lloyd George both managed to thwart the voice of the people, which had been loudly given against Socialism by placing and maintaining Socialist Governments in power, and even such a revolutionary measure as the extension of the franchise to women was passed without any reference to or mandate from the constituencies. During the passage of the 1885 Franchise Bill a clause was

¹ Seldom has there been such a heavy division in the Lords. They numbered at this time about 500. I note that the Bill was thrown out by 205 to 146, that 36 Peers paired, 13 Bishops abstained, and several Liberal Peers, including Earl Grey, the Duke of Cleveland and Lord Sherbrooke, were absent.

proposed to enfranchise women, and my father opposed it strongly, and "I am astonished, not that it was rejected, but at the number who voted for it." It was left to a *Conservative* administration, under Mr. Baldwin, to give "universal suffrage." To old-fashioned and plain people all this is very bewildering, and the old party lines having been obliterated, the very names of Liberal, Labour, Tory, Conservative and Unionist now appear to be meaningless. One curious result of great democratic changes has been the creation of Peers wholesale by the very people who were never tired of denouncing the hereditary legislature. The Liberal Party may be considered to have been in power from 1906 to 1922, for Mr. Lloyd George was in command of the Coalition Government. During seventeen years Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George were distributing Peerages for financial or party considerations wholesale. Here are some remarkable figures :

In 3 years, 1905-1908, Campbell-Bannerman "created "	21 Peers
In 8 years, 1908-1916, Asquith "created "	68 "
In 6 years, 1916-1922, Lloyd George "created "	113 "
Total for 17 years	202

To return to 1884. In June of that year I was offered the choice of standing for several constituencies. In another, viz. Malton, I allowed my name to compete with others. It is a matter of purely local interest to mention this. Malton was

A Choice of Constituencies

represented by the Hon. Charles W. Fitzwilliam, who was retiring. He was born 1826, and sat for Malton as a Liberal 1852-1885. The Fitzwilliams in 1884 were getting shaky as Liberals; they stood as Liberals and then voted Conservative, but for a while after 1886 were "Liberal Unionists" in name. The Foljambes soon went the same way with Lambtons and Cavendishes and other Whig families. The Liberal Committee at Malton had the selection of a candidate, and a ballot was taken on the names before it, with this result :

Clough Taylor . . .	25	votes
Alfred E. Pease . . .	18	„
Albert Rutson . . .	12	„
Hon. H. W. Fitzwilliam	11	„
Blank Papers . . .	8	„
	—	
	74	„

So I was out of it. I finally had two constituencies to select from—Norwich and York. With the former I had a family connection, and it was the better chance; on the other hand, York was in my own county, and more to my mind.

The most recent elections in these two cities had given the following results :

At Norwich both seats in 1880 had been easily taken by Liberals :

Colman (L.) . . .	6,549
Tillet (L.) . . .	6,512
Harbord (C.) . . .	5,242
Mainwaring (C.) . .	5,032

1865-1886

At York, in 1880, the Liberals won both seats :

Creyke (L.).	.	.	.	4,502
Leeman (L.)	.	.	.	4,413
Rt. Hon. Jas. Lowther (C.)	.			3,959

Leeman's death created a vacancy in 1883, and at the by-election, the result was a Conservative gain.

Sir Frederick Milner, Bt. (C.)	.	.	3,948
Mr. Frank Lockwood, Q.C. (L.)	.	.	3,927

In the end I consented to stand with Frank Lockwood for York, and henceforward my diaries are so crammed with political topics that selection is difficult, but my intention is to deal with the years 1885-1892 as marking the great transformation from the old to the new world of politics. Looking over the past, my chief complaint was and is that the Whigs deserted Gladstone in 1886, for Whigs had supported even bolder proposals than his. It was not only that Coercion had failed and was bound to fail in the end, but that Gladstone was faced with the new fact ; that the franchise had been extended, and that Ireland spoke with almost one voice, and that she now presented her case in a perfectly constitutional manner. The great secession of right-wing Liberals in 1886 ultimately left the leadership in the hands of such men as Campbell-Bannerman, Harcourt, Asquith and Lloyd George. These all bid for left support in the House and the country, and played for party objects and power. When at last Lord Spencer,

The Ultimate Fate of Moderate Liberals

Gladstone and then Lord Rosebery disappeared from the political arena, who was there really left for moderate Liberals to trust and follow? The Conservatives were just as much influenced by motives of expediency without regard to principles as the new Liberals. They roared "treason" and "disintegration" at us for twenty-five years for daring to advocate a modest but generous concession to the Irish demand, and then, after a bloody rebellion, practically accepted "Separation" lying down. That was the end of their Unionism and cries of "*Quis separabit?*".

When Lord Rosebery was in the front line of Liberal leaders he had my whole-hearted support and confidence in both foreign and domestic policy. Gladstone had the same in his policies in Irish and home affairs, but I did not always like his or his Cabinet's foreign policy. Whilst I always thought Lord Salisbury a great Minister and personally respected him, I disliked intensely his attitude on African questions, and his contempt for British Protectorates and spheres of influence. In Parliament I denounced the way he gave his country away in Africa, and most strongly the danger, folly and injustice of handing over such a strategic outpost as Heligoland to Germany, and prophesied that his gifts to Germany would not even accomplish his object of buying her friendship. The Great War justified all that I said. Thus it was that, whereas I was once very strongly attached to Liberal principles and leaders, I found no party to suit my views of sound and safe policy and write now with absolute detachment.

1865-1886

1885

In January came the news of our victories at Abu Klea and Metammeh, but early in February we heard that Khartoum had fallen to the enemy and of the death of Gordon. This news was known by the Arabs and in the *souks* of Algeria long before it reached England by cable. I have several times come across the same mysterious thing in Africa, and puzzled over it. In mountainous parts I have seen Arabs convey by shouting messages over great distances with extraordinary rapidity, but the desert does not lend itself to this in the same way, and when I was in the Sahara I never came across any *native* night signalling by fires or lights nor heliographing by day, though the French had a very complete system for both methods of communication. I am horrified at this last news and at the Egyptian muddle, and write that "this terrible calamity is one never dreamed of of late." Our policy included the withdrawal of the Egyptian garrisons from the Sudan—Gordon is sent to do this, he fulfils neither his instructions nor what he was expected to do or hoped of him. He is killed and is a martyr, and no one is allowed to say a word for the Government which might reflect on him. He was a hero, but there was also a case against him. We went to rescue Gordon, who would not come away when he could and should have come, and are committed to fighting the Dervishes to whom we have declared (I term it "a most rotten declaration") we are going to hand over the Sudan.

Years after I had a Somali follower who was with

Penjdeh and War Preparations

Gordon in Khartoum. I asked him "Why Gordon had been killed?" He gave me the following answer in good faith, but I never got any confirmation of it, though I questioned a negress called "Josephine," whom I employed in Abyssinia, and who was Gordon's cook in Khartoum. He said that Gordon "was not trusted either by the people inside or outside Khartoum," that they knew he was an unbeliever, yet he pretended to be a Moslem and made prayers in public, and they thought he was deceiving them. Probably Gordon did not affect anything of the sort, but he was a peculiar man in his religious habits and in other ways, and may have prayed in public.

In February the Government only escaped defeat on their Egyptian policy by 14 votes. My comment is:

"They deserved to be beaten, but I am glad they have not been. . . . They have been vacillating and half-hearted in dealing with great difficulties which required great energy, decision and vigour."

I recount their blunders at length, and add:

"Of course they have had bad luck; if any one of their attempts, including Gordon's mission, had been a success the Government would have been as popular as it now is the reverse."

The next excitement was the invasion of Afghanistan by a Russian force, which attacked the Afghans at Penjdeh on the 30th March. This time Gladstone was promptly firm and also asked for a vote of £11,000,000. I refer to this at the end of April, and add: "To all appearances

Russia means war, and we are making great preparations," and am pleased with Gladstone's speech, "well worthy of England's Prime Minister," in asking for credits for the Sudan and the Russian business. What with these foreign troubles and the dynamite outrages in Westminster Hall, at the Admiralty and other places, it was an eventful spring, and with my love of country life did not whet my appetite for a public one, but Frank Lockwood and I had begun to woo York.

"April 27th, 1885.—Lockwood and I went to a Charity Concert at York organised by Fred Milner (then one of the M.P.'s for the city). We arrived to see our opponent endeavouring to 'take off' Henry Irving. I could only hope that if ever I became one of the M.P.'s the citizens would not expect a similar performance from me."

When I wrote that, little did I guess what would be Lockwood's and my experience as members in a modern urban constituency. In and out of session time, our presence was demanded at bazaars, banquets, assize breakfasts, galas, and, worst of all, at curious political meetings, repeated over and over again, in each ward of the city. However important it was that we should be in our places in Parliament, our presence in York was demanded at the risk of causing "very grave dissatisfaction" if we were not present. We would rush down to York to attend one of these ward meetings. One of our chief supporters, often a Rowntree, would be in the Chair, who would in a grave and "thoughtful" speech survey the political horizon, then a comic man dressed in yellow would sing a song,

Experiences in York

“The bell keeps a-ringing for Sarah,” to cheer up the now depressed women and children, then Lockwood and I had to make political speeches, sandwiched in between more comic or tragic songs,



*The return from
the Cocoa Bush.*

Once a year we were invited to contribute to an outing of the employees of Rowntree's Cocoa Works. The centre figure is a portrait of Joseph Rowntree, one of our friends and supporters, who was a temperance advocate

such as “When York becomes a Sea-port Town,” or “Father, dear Father, come Home.” Though these occasions nearly drove Lockwood crazy, he was in his youth on the stage, and was always equal

1865-1886

to the occasion, but I believe I was more philosophic, and knew that 11 p.m. would come at last, and that we should get back to King's Cross before daybreak.

At bazaars we were expected to buy the most expensive and hideous things for which there was no custom. At one I got into an awful mess. I



was asked to preside and open a "Rechabite" bazaar. I had not the faintest idea what Rechabites were. There was a sort of minister present who said he would first offer prayer, then introduce me and ask me to read out the first verse of a hymn. When the "hymn" was placed in my hands I saw that the first line was "I will not touch the drunkard's drink." I whispered to the minister, "I

A Painful Experience

should like you to give out the hymn." "Why?" said he. "Because I am not a teetotaller," said I. He was shocked beyond words. "Are you not an abstainer?" "No," said I. "Then why are you here?" said he. Before I had gone round to make purchases all the "Rechabites" knew that I was a fraud, that I drank "the drunkard's drink," and was unfitted to be their member, and by their attitude towards me I knew I had lost about a



One evening when Lockwood dined at the annual Gimcrack dinner I took the chair at a missionary meeting

hundred votes. The minister, with gravity and pain depicted on his face, escorted me to the door in silence. I wished Lockwood had taken the job on, and wondered how he would have dealt with it. He would probably have used his histrionic gifts to impress on the Rechabites the evils of intemperance.

Early in May Gladstone announced that the

Penjdeh and Afghan frontier questions were to be arranged by arbitration, "to the horror of the Conservatives, who are howling for war."

In my notes on Childer's Budget I put the following down as "interesting" :

"EXCISE BEER AND SPIRITS CONSUMPTION

England	.	.	10/5	per head of popn.	per an.						
Scotland	.	.	23/4	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Ireland	.	.	17/6	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"

In June, in the absence of sixty Liberals unpaired, the Government was defeated on the Budget, whereupon it resigned, and Lord Salisbury was sent for by the Queen.

On the 29th June I was present in the City of London when Prince Eddie (afterwards Duke of Clarence) took up his freedom.

"He had an old English black-letter declaration to read at the Guildhall, which was a teaser for him—he read his speech, and we could not hear a word of it, and the poor fellow seemed nervous. The Prince of Wales looked annoyed and the Princess, as always, exquisite. It struck me as a very stupid thing not to have provided the young Prince with an easily read and clearly printed declaration."

The following entry is of local interest only, but illustrates the sort of fights which were going on all over the country owing to Redistribution :

"*June 27th*, 1885.—Left town by the 5 a.m. train and reached Northallerton in time to fight Guis-

An Amusing Election

brough's battle as the 'place of election.' At Quarter Sessions I got Squire (J. T.) Wharton to move it, and I seconded him and claimed that Guisbrough had a long-established right to be regarded as the capital of Cleveland. The Court divided after a long debate—result :

For Guisbrough	. 44
„ Middlesbrough	. 20
„ Stokesley	. 6
„ Redcar	. 3

73 Justices voted.”

In September I was offered the very safe seat for the Bishop Auckland Division, but I was committed to York, and I comment, “What chances I have missed by taking York,” but I telegraphed at once to an old Cambridge friend of mine, James Mellor Paulton, to come, and he came post-haste and was selected at once. At the ensuing election the poll was :

Paulton (L.)	. . 5,907
D'Arcy Wyvill (C.)	. . 2,280

Majority . . 3,627

I helped Paulton in this very amusing contest. As we were on very friendly terms with D'Arcy Wyvill, we at times went together and shared the same platform. The two candidates tossed for first innings, and as the contest generally was as to which could tell the most amusing stories and apply the most chaff, a second innings was allowed them in order to give them a chance of capping

each other's jokes. Between meetings everyone was busy collecting anecdotes for the next one. Thus the pitmen had good entertainment without too much intellectual strain.

Paulton's majority was even larger than my father's, which was in those days considered phenomenal in a rural constituency. His was the adjoining Barnard Castle Division :

Sir Joseph W. Pease (L.)	.	5,962
Hon. P. Bowes-Lyon (C.)	.	2,457
		<hr/>
Majority	.	3,505

In Cleveland we did better still :

Henry F. Pease (L.)	.	6,948
Hon. Guy Dawnay (C.)	.	2,845
		<hr/>
Majority	.	4,103

At this time Chamberlain was posing as an ultra-Radical and countering Gladstone's Midlothian Manifesto, which had been a "damper" for Radicals, with his policy of "Ransom," "Three Acres and a Cow," etc., and I got into trouble with the York Radicals for expressing dislike of Chamberlain's "goings on," his ignorance of all pertaining to rural economy and his Socialism, but still more for refusing to support "Free Education," which I maintained was coercive and never could be *free*, "as it must saddle ratepayers, not to mention taxpayers, *for life* with a far greater burden than 'school pence' and would diminish parents'

Hares and Rabbits

eagerness to see that children got value for their money.”

At York I was delighted with my colleague, Frank Lockwood, and we became the closest of friends, but I was a little disconcerted to find that I had to make my views conform as much as possible with his more Radical ideas. I loved neither “Local Option” nor his “drastic” reform of the Land Laws. Some amendments of the law were desirable, and to divide Liberals from Radicals at this juncture was suicidal, so I assimilated at least part of my programme to his, and tried to allay my uncomfortable feelings with the thought that Lockwood’s bark was worse than his bite. Still, these calls in the interests of party unity to sacrifice one’s own judgment were always a trial to me, and I was often shocked at the mental attitude of those who supported measures they did not like. Even my then leader, Lord Hartington, whom I regarded as a steady adherent to principles, gave me a nasty turn one evening when he was driving home with us in my father’s brougham. My father was denouncing “The Hares and Rabbits Bill,” which transferred the landowners’ rights in ground game to the occupiers of land who had taken the land without these rights. Hartington said, “Well, Pease, *you* and *I* will find a way out of it,” the meaning of which was that the wealthy would retain what the poorer owners were robbed of under the Bill.

As regards that measure, before it was passed the tenants on the estates I knew made a good thing out of the “damages” paid for “ground game,” much of which was imaginary or over-assessed. No doubt there were some owners who were mean

or who did nothing. After the Act, owing to the jealousy of neighbouring tenants, there was little left for landlords or farmers on most holdings. Yet I knew a few proprietors who were able to maintain a prodigious head of hares after the Act. I was once shooting with Sir Frederick Milbank, M.P., at Thorpe Perrow, where hundreds of hares were shot each day. I asked him the first day after we had shot the first not large covert, "How on earth do you manage to have so many hares?" He said, "You shall see in a minute." There were laid out, after this first beat, about 30 pheasants, 50 hares, 50 rabbits, and some partridges, and Sir Frederick called up the tenant whose land adjoined and said, "What will you take, John?" "Thank you, Sir Frederick, I'll take the lot," and he did, a whole cartful. Talking about hares reminds me that about this time I was out shooting one day with my father, who was a most careful shot, when he fired at a hare going in the direction of the high-road, which was at least 150 yards away. Immediately the hare disappeared through the fence there were the most horrible screams in the road; my father threw down his empty gun and ran as hard as he could to the fence. There was a small boy on the road. My father said, "Are you hurt, my boy?" "Naw," said the boy. Then, "Why did you scream?" "Whya, sike (such) a gert book-rabbit cam' threw t' fence," said the lad.

We had a very hard fight at York; at the end "our people" were down in the mouth. Chamberlain had frightened away the Whigs, and the parsons at the finish had a Sunday to preach us down. The polling day beggars description, and the

The Bradlaugh Case disposed of uproar after the declaration of the poll was extraordinary, but the result was :

Pease (L.) . . .	5,353	} elected.
Lockwood (L.) . . .	5,260	
Milner (C.) . . .	4,590	
Legard (C.) . . .	4,377	

The result of the General Election of 1885 was :

Liberals . . .	333	} 337	21 less than in 1880	
Conservatives . . .	251		14 more	„
Irish Home Rulers . . .	86		25	„ „

When the new House assembled, Sir John Mowbray, on the Government (Conservative) side, moved the re-election of Arthur Peel as Speaker, and “ did it very well.”

“ John Bright seconded him from our side in a lame, hesitating and disappointingly common-place speech. Justin McCarthy protested against the eulogistic terms and the commendations for impartiality, Hicks-Beach spoke approvingly and Gladstone was telling and neat and chaffed McCarthy about his protest.”

And now the tiresome Bradlaugh case was disposed of. The Speaker got rid of it thus :

“ Referring to Bradlaugh, who was sitting on the front bench below the gangway on our side, he put forward his view, which was equal to a ruling, i.e. that he could not quâ Speaker have any cognisance of proceedings in the previous Parliament, nor could the House interpose before Members had been sworn in. Hicks-Beach rose, but was called to order—he then claimed to rise ‘ to order ’ and

remarked that after this dictum of the Speaker he could only protest, whereupon he was called to order again and swearing began."

Curzon (George Nathaniel, *b.* 1859), who entered this House with the advantages of his name and birth, with an Oxford reputation for oratory, was given the splendid and immediate opportunity for his maiden speech by being selected to move the Address. He took full advantage of it, as he did throughout his life of every chance of impressing those who were necessary to his public advancement. His speech was so carefully composed, so academic in style and so well delivered and was altogether such a novelty, coming from a very youthful and well-groomed Member, that he got a start which made him at once a "rising hope" of the Conservative Party. For myself speeches composed with great care, with elaborate pains for effect, delivered with acquired art and studied action, however interesting as performances, have never appealed to me in the same way that does spontaneous eloquence, the instinctive use of the right words, clear reasoning and apt metaphor—all that comes from a well-stored head, and flows from convictions of the heart as well as of the mind. Curzon's undoubted cleverness never roused my enthusiasm. Others who knew him better have done him full justice. Looking back, I recollect with most pleasure the speeches of David Plunket, Thomas Sexton and Sir Edward Grey. The former two were the more eloquent, but Grey's speeches were so clear, so fluent; and so sound that they "went home."

Gladstone was amazing at times, but was in a

David Plunket; John Bright

category by himself. The Right Hon. David Plunket was the Conservative Member for Dublin University from 1870 to 1895, when he was created Baron Rathmore. From 1885 to 1892 he was First Commissioner of Works in Lord Salisbury's administrations. His appearance, voice, words and manner were all delightful. He had a slight stammer, which singularly enough added to the effect of a phrase or of a witty sentence—it was a signal that something good was coming—if it were only a single word which hesitated to come, when it arrived it was the most telling one possible. Gladstone's complicated verbosity was often trying, though no doubt welcome when it was desirable to mystify opponents or to preserve loopholes for escape; on the other hand, there were whole speeches and parts of others which were wonderfully beautiful and persuasive. Asquith pleased me, because his brain and language were lucid, but he was deficient in sympathies and in the understanding of John Bull. John Bright gave me no pleasure to listen to as a rule, yet his name will go down as one of the great orators of the Victorian era. His impromptu speeches were poor, his prepared ones reeked of the lamp and of his own self-complacency—it is said they were committed to memory and rehearsed before a mirror, but I know nothing of that. I note that a conceited and bigoted man may say very stupid and even outrageous things and yet catch the fancy of the populace.

The Nonconformists followed John Bright about in politics as Mohammedans do a mad Mullah; so when he helped to defeat Gladstone's Irish policy of conciliation by posing as a champion of law and

order, many of these forgot that he had never dared when a minister to aid in the suppression of lawlessness in Ireland, Egypt or elsewhere. He was without a trace of humour. George Russell used to tell of meeting John Bright at a dinner-party when the company were amused at the story of a Quaker who, when asked to subscribe towards the restoration of a church, had declined, saying, "I would prefer to give thee somewhat for pulling it down," how John Bright looked very sour and said, "Friends are made the subject of very stoopid stories."

I knew him very well in private life, and during session time on Sundays he frequently lunched at my father's and spent the afternoons with us. He was a fat, pompous, stuffy man. I never heard him laugh, and seldom heard him say anything pleasant about anybody, any event, or anything else. He was slow and lazy, and more often in an arm-chair in the smoking-room of the Reform Club than attending to his Parliamentary duties. Gladstone, the first time he met him, was struck with John Bright's "savage look," but I should call this normal expression of his face sour and surly rather than "savage." I never once saw him savage, even when he said savage things. I never knew anyone else who could read Young's "Night Thoughts," but this was his favourite poetry. I never heard him address a great popular audience and probably never heard him at his best. Lord Rosebery, who was a judge in such matters, placed Bright in the first rank of the orators of our time, but I never knew whether this was the result of his having actually heard his orations or that such speeches as he had heard him deliver in the House of Commons con-

The Conservatives' Deal with Parnell

vinced him that his reputation was well earned. On the other hand, there have been occasions when John Bright made sound, good speeches apart from his oratory. As far back as the 18th June, 1883, I say :

“ I came in for a ‘ capital speech ’ of his on Sir Stafford Northcote’s requesting the House to vote that Bright’s allegation that certain of the Conservative Opposition had made ‘ alliance ’ with Irish ‘ rebels ’ below the gang-way, a breach of privilege. J. B. had them on the hip and repeated the word ‘ *alliance*, ’ which had caused so much searching of heart amongst the Conservatives. The Irish shouted at him that the objectionable word was ‘ *rebels* ’ and not ‘ alliance. ’ ‘ No, ’ said Bright, turning to the Irish benches, ‘ the Right Honourable gentleman has no objection to *you* being called *rebels*, ’ disregarding the rules of debate and pointing at them, and I heard several of the Irish exclaim, ‘ We do not deny it. ’ ”

For years after we heard the lie repeated that there had been no negotiations and no understanding with Parnell, while we persisted that there had been. In 1885 and 1886 the pretence by the Conservatives that the idea of Home Rule was new and outrageous, when we knew more than we could proclaim, confirmed me that if Gladstone had not made a move Salisbury was going to. There will be more about this, but it is singular that we have had to wait over forty years for a clear statement of the facts by one who knows them, namely, Lady Burghclere, the daughter of Lord Carnarvon, who was the negotiator with Parnell. In a letter to “ The Times, ” 28th November, 1930, she states that so far from Lord Salisbury being unaware of

these negotiations, the "exact reverse is the case." She quotes Lord Salisbury's own words and Arthur Balfour's admitting this (in 1886 and 1888), and says :

"Lord Salisbury was not only consulted but discussed the advisability of the step, before the meeting of Parnell with Lord Carnarvon and Lord Ashbourne, the Irish Chancellor, and Lord Carnarvon immediately after his meeting with Parnell went to Hatfield and submitted his memorandum of the conversation to Lord Salisbury."

It was agreed that neither the Cabinet nor the Queen should be informed (contrary to Lord Carnarvon's advice), and the latter and not Lord Salisbury was allowed to bear the responsibility of a move which had the "full concurrence" and approval of the Prime Minister. Yet Lord Salisbury wrote and spoke in a sense meant to imply the reverse.

Randolph Churchill in 1885 promised Parnell No Coercion, and Parnell promised in return the Irish Vote, but Churchill never promised Home Rule (see Lord Rosebery's "Life of Lord Randolph Churchill").

Chamberlain made many good speeches and was clear and incisive ; some considered him amongst the best debaters, but on topics which divided parties he was the most bitter advocate of his case I ever listened to and so deliberately unfair, so vindictive and had such a delight, which should be foreign to a gentleman's nature, in wounding his opponent that his cleverness and stabs gave little pleasure to any but like natures. I always listened

Harcourt and Goschen

with ten times more pleasure to such opponents as Walter Long, who fought hard but fought clean, who had the gift of words, like others of his family, which flowed from a sensible brain and an honest heart. He could speak in great heat, for like most Longs he had a hot temper, but he was always a gentleman and a sportsman.

Sir William Harcourt was a most entertaining speaker, and no one was better at confounding opponents in debate, often appearing to do it spontaneously, when really he was well primed with telling retorts and quotations from his enemies' old speeches, and he had the art of provoking the very interruptions he was fully armed to deal with. He was a very hard hitter and sometimes a clumsy one, as one would expect in a man who had earned the nickname of "Jumbo," but he enjoyed his own wit, sallies and thumps so much that his pleasure infected his own side. It is said that he was a Whig at heart disguised as a Radical; he had, at any rate, the Whig training and the culture common to the leaders of that defunct party and caste. I enjoyed above all his encounters with Goschen after the latter's defection from Liberalism, and in watching Goschen gasping like a carp, clawing his buttons and gazing ceiling-wards for inspiration. Goschen had sterling qualities, but was even a more unscrupulous partisan in debate than Harcourt, yet was no match for the latter's prepared impromptus, learning and apt applications of metaphor or anecdote. Goschen did good service to his country as Chancellor of the Exchequer and as First Lord of the Admiralty. He took the sound view that the income-tax should be reserved for national emer-

gencies. Gladstone agreed with this, but also regarded it as a hateful, harassing, inquisitorial burden on industry. I can well remember the general astonishment, when Gladstone proposed in 1874 its entire abolition, at his losing his seat at Greenwich and at the country declaring against him.¹

There were a few front benchers on our side I

¹ The following is an extract from an interesting letter in "The Times," 1st June, 1931, on Gladstone's "Ideal of Economy." The references in brackets are to Morley's Volumes of his "Life of Gladstone." The writer of the letter is F. J. C. Hearnshaw :

"Gladstone attributed the lamentable growth of 'the spirit of expenditure' in no small degree to the continued existence of the income-tax. As is well known, a tax on income was first imposed by Pitt in 1798, in order to meet the expenses of the French War, and at the conclusion of peace in 1801 it was abolished. In 1803, on the renewal of the war, it was re-imposed in the form of a property tax, and retained until 1816. In 1842 it was again reintroduced (at the rate of 7*d.* in the pound on incomes exceeding £150), by Sir Robert Peel, as a temporary measure, in order to enable him to carry through his reform of the tariff. Had it not been for the outbreak of the Crimean War the income-tax would have been abolished in the fifties. The idea of its abolition was constantly in Mr. Gladstone's mind, and in 1874 (when the tax stood at 2*d.* in the pound) its complete elimination occupied a prominent place in his election programme. 'I seriously doubt,' he said, 'whether the spirit of expenditure will ever give place to the old spirit of economy as long as we have the income-tax'; and, again, 'I am deeply convinced that the facility of recurring to, and of maintaining, income-tax has been a main source of that extravagance in government which I date from the Russian War' (ii, 62).

"In the late Victorian era, however, the 'spirit of expenditure' increasingly prevailed over the 'spirit of economy.' Eloquent is the lament: 'The faithful steward is a chartered bore, alike on the mimic and the working stage; the rake and spendthrift carries all before him' (ii, 138). Nevertheless, Gladstone continued to fight the losing battle of national solvency with dauntless persistency. In 1883, for instance, 'he insisted, in spite of some opposition in the Cabinet, on accepting a motion pledging Parliament to economy' (iii, 110). In 1885 he said, 'I deeply deplore the oblivion into which public economy has fallen . . . and the leaning of both parties to Socialism, which I radically disapprove' (iii, 221). Finally, in 1894, he tendered his last resignation of office, because he could not restrain the spending proclivities of his colleagues. 'How,' he asked himself, 'could he turn his back on his former self by becoming a party to swollen expenditure' (iii, 507)."

John Morley

could scarcely bear to listen to, and John Morley was one of these. I disliked his appearance and manners ; these were as depressing as those of an undertaker, and I counted him a poor debater. In the Irish debates he was maddening, for he used the very arguments for Home Rule which were calculated to arouse opposition in an Englishman. He would foretell the dire results and dangers to ourselves at the hands of dynamiters and scoundrels if we did not yield to the Irish demand.

With all his historical and literary attainments, I never knew a distinguished man so destitute of any understanding of our race, or indeed of any other. No one who does not understand John Bull and his Scotch brother, their horse-sense, love of fair play, kindness, and dogged courage, nor their respect for strength in those who govern them, is fit to rule them. He had no acquaintance with them. Yet in private life he was not aggressive and often interesting even in company which could not have been congenial. He was labelled "Honest John," but was also "Lucky John." J. E. C. Bodley once said of him, that although Morley wrote on French subjects, he never got into the skin of a Frenchman. Even when "mature" he gave a solemn and pedantic warning to the House of Lords by referring to what he called an episode in the French *Revolution*, "The Day of Dupes," which took place in the seventeenth century under Richelieu ! And he stated that Morley once asked him in 1887, "*Why* are you going to South Africa ; *nothing of interest can ever occur there* " ; and told him to study the democracies of Australia instead ! Such appalling ignorance about a region

with gigantic problems and of stupendous interest is almost incredible.

During the Irish business, the rounds fought between Colonel Saunderson and Tim Healy were as entertaining as between the heavy-weights, Goschen and Harcourt. Both the Orangeman and the Nationalist had a full dose of Irish wit and fighting spirit, and each could arouse the passion of the opposing faction to red heat. The duels between Gladstone and Randolph Churchill were of quite another character. I once had a terrier in Africa which could bring any lion to bay and keep him busy. The lion would begin by wondering what the little thing was doing, rushing round and up to him, yapping all the time, and the terrier would keep him occupied without ever getting within reach of a mortal blow. Such were the encounters between Churchill and Gladstone. Churchill used to attack, insult and bait our "Grand Old Man," who was vulnerable in places, which pieces of his political anatomy Churchill knew well and these he would snap at, and then show absolute indifference to Gladstone's elaborate and ponderous defence, being only out to enjoy the success of "drawing" and puzzling his great antagonist.

THE SESSION OF 1886

The first night of this memorable session—

"I dined at Brooks's, meeting Lord Rosebery, Milnes Gaskell and Lacaita.¹ I also had a few words with Albert Grey [Liberal M.P. for the Tyneside Division of Northumberland in this Parlia-

¹ C. C. Lacaita was one of the Liberal M.P.'s for Dundee, and had been Lord Granville's secretary.

Thomas Sexton's Great Speech

ment after having represented S. Northumberland since 1880. He succeeded his uncle as Earl Grey in 1884, and was a great friend of mine] and Goschen. . . . They are very angry with Gladstone for not declaring his Irish policy, and for not 'putting his foot down' on Home Rule, but I say the Tories are 'in,' let them declare *their* policy first. Hicks-Beach had just spoken in the House without indicating anything at all as to their Irish policy, and we know that Lord Carnarvon has been in communication with the Irish.

"*January 22nd.*—Went down to the House . . . and had to sit with Paulton, Sir E. Grey and a few more of us on the Government side of the House on the front bench below the gangway, as the House is so disgracefully small.¹

"Sexton made a splendid speech, the finest I ever heard for argument consecutively followed up and for cool and clear eloquence. He was particularly effective in contrasting the English and Irish landlords and in demonstrating the effect of the Union in its results of social competition with the English and absenteeism on the part of the Irish landlords. He was telling when he compared Lord Salisbury's policy towards Bulgaria, a nation *rising in arms* against a different race with a different religion in order to obtain self-government with his policy of Coercion for Ireland seeking her object constitutionally through the representatives of five-

¹ The members for the Cities of London and York had an ancient privilege of seats on the Treasury Bench. My father-in-law, Sir Robert Fowler, an M.P. for the City of London, occasionally exercised his privilege, as he said it was his duty to keep it up. Though Lockwood and I were at times urged to do likewise, we were too shy to do so. About this time an enormous Blue-book was issued giving plans of all the principal Legislative Chambers of the world as a preliminary to enlarging and remodelling ours, for a larger chamber was considered urgent in its then crowded state, but this business has made no progress for forty-five years. Much has been done to improve its ventilation, but in 1886, when it was full, it was a "stinking hole," badly lighted and warmed.

sixths of the Irish people. He strongly denied any Nationalist desire to endanger the integrity of the Empire, the supremacy of the Crown or the power of the British Parliament. He was listened to with wrapt attention."

I give this because it wrought a change in me : very few speeches have ever changed my opinions radically, but this raised doubts in my mind, drove me to think hard and to consult my Whig mentor, Burke.

On the 25th January I gave my first vote on Barclay's amendment to the Address, which proposed practically the extension of the " three F.'s " of the Irish Land Act to Great Britain [Fair rents Fixed for Fifteen years by Land Courts]. I voted of course against this with Hartington, Sir Henry James, my father, Arthur Elliot and a few more Liberals. I was disgusted to see many Liberals, and most of my acquaintances among them, run out of the House " to escape voting in the Tory Lobby ! " ¹

" *January 26th.*—Jesse Collings Amendment to the Address—Three Acres and a Cow. A miserable little man, like a pensioned butler with long whiskers, speaks badly, and made an absolutely rotten speech. I am against his 'twist' on the question and his methods, but am with him in so far as his object is to facilitate allotments for labourers. The Tories seem to go almost as far as he does, but oppose him. Gladstone assented to the ' Spirit of the Amendment,' and I felt

¹ This mean party spirit which prevents men from opposing what they know to be wrong or from supporting principles they believe in became a very ugly feature in the parliamentary struggles of my day.

The O'Donoghue and Sir P. O'Brien

justified in voting with him for it, as the country wants us in and the Tories want to go out. We defeated the Government by 79. The Radicals and Irish cheered tremendously, but I do not relish the outlook. It is either permanent Coercion or Home Rule. I prefer the latter, subject to conditions, but can any Minister carry it?

"My father told me some curious stories of the Irish 'Liberal' M.P.'s. Speaking of The O'Donoghue,¹ who had been M.P. for Tipperary and Tralee in previous Parliaments, and who had gone through his estates and fortune, he said The O'Donoghue had come to him several times for money, and he gave him sometimes £10 and sometimes £5. Getting tired of this, he told him he could give him no more, whereupon The O'Donoghue wrote to him saying he was so shabby that he could not come down the next night to vote for Gladstone unless he got something. My father took this letter to Dick Grosvenor (Sir Richard, then the Liberal Whip), who said, "Send him £10," which my father did, and much to his surprise Dick Grosvenor paid him the £10 a few days later. My father liked The O'Donoghue, and said he was a fine specimen of the Irish gentleman Home Ruler."

I do not know if the Whips still have a Secret Service fund, but they had in my day.

"Mentioning Sir Patrick O'Brien, Bt. (*b.* 1833), who sat as a Liberal for King's County, he said he was a particularly clever man and would have made a great mark, 'but drank himself to ruination.' He added at this part of his stories about him: 'Patrick O'Brien told me himself that once when

¹ Daniel O'Donoghue, The O'Donoghue, was born 1833, was a Major in the Kerry Militia and a J.P. for co. Cork and co. Kerry.

he was walking down Pall Mall with Lord Palmerston, Pam had said to him, "Pat, me boy, we'd have had you in the Cabinet before this if it had not been for the drink." " "

On the 28th January the Government went out, and on the 1st February " Hicks-Beach announced to us that the Queen had sent for Gladstone. In spite of the defection of Hartington, Goschen, Sir Henry James and some of our best men, Gladstone soon has his Cabinet ready " :

<i>Lord Chancellor</i>	.	.	.	LORD HERSCHELL.
<i>President of the Council</i>	.	.	.	EARL SPENCER.
<i>Foreign Secretary</i>	.	.	.	EARL OF ROSEBERY.
<i>Colonial Secretary</i>	.	.	.	EARL GRANVILLE.
<i>India</i>	.	.	.	EARL OF KIMBERLEY.
<i>Chancellor of the Exchequer</i>	.	.	.	SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.
<i>Admiralty</i>	.	.	.	MARQUESS OF RIPON.
<i>Local Government Board</i>	.	.	.	JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.
<i>Chief Secretary for Ireland</i>	.	.	.	JOHN MORLEY.
<i>Home Secretary</i>	.	.	.	HUGH CHILDERS.

Sir George Trevelyan and Heneage accepted office, only to desert after disparaging the Government. It seemed impossible that Chamberlain, who had so loudly denounced Coercion and who had preached concession to Irish nationalism, could join and then desert on this issue, but he did.¹ Afterwards I recalled my father's exclamation when he heard that the Radical Chamberlain was included by Gladstone in his Cabinet : " You will see that the Old Man will be smashed by *Chamber-*

¹ I possess a very good letter from Chamberlain to my father unfortunately marked private, in which he ably defends his attitude. One argument he uses which I always felt a strong one is that it was unreasonable of Gladstone to think he could settle so contentious and so complicated a question, which had perplexed generations, in a few weeks.

Sir Edward Grey

lain." Years after, when Asquith took Lloyd George into his Cabinet, remembering this prophecy and its fulfilment, I said to others : " You will see Lloyd George do Asquith down." In neither case was there common ground on which to justify the combination. Asquith, if he had followed his own taste (I say taste, because I never discovered any guiding principle in his leadership other than opportunism and " Wait and See "), would have found a much more congenial alliance with Lord Rosebery and men like Sir Edward Grey. It is true that Grey was his loyal associate in Government, but he kept himself so much to his own department and to his own views that I never regarded him as a close ally of Lloyd George or involved in the petty party manœuvres. Asquith's party would have at times been bankrupt in the public estimation without Grey's presence.

CHAPTER III

THE IRISH QUESTION, 1886

IT must be remembered at this time that there was merely an expectation that Gladstone was going to attempt some concession to the Irish demand, and that very few Liberals had yet given signs of conversion to Home Rule. On the 29th January a letter of mine to "The Times," signed "Another Liberal M.P.," was regarded as ominous. In this I pointed out that three courses were possible :

(1) To continue our past policy and the Union in spite of the Irish representation, with coercive measures to enforce it.

(2) To govern Ireland without representative institutions.

(3) To listen to the constitutionally expressed opinion of Ireland.

I terminated my arguments in favour of the last course by expressing anxiety for the co-operation of Lord Hartington, which would give confidence as to the plans and manner of carrying out any scheme of self- or local government.

"*Saturday, February 6th.*—I believe my views are those of a minority. . . . I greatly deplore Hartington's differing from Gladstone ; I like him and am a moderate Liberal, but do not think a moderate man should be a timid man, but one who when ways divide should make up his own mind and not only say ' I do not like the way we are going, but I

The London Riot of 1886

dare not try another.' My father is against a new road, and when sounded by Lord Richard Grosvenor as to whether he would take office in a Home Rule Ministry declined. However, when he saw men like Bryce and Heneage taking office, he was not very pleased, for Heneage declared against Home Rule the day before he accepted the Duchy. I do not fancy John Morley as Chief Secretary for Ireland; I do not like him [i.e. as a politician]. Lord Spencer having joined up increases my respect for him and my confidence in the new policy.

"Monday, February 8th.— . . . After seeing my hunters sold at Tattersalls I walked to Brooks's with my father; while we were in the front room, where I was writing, someone came in and said, 'There's an enormous crowd coming up the street!' I went with others to the windows, and saw a mob running up St. James's Street—in front were about 500 men in loose order, who were running, followed by a dense roaring mob which filled the street as far as you could see, led by two men carrying small flags, one a red one, on the end of sticks. While watching them we suddenly realised they were dangerous, for a great volley of stones came crashing through every window, followed by more, driving us to take covert, some members diving under the furniture. The servants had been quick in closing the doors. We remained under a bombardment as long as the great mob was passing, but it travelled very fast, and passed in perhaps ten minutes. Forty large panes of glass were smashed to atoms, the floor and tables right across to the fireplace were strewn with stones, bits of pavement, glass, books, inkpots and things knocked off the tables. It appears there had been a great meeting of the unemployed in Trafalgar Square, and taking advantage of this, the Socialists, headed by Hyndman and the criminal classes, had joined up. Though

The Irish Question, 1886

troops were held in reserve in the Mall, the mob which had broken out of Trafalgar Square into Pall Mall had already passed Marlborough House before those in command of the troops learned of it, and now there was nothing to check it.

“I was much amused with an old gentleman lying flat on his face on a sofa (between two windows) on which my father and I were standing. As the windows crashed in he shouted, ‘This’ll do ’em no good ! This’ll do ’em no good !’ and as the fire got hotter his language grew stronger, and he finally was swearing that he would stop ‘*all his subscriptions to everything*.’ I sallied out with Houghton [the present Marquess of Crewe] in the wake of the mob to get a view of the business, taking out our breast pins and turning up our collars. A fair amount of damage was done in Pall Mall, much more in St. James’s Street, where most of the windows were smashed at the bottom end, all at the top end ; the shops in Piccadilly were wrecked and those in South Audley Street looted ; the mob was getting wilder the farther it went. However, on reaching Oxford Street, it was countered by an enormous body of police and soon dispersed. It was altogether an extraordinary sight, and alarming, but we saw no violence done to persons, though there were some such cases, and of tearing jewellery off ladies, but one saw it getting more and more dangerous until its mad career was arrested.”

This was the largest dangerous mob I ever saw, and it travelled at the greatest pace. I have seen abroad more vicious and bloodthirsty ones. The absolute necessity of breaking up such gatherings immediately they threaten mischief is very obvious to anyone who has had experience of them.

Extraordinary Attitude of the Conservatives

There was much impatience during the following week to know what Gladstone was going to propose.

“ *March 4th.*—We had a heated and excited debate on Holmes’s motion to stop supply until Gladstone declared his Irish policy (Holmes had been Solicitor and then Attorney-General in Lord Salisbury’s administrations). Holmes led off in a long speech in a loud denunciatory voice to the accompaniment of thumps on the boxes in front of him. The House laughed loudly as he screamed out such fictions as that *they* had their Coercion Bill ready to place on the table the first day of this Parliament,¹ and then proceeded to cut the throat of each of his arguments in turn. Gladstone’s reply was alive with reason, and taking Holmes’s illustrations of the evil results of Liberal rule, placed them convincingly on Conservative shoulders. Our majority 364 to 204 exhibited that so far our party had not yet broken up.”

The attitude of the Conservative opposition was extraordinary. It was known that negotiations between Parnell and some of them had taken place. Lord Carnarvon was considered to be inclined towards Home Rule and a negotiator, but the case against the Conservatives as regards Coercion was clearer.

“ In October 1885 there had been 106 ‘outrages’ in Ireland, yet on November 20th, 1885, Lord Randolph Churchill stated : ‘ Up to the present the *decision* to drop repressive measures is abundantly justified.’ Yet in February 1886, when ‘outrages’ had dropped further to 71, Holmes was put up to

¹ There was a compact between Churchill and Parnell that there should be “No Coercion.”

The Irish Question, 1886

make us believe that they had been for Coercion all along. Just before the General Election Churchill 'thought it possible for the Tory Party to co-operate with the Nationalist Party.' Yet *after* the General Election, during which they had not once advocated Coercion, and when crime had diminished and was diminishing, repression has become absolutely necessary."

I must record the increasing efforts during this month (March 1886) of the Liberal dissentients to hold back the new and young Liberal M.P.'s from going over to Gladstone's policy. Albert Grey, Sir George Trevelyan and Arthur Elliot were the principal organisers of these activities, and there was no attempt whatever to counter them on the Gladstonian side. Albert Grey was one of the most irresistible and charming of men, with tact, temper, humour; he had a most happy disposition, and his ceaseless efforts told on the young, for he was always young himself; but whether they had the same effect on the stuffy older men who were crowning successful business careers by being M.P.'s is rather doubtful, as his arguments, or indeed any arguments, are useless with this sort, and his chaff would be about as effective on them as on a Scotch game-keeper. But these conversations were only Grey's preliminaries to bringing his subject to have a "chat" with Hartington, Goschen or Sir Henry James. Now, Hartington had led the Liberal Party through very difficult years with consummate ability and skill; he was level-headed and most persistent in holding on to any policy he thought right, he had held the most important offices of State, including the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland,

Hartington's Ability—Liberal Defection

and having entered the House in 1857 had accumulated a vast experience. The public had, and writers still have, the idea that he was slow, heavy and bored, but this notion arose merely from his appearance, features and attitudes. He would sit during a debate for hours with his hat over his eyes, his legs stretched out and his hands in his trouser pockets. He was really very industrious, got to the bottom of questions, argued soundly, and was a bold reformer when he had decided reform was desirable and practical.

I have, in my journals, a list of those who hesitated and who were won over to the "Unionist" Party by being thus courted as it were by the great at the outset of their careers; I have another of those who resisted these influences. The defections, with the political sedition of Chamberlain, who brought his "Birmingham tail" with him, and the opposition of John Bright, with his Nonconformist following, were to seal the fate of the Home Rule for a generation; but the end was as Gladstone foretold: if at the golden moment the now constitutional demand was refused and proffered loyalty treated with contempt, there would be, after wasted years of strife, abject surrender by the so-called Unionists to violence. Spurgeon referred to Gladstone's tentative proposals as coming from "a madman," and Wesleyan leaders drew pictures of the persecution of Protestants by a Roman Catholic Established Church.

My father, who was not prepared to vote for Gladstone's measure as presented, after some correspondence with Gladstone obtained a letter from him at the last moment of great importance which

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assured him and his friends that a vote for the Bill would be taken as no more than the acceptance of the principle without committal to the measure itself, so he and some others voted for the second reading. This letter was in the hands of John Morley when he wrote the "Life of Gladstone"; there is no reference to it in those volumes; it was suppressed and not returned. Had it reached my father in time to be made public it would probably have altered history. John Morley, in his "Life of Gladstone," says it was impossible for Gladstone to make such a concession as this to wavering Liberals (but he did) without facing the possible indignation and disappointment of the whole body of Irish Nationalists. He decided to face possible defeat, with a mistaken confidence that at the polls his policy would be carried. I heard him say in conversation, "It will be carried with a great wave of enthusiasm."

Without having much respect for Morley's political aptitude, it must be allowed that he argues strongly against procedure by Resolution, but yet his arguments are unconvincing; the best is that "the Old Parliamentary hand" was against it, and having produced a Measure could not very well substitute for it a Resolution. Yet had he committed the main body of his party to the principle first, a majority would probably have been secured for a plan. There was something in Churchill's gibe about an "old man in a hurry." Morley may exaggerate John Bright's influence in securing the defeat of the Liberal Party, but at any rate he demonstrates Bright's hesitation about the Bill. This being so, he would certainly have voted for a

Public Interest in Parliament

Resolution. For a Liberal Bright was stupid ; he called the Nationalist M.P.'s "rebels," but never asked himself if they were, *Why* were they rebels ? He declared "force was no remedy," without explaining how rebels are to be dealt with without it.

Not many of us shared Gladstone's confidence of the coming public enthusiasm for Home Rule, with Hartington, Chamberlain, Bright, preachers, parsons, rank and wealth against us. We were represented as friends of the enemies of our country, we were ostracised in "Society," and spoken of with hatred and contempt. Those who denounced us were blind to the lessons taught generations before by the Whigs, "that bodies tied together by so unnatural a bond" as "mutual hatred are only connected to their ruin," and that "to scorn proffered loyalty, to reject offered allegiance and to rake up every outrageous word uttered in a previous period of exasperation was to fix a gulf between great bodies of our own people."

Whilst awaiting Gladstone's proposals we debated many questions. One of the contrasts between that time and the present is the great variety of subjects that were discussed in Parliament then, and the great public interest evinced in the proceedings in Parliament evidenced by the full reports in even the most obscure Provincial newspapers. The leading papers all over the country gave verbatim reports of speeches. To-day this is rare, and a large proportion of the Press takes little or even no notice of what transpires in Parliament.

"*March 5th.*—Labby (Henry Labouchere) moved his resolution against the Hereditary Principle

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in the House of Lords. We beat him 202 to 106.

“*March 11th.*—I voted with Labby for reducing the votes for the London Parks, my view being that the nation very properly keeps up national institutions, but the London parks are chiefly for the permanent residents and temporary ones in London, and these have, compared with the dwellers in provincial towns, many more and superior facilities for recreation of all kinds. Poor towns have to pay for their own parks. Why should they also have to pay for London ones? We beat the Government 131 to 114. After this we debated Mundella’s Railway Rate Bill. At present the railways give preferential rates to the foreigners; this rouses my indignation as particularly unjust, under the advantages they have already here with our vaunted Free Trade.”

We had debates on Public Health, Sunday Closing, Harbours of Refuge, Work for the Unemployed, and I note that Chamberlain “exposed this last demand as impracticable and denounced it as Socialistic,” which reads strangely in 1931. We had Lord Charles Beresford (15th March) advocating—

“in a very good speech, the provision of 35 new Cruisers and 21 Torpedo boats by the questionable process of suspending the Sinking Fund, or by the creation of terminable annuities, but he was beaten 206 to 98. We threw out Sir Richard Cross’s Coal Mines Bill by 128 to 69. Stansfield carried without a division his Resolution for the Repeal of the C.D. Acts. My father seconded an amendment of Sir John Kennaway’s (C.) for State-maintained Lock Hospitals. I voted in the opposite lobby to my father with the Government.

A Long Walk with Gladstone

“*March 17th.*—The Church of Scotland Bill to facilitate union between the Established and Free Church came on, but some prior agreement between the parties seems necessary, so I voted against it. That evening I was at a dull party at the Rendels in Whitehall Gardens, but Gladstone was there and congratulated me on winning the York Seat.”

I had known the Gladstones for years, and as a boy had a memorable time with Mr. G. in Scotland. One day I walked with him, my father and uncle (John William Pease) from the Linn of Dee through the Grampians to Kingussie, a long wet tramp of some thirty or more miles. Gladstone was roughly clad, and got sore heels before we had passed Cairn Gorm, but was quite the freshest of us at the end of the day, and had many telegrams to deal with, being at the time Prime Minister. The following day in the train on the Highland Railway at a small station the Stationmaster put his head in at the window and said, “Ah heerr the Prime Minister’s here. I wad weel like to see hem.” Now Gladstone was in travel-stained clothes, his noted collar limp, his sleeves turned up, and when my father said, “There he is,” the Stationmaster looked him up and down and then remarked with a sort of sigh, “Wull !—it’s not *gilt* that makes the gentleman ” ; and the “G.O.M.” quite enjoyed the apology for his appearance.

“*March 19th.*—A debate on Richards’s motion that it was inexpedient to declare war and to annex territories without consulting Parliament. Gladstone conceded as much as was practical, but maintained the importance of the distinction

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between the Executive and Parliament [upon which he always was firm]. I voted with Richards, and to my horror we defeated the Government on the motion 'that Mr. Speaker do now leave the Chair to leave out the words after *That*' by 112 to 108, so that when it came to substituting the Resolution for the words left out I voted the other way for the Government, and 4 Liberals 'going out,' a majority of 6 was secured for the Government (115 to 109)."

The following week we had several interesting debates on the Volunteers and Local Taxation. On the latter subject I made my maiden speech in favour of Thorold Rogers's motion to divide rates between owners and occupiers. With some support from our front bench this was carried by 205 to 186, but it never came to anything. Thorold Rogers was a noted economist and the author of widely read works on economic history, wages, prices and agriculture. As he collected much information from original sources his works remain of value for reference, but he can hardly be numbered amongst the most reliable economists of his day. He belonged to the Cobdenite school, and was well on in years when I first got to know him in this short Parliament, and I liked him. At the next general election he lost his seat, seemed to pass out of public view and died in 1890.

On the motion to increase the capitation grant to the Volunteers I took Gladstone's strong view on the important point that *expenditure* is a matter for the executive, and that the function of Parliament is to watch, control and check it. Alas ! this Whig principle has been lost sight of, and

Superiority of the Old Standing Orders

Parliament has become the demander of fabulous expenditure of the public money, and ministers are driven along in courses of wild extravagance.

I have now mentioned only a few but a sufficient number of topics which were well debated during the waiting month¹ of March to illustrate their great variety and quick sequence, even when the Irish Question overshadowed all else. The old Standing Orders of that day facilitated the discussion of *all* topics of public interest, and gave the public direct knowledge and understanding of them, whilst Members from their first entry obtained enlightenment, and found they had to make their minds up "Yes" or "No." I maintain, as I always have maintained, that the new Standing Orders and the revolution wrought by "the

¹ Between the 29th March and the 3rd April we got through with other work :

Monday. Scotch Crofters Bill with many divisions.

Tuesday. Motions—(1) for International and Colonial Penny Postage—defeated 258 to 127 : (2) Disestablishment of the Scotch Church—defeated 237 to 125. 20 Scotch M.P.'s voted for this, 15 voted against, 35 absented themselves.

Wednesday, 1st April. We carried (1) Police Enfranchisement Second Reading and (2) The Allotments Bill was talked out by Ambrose (C).

Friday, 3rd April. (1) Sir Joseph Pease's Sunday Closing Bill (restricting hours) read a third time (101 to 41) ; (2) Durham Sunday Closing passed through Committee ; (3) C.D. Acts Repeal Bill read a third time ; (4) Sale of Intoxicating Liquors to Children Bill read a second time (132 to 115).

This gives an idea of the progress made with work early in a Session. There were but *two days* a week (Monday and Thursday) for Government measures, and normally Ministers got through as much legislative business as they wanted. Because the House was aware that it had to sit until the work was done, the tendency after midnight was for short speeches, to the point, and concentration on the more important amendments. The desire of Ministers to get on with their Bills made them conciliatory and ready to accept amendments without much waste of words or time. The twelve-o'clock rule, when it came, obstructed progress, and did nothing to improve the dispatch of business.

The Irish Question, 1886

Closure" have neither facilitated Government work nor the passing and perfection of Government measures. Private Members have lost their valuable privileges, and few subjects outside party are now fully debated. The public as well as Members have been deprived of useful instruction, and the general body of electors have lost respect for and interest in parliamentary proceedings. This change for the worse was due to whichever cause the reader may choose—the determination of the Unionists to coerce Ireland, or the determination of the Opposition to prevent them doing so. Like many radical changes for the worse, it was carried under Conservative rule. The general appearance of the House has changed, certainly in the matter of dress and outward attention to what was supposed to fit the position of an M.P., but in my time by no means were all Members smart. We had a large number of curiously whiskered and bearded men. A few like Sir John Kennaway had enormous poultice-like beards, and among the bearded were Speaker Peel, Hartington, Edward North Buxton, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Samuel Whitbread, Sir Robert Fowler, Sam Storey, Lord John Manners, Sexton, Labouchere, Dilke, H. F. Pease, Cyril Flower, Edward Marjoribanks and a score or two of others. The general fashion then was a moustache. I can only remember the following who were clean shaved : Sir Edward Grey, Sir Thomas Esmonde, George Curzon, Reginald McKenna, H. Lawson, Joseph Chamberlain, Henry Mathews and myself. Lawyers were usually all but "clean"; they generally had a bit of side whisker or "mutton-chop." There were a vast number of bald heads.

Trevelyan and Chamberlain Design

I was one day in the Upper Gallery with Augustin Birrell, and looking down on these in a crowded House, and saying something about it being like a pavement of cobble-stones, when, Birrell-like, he said, "Yes ! and all *scoundrels*."

On Wednesday, the 24th March (the House rose at 6 p.m. on Wednesdays, and Wednesdays were the nights for "party" dinners and "At Homes" —very awful occasions the last were), "the Durham Sunday Closing Bill having been carried by 163 to 82, I went to dine at Sir George Trevelyan's ; I knew but few of those who were there, but after dinner Sir George made a long and persistent attempt to knock out of me my Home Rule proclivities." In my diary I give his and my arguments. Trevelyan considered that Gladstone's Land Purchase Bill to buy out the Irish landlords was proof that he could not trust the Irish ; he advocated greater powers to the Executive, local government, cutting down Irish representation by one-half, and objected strongly to my calling the enforcement of law "Coercion" without realising the state of the laws which allowed wholesale evictions, unjust rents, and which were hated. I say, "I am very fond of him, but he seems unnerved by his Dublin experiences," and that holding such views he must soon resign office.

"*Saturday, March 27th.*—Trevelyan and Chamberlain have resigned ; Dalhousie and Stansfield take their places. I dined with Bryce (Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs), a very nice, blinking, lady-like old gentleman of forty-eight, with tact, and well informed in the professional sense, but with no trace of relationship to John Bull ; he is very

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suitable for the office he holds. Menzies, Edward Grey and Dalhousie were there.”

Robert Stuart Menzies was Member for East Perthshire. I very much admired his cultivated and quiet judgment and prized his friendship. He died young and before his ability had attracted much notice. He certainly helped me to make up my mind definitely on the Irish Question. As for Bryce, I was always fond of him, as most people were, but his reputation was out of proportion to his administrative performances. There is nothing remarkable about what he did. His books are well worth reading, and he wrote nicely about countries and peoples. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt once remarked to me that great reputations (he included his own) came by chance, and that a turn of luck or of fashion was nearly always necessary to success, and added that in “various countries he had found that the ‘great men’ when you met them were not great at all and often weak men with little brains.” Bryce had a refined mind, and was a very interesting personality but hardly a great statesman. He was at least a conciliating influence in politics and an appreciated and efficient Ambassador at Washington, and in the days when outstanding politicians became fewer in the Liberal Party was one of its “ornaments.”

During the brief Parliament of 1885-1886 there were some interesting men who in this one session (1886) attracted attention, but who never returned again. I have noted one or two, and will mention another who was related to me and in whom I found a comrade in expeditions after big game.

Edward North Buxton

Edward North Buxton (L.), who died in 1924, aged eighty-three, filled many important places outside politics : he was Chairman of the London School Board, Chairman of the Essex Quarter Sessions, and held other posts where he rendered great public services. His last and dying gift to London was that of the ancient and beautiful Forest of Hatfield. He was the most dogged and determined, the most fearless and indefatigable man I ever knew. He was very tall, loosely knit, bearded, with a rather rough exterior, but he was a great gentleman, courteous, kind and just. He had a great sense of humour, which shows itself in his books on travel and sport, and told many stories against himself which owed their origin to one or two idiosyncrasies and his neglect of conventional fashion. He, like some other members of his family, had a tendency to absent-mindedness and to a disconcerting oblivion as to occurrences in which he had been actively concerned when his mind was more engaged elsewhere. He told a story of a dinner-party at his grandfather's, Sir Fowell Buxton's, where, when the guests were all assembled, the host could not be found. The butler was sent upstairs to find him, and discovered him in his night-shirt saying his prayers, in fact, going to bed instead of dressing for dinner. Edward Buxton's eldest son, who was my brother-in-law, at family prayers read the service for the ordering of a priest to the astonished household, and only pulled up when he came to "here the Bishop layeth his hands on him." Like other Buxtons, Edward North was a stoic, and even when about eighty years old I have known him to be severely peppered

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out rabbit shooting without squeaking or saying a word ; the fact being discovered some hours later by his limping badly as his wounds stiffened.

When over eighty, after a tramp in pouring rain in Epping Forest, of which place he was the special and devoted guardian, it was observed at teatime that there was a large pool of water round his feet. His family insisted on him changing his clothes, and at last he reluctantly went upstairs remarking, "I suppose I must." He returned downstairs and sat down near the fire, where a daughter discovered he had merely pulled a pair of dry trousers over his wet ones, and had changed nothing ! When exchanging memories with his younger son, of somewhat similar incidents, the latter said, "One of his characteristics which I remember best was his refusal to pronounce the name of any place, person or animal in the manner of the country he was in. He stuck to his own pronunciation, which was always hopelessly wrong." He had been a great Alpinist, was a good naturalist, and did more than anyone else in the cause of the preservation of the fauna of the Empire, but had the poorest knowledge of medical treatment of any traveller I ever met. In a serious case of dysentery I have known him insist on a diet of sardines and jam ! The patient, being a Buxton, recovered. I once managed to keep him in bed a whole morning when he was very ill with malaria in Somaliland, but in the heat of midday he sent for me. He was lying on the ground dressed in the thickest of Scotch rough suits with heavy shooting stockings on, and his head under a large wire fly-proof dish-cover. He said through this meat-safe, "This

The Plan Unfolded

inertia is killing me," and insisted on being put on a pony and doing an afternoon's march in the blazing sun. He favoured all time-saving devices, and always wore elastic-sided boots ! Yet he was a great man in his performances, and quite unconsciously a very great one as a teacher. His successor in the representation of South-West Essex was Colonel Makins (C.), who, in advocating the cause of the Union, once exclaimed, " Why, eighty years ago, before the Union, there was not a railway in Ireland ! "

" On April 8th, after weeks of excitement and tension, we reached the moment for which the country was waiting, when Gladstone was to unfold his plan, a country now divided by a gulf, on one side those terrified or horrified and on the other those ready to welcome a plan which would conciliate Irish Nationalists and substitute a better bond between the two islands than a Union only maintained by force. The galleries, the gangways, the bar as well as the whole floor of the House were densely packed with Members. It was calculated that about 660 out of the 670 were present. Everyone believed, whichever way the battle went, it would change the whole course of history, as it had already changed the complexion of parties."

Below (pp. 123-4) I give an extract from my summary of Gladstone's proposals so that the reader may compare his policy with that which superseded it after some thirty years had been wasted over the Irish Question, and social as well as political life poisoned and embittered by it. During those thirty years the " Unionists " were the champions of English rule in Ireland, of the landlords, of the Protes-

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tant garrison which had held Ireland for us, of the loyalists and of every law irrespective of its justice, and at the finish they abandoned all these with the Union, and every cause they were "bound in honour" to defend. They lied in calling us "Separatists" and brought "Separation" about. Half-way through these thirty years, in 1901, when they had given away all they dared, and had passed a Local Government for Ireland Bill, they had neither suppressed nor bought off Irish Nationalist sentiment. I quote here from a letter at this time (1901) written to me by an Irish clergyman (Protestant), who was a brother-in-law of mine bitterly opposed to Gladstone and to Home Rule. It was written after touring most of Ireland :

"As far as I can see Protestantism is being slowly bled to death in these three southern provinces, and the so-called Unionist Government is as much to blame as Gladstone. His Church Act and Land Act, hard and unjust as I think both of them to have been, did not do nearly so much harm as I fear Balfour's rule is doing."

He then proceeds to show the dire effects of the Local Government Act on what he terms "the Protestant garrison," and gives the conditions in certain towns in Tipperary and King's County.

"The Protestant gentry are all but wiped out, and their places filled by R.C. tradesmen and rich R.C. farmers, and the young middle-class Protestants are flying out of the country, finding there will be no openings for them in future. . . . The priests and Saxon-haters being now placed in a position of ascendancy, the rule is now 'no Protestant need apply.' We never dreamt that the

Gladstone's Plan

English Government would have betrayed and sold us in this way. I am sure, had we foreseen England's perfidy, we should have gone for Home Rule in Isaac Butt's time (1870), and made our own terms with our R.C. countrymen. Now it is too late, almost all is lost. England has for the second time sold us to the Pope of Rome, first in 1172 and now in 1900."

Mark this is written after fifteen years' application of Coercion on behalf of this "garrison" and of all the alternatives to Home Rule. There was no betrayal, selling, nor perfidy at this time, nor until after the much later rebellion. The whole contest was between opposing principles and conceptions of the methods by which men are governed, between giving people what they want and giving them what you think they should want and what ministers to the pride of "ascendancy."

The following is a brief outline of Gladstone's draft plan for Home Rule :

1. The unity of the Empire must not be jeopardised.
2. Reasonable safeguards for the minority must exist.
3. Provisions will be made for protecting the interest of landowners, civil servants and of the Protestant minority.
4. The object of good government will be to disarm the fears of Ulster.
5. The main principle is a *Domestic* legislature for Irish affairs, and therefore Irish representatives and Irish peers are to be excluded from purely domestic English and Scotch affairs.
6. Fiscal unity to remain.

The Irish Question, 1886

From the Irish Parliament would be excluded all functions of the Crown, Defence, Foreign and Colonial matters, also Trade and Navigation, Coinage, Legal Tender and the Post Office System.

The Irish Parliament was to consist of two orders. On demand these were to vote separately, and each to have a power of veto on the other for three years or until a dissolution.

Parliaments to be quinquennial.

The first order was to be 28 Irish Peers sitting for life, with 75 Representatives sitting for ten years and elected by £25 occupiers or owners of £4,000 of capital.

The second order was to be the present number of Irish M.P.'s plus 101, and 2 more for the University, all elected on the existing franchise.

The Vice-Royalty to continue with no religious disability, but assisted by a Privy Council. Executive continuity was provided for by retaining the present administrators and officials. Judges to remain, but the Crown empowered to remove and to pension them.

The constabulary and civil servants to remain for two years, after which they become removable optionally by pension.

This plan having been explained, the debate on it began the next day.

“Friday, April 9th.—Home Rule Bill—First Reading Debate. Chamberlain made a sharp, clever and well-executed oration, marred by spiteful stabs at Gladstone and an audacious betrayal of Cabinet secrets. It was coldly received by all except the Conservatives (*Chamberlain* is not loved by the Liberal Unionists), but the Tories cheered

Debate on the First Reading

themselves hoarse over the man whom a few weeks ago they denounced as everything base and wicked and whom they had dubbed 'the Apostle of Public Plunder.' *Tim Healy*, in a slashing reply, cut Chamberlain up. After dinner *Hartington*, in a stately, consistent and splendidly argued speech, continued the debate. He is the man of all others I should prefer to follow. I wish he realised the consequences of his turning his back on concession to Irish desires. In every effort to give people what they want in order to content them, instead of what you think good for them, 'something has to be hazarded,' and he could in this case have diminished the risks. *John Morley* followed in a poor, disconnected speech quite unworthy of the subject and placing concession on the lowest grounds. It was relieved by a duel between him and Chamberlain.¹ How these two godless Radicals hate each other ! ”

The following days and nights I worried much over the Irish problem and my father's hostility to my views and his distrust of the Irish Party. Naturally he was a *Hartington* man, and so was I, but I add, “In a crisis like this private feelings must not be thought of for a moment.”

“*Monday, April 12th.*—Churchill (Lord Randolph) continued the debate, and assumed for the occasion the rôle of 'statesman,' yet every now and then slipped into his more vulgar habits. Although he amuses many who know his ways, the Press and public are taking him seriously. His minute criticism of the Bill reached an anti-climax when he

¹ John Morley was never a match for Joe Chamberlain, but then, apart from the weapon of the tongue, the man who is the most unscrupulous and who enjoys, as Joe did, “fighting nasty,” has a great advantage over a solemn and mild doctrinaire.

The Irish Question, 1886

traced the Irish policy of the Government to the Prime Minister having been sick when crossing St. George's Channel. He was nearer the mark when he traced English misgovernment to that same dividing sea. He carefully abstained from committing himself to Home Rule."

Churchill was full of surprises and of original views, and no one could ever tell what he would do and still less what he would say. We even now, after the excellent biography of him by his son, do not know for certain whether he would not have supported Home Rule if he could have got a moderate following from the Opposition. Those who knew him best are confident he was always dead against Home Rule.

"Sir Charles Russell (Attorney-General) was clever in his reply. Tommy Burt spoke earnestly for the Bill, as did Bradlaugh in a brief and eloquent oration. I felt grateful to Whitbread for standing up for the new policy ; there are few of his standing and weight amongst the moderate Liberals who will speak out, and so many of the young Whigs are halting between two opinions whom a quiet sound speech may influence, though it is under personal influences and in private conversations that too many already have committed themselves against Home Rule.

"*Tuesday, April 13th.*—*Harcourt's* contribution was very clever ; he dwelt on the extraordinary divergence in the alternative policies proceeding from Hartington and Chamberlain, from Goschen and Trevelyan, and from the Conservatives, and brought down the House with the quotation as he turned to Hartington : '*the lion, the calf* (smiling at Chamberlain) and the *FATLING* (a pause and a

The Lords and Mandates

glance at the portly Goschen) will lie down together (then fixing a benign grin on Lord Randolph), and a *little child* shall lead them.'

"[The four are indeed an incongruous lot.] He attacked the Opposition, but avoided saying much about the Bill. *Hicks-Beach* did his part well in a long speech. *Gladstone* followed, and smote his opponents hip and thigh, shouting as he hammered the box, and even giving the Mace a bang or two, 'Our policy holds the field.' A wonderful bit of oratory accompanied with so much vigour and earnest gesture that the House was held in wrapt attention and almost in awe. So the Bill passed its First Reading."

On the 16th April Gladstone introduced his Irish Land Purchase Bill.

"*Saturday, April 17th.*—I rode to-day in the Row with Milman, now Clerk to the House of Commons.¹ He said now he hoped the Irish Bills would go through, as the Tories would pass worse ones if they did not. A week ago he was down on me hot for saying a word in favour of Home Rule. I have some hope that the Commons will pass the scheme, but the Lords will throw it out, and it will be quite right for them to insist on a verdict from the country."

With regard to this last remark, there have been notable occasions when the Lords have passed quite revolutionary measures without any mandate whatever from the country. In recent times there are two remarkable instances of this—when two Parlia-

¹ Sir Thomas Erskine May had just retired, and the evening before we had passed a resolution in regard to his long and distinguished services. His work on Parliamentary Procedure, in spite of many changes, remains a standard one on this subject.

The Irish Question, 1886

ments were set up in Ireland, and when women were enfranchised. In the latter case it is doubtful if a majority of women desired the vote, and no such radical change in our Constitution has ever been accomplished with such effrontery and in so unconstitutional a manner. As regards the fate of the Home Rule Bill I made lists of the seceders and then estimates of the probable result. I only put down 80 Liberals to vote against us when 93 eventually did so. I calculated on 660 Members voting, when only 656 did so. It is anticipating, but this was the voting on the Second Reading :

Against the Bill :

Conservatives	250
Liberals	93
	<hr/>
	343

For the Bill :

Liberals	228
Parnellites	85
	<hr/>
	313

The absentees included Sir Robert Peel and one or two more who, after the Dissolution, stood as Home Rulers.

Sir Robert was a man who interested me. He was the eldest son of his great namesake and brother of the Speaker. At this time he was about sixty-three years old ; he had been in the Diplomatic Service, had been Chief Secretary for Ireland under Palmerston, and had held other offices. He was a great contrast to his brother. In appearance he looked an " old rip," he dressed like an early-

Sir Robert and Arthur Peel

Victorian beau, wore a very curly broad-brimmed high-hat on the side of his head, had a semi-ferocious moustache, and "imperial" and long white cuffs came over his hands. He was said to have a large "Green Room" acquaintance, and from his conversation I can believe it. He changed his label at various times from Liberal to Liberal-Conservative, to Conservative and to Liberal again. His speeches were few, and were delivered in the ornate style of over-polished oratory belonging to a previous age. I found them well worth listening to, making me wonder how a man with such gifts, who had been a Privy Councillor since 1861 and with thirty-five years' experience of Parliament, was of so little account, and regarded as merely a Parliamentary curiosity.

Arthur Peel was an excellent Speaker, dignified, courteous and correct. He had not the even temper of his successors whom I sat under, and also knew, Gully and James Lowther, nor was he so even-handed. His chief fault was that he had the names of a certain number of Members on the tip of his tongue and few others could catch his eye. An obscure Member's only chance of getting a word in was to face the ordeal of going and telling him he wished to speak. He would call on Dr. Tanner and Labby and other buffoons and bores times without number before others who rose with them and who seldom troubled the House. I myself have risen seventeen times during a debate, and whilst no doubt he may have been right in thinking the House had no desire to listen to me, he was quite wrong in thinking that it had the slightest wish to hear Tanner, Sydney Gedge, Sir George Campbell,

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or Conybeare instead. Lowther was by far the best Speaker in my time, with brains, good sense and every desirable attribute for the position. Peel had the most difficult times to deal with. There being now a short lull, I went home to get the end of the season's hunting, during which time Gladstone issued a manifesto which—

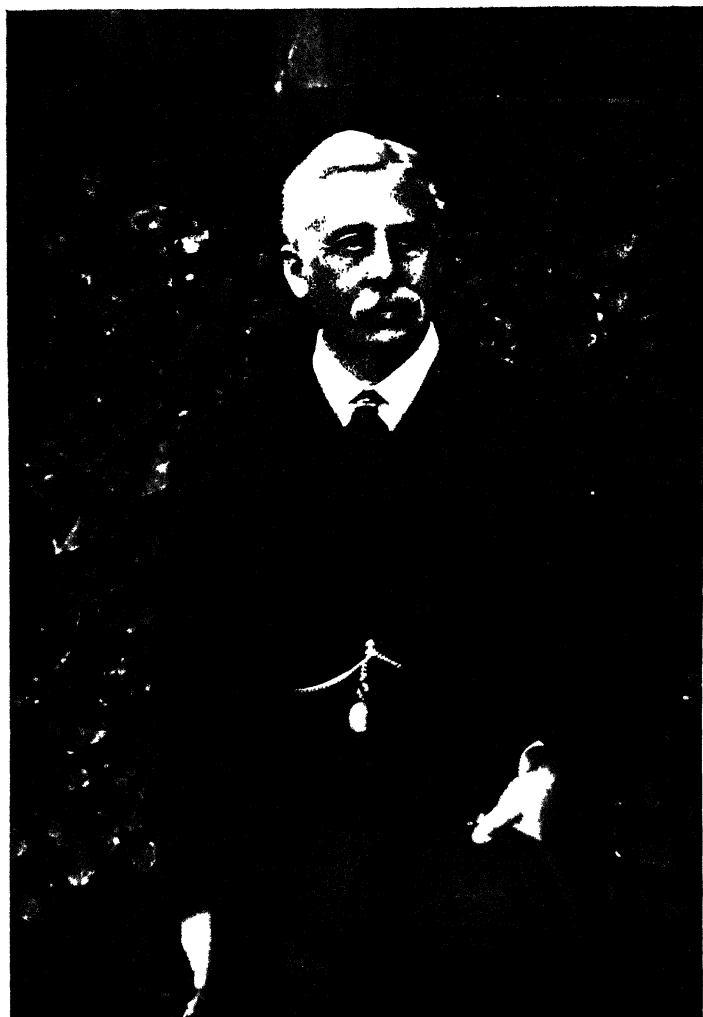
“aroused the fury of the Liberal seceders, because he pointed out how Liberal ‘seceders’ had been always wrong and always defeated in the end. He also stated that the struggle will be in the main between the wealthy, the professional classes and their dependents against the upright sense of the nation. This was a bit ‘demagoguey’ for me, for the sense of the nation is not always ‘upright’ nor the opinion of the highly educated negligible.”¹

It was denounced as an appeal to the mob and to the lower orders.

“Lord Spencer spoke out at Leeds. I admire him and trust him more than I can express ; such men prevent revolutions and save their order.”

In the general excitement fuel was added to the flames by the threatened rebellion in Ulster and the reports in the Press that Lord Charles Beresford had said that he had discussed the matter with Lord Wolseley, and that “we both agreed to give up our commissions and to go and help the Ulstermen.” Before May was out we read in the papers the detailed lists of the Divisions and Brigades which were ready there to take the field, making a total of 73,561 Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery and

¹ I never got much beyond assenting to Horace's *interdum vulgus rectum videt*.



SIR JOSEPH W. PEASE, BT., M.P.

Ulster Arms—Capital Punishment

engineers of Orangemen alone. "The question of how to be just to our loyal fellow-subjects in Ireland is a worrying one, but they are, I believe, strong enough to hold their own and to secure the elimination of Ulster from the Irish Parliament."

At this time those who disagreed with us and who condescended to speak to "traitors" and "Fenians," as we were called, would say, "Now! Are you going to shoot down the Ulstermen? Do you think the Army will obey *your* orders?" With much of the same sort of stuff, one could only say that we had no intention of doing such things, yet the question was there. If Ulster determined on Civil War, *how* were we going to stop it?

On the 10th May Gladstone moved the Second Reading of the Bill. "He was not in his best form, and Hartington, who moved the rejection, was very poor." The following day—

"my father brought in his Capital Punishment Abolition Bill, but he could not persuade the House nor indeed me that there is neither protection of society nor deterrent effect in the death penalty. I believe the mere word 'gallows' places murder in a different category to other crimes in the public mind. The majority against him was 54."

The weak side of our application of the capital penalty is the uncertainty of its infliction. Deterrent effect depends largely on the certainty of the punishment, and if the death penalty is to be fully effective, no man or woman as a rule should be sentenced to death unless worthy of death. There are many degrees of heinousness in the

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crime, and prisoners should be indicted on a new classification of it.

“ *Thursday, May 13th.*—*Sir Henry James* continued the Second Reading debate, giving his reasons for secession in an elaborate legal lecture on the technicalities of ‘Supremacy,’ ‘Sovereignty’ and ‘Contracts,’ a marvellous example of arduous and intricate research for excuses for his opposition, the real reason for his and the other Liberal dissentients’ opposition being that they believe the Irish to be a nation of ignorant scoundrels led by a gang of rebels who desire the ruin of Great Britain, and who therefore should be repressed. We believe what is bad in Ireland is due chiefly to this attitude of successive Governments. *Campbell-Bannerman* followed with a sensible speech—he is no orator—a jolly, lazy, sort of man with a good dose of sense.”

It is a little trying, after sitting on a Private Bill Committee and having spent days of careful examination of the measure, to see your Report rejected in the House. I give one of my experiences of this.

“ *Thursday, May 20th.*—I had a brush with the Irish Nationalists. *Sir Edward Birkbeck, Watson* and I reported from a Committee in favour of the Dundalk Gas Bill. The Town Commissioners had opposed it, and when beaten enlisted the Parnellites as a party to throw it out. *Birkbeck*, from the Conservative side, defended our Report, and I from the Liberal. I pointed out that the course pursued by the Irish Party was unusual and inconvenient; that to import party spirit into a purely business matter undesirable, and that they were going to vote against the Bill without having

The Second Reading Debate

heard any of the evidence. Sexton abused me roundly, and called me ‘ the most juvenile and most presumptuous Member in the House of Commons,’ and as the Irish Party had mustered in their strength they threw the Bill out.”

There were at this time several Members at least who were junior to me.

“ *Friday, May 21st.*—Childers made a fairly good speech for the Bill (Home Rule), and Colonel Saunderson, known on our side as ‘ the Dancing Dervish,’ made a most brilliant, slashing and witty one against it. I enjoy him ; he is genuine, gives you the true Orange view, and is ready with clever and humorous repartee. He refers to the ‘ Chamber of Horrors ’ and looks along the Irish benches ; he alludes to the Irish tactics as ‘ gorilla warfare ’ and stares at Joey Biggar. I was immensely amused when he was dancing about and gesticulating with his arms this evening to see him knock Sir Richard Temple’s tile off his head. Sir Richard, who is the ugliest man in the House, sleeps through everything, and to see him for once roused from his slumbers, wondering who had assaulted him and looking about the floor for his hat, was really funny.

“ *Sunday, May 23rd.*—The great Hartington meeting, to raise £100,000 to fight Liberal candidates, was held yesterday. What a savage fight it will be. . . . We shall win in the end [but we did not].

“ *May 25th.*—Sir Charles Russell’s and Tim Healy’s speeches were the best on our side to-night, the latter’s a hard-hitting one flavoured with sarcasm and gibes. Russell’s style is good, but he is just a good ‘ advocate.’ Trevelyan (Sir George)

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had just spoken against us, and had pursued his usual line of the real and incurable wickedness of the Irish."

We adjourned for the Derby Day (Ormonde's Derby), and on the 27th—

"I attended a meeting at the Foreign Office called by Gladstone, 'of all members of the Liberal Party who are desirous to vote in favour of the establishment of a Legislative *Body* in Dublin for the *management* of the affairs, *specifically* and *exclusively* Irish.' [The italics are mine.] It will be noticed that the word Parliament is avoided. The Prime Minister came into the big room followed by members of the Government amidst cheers, and at once addressed us. He spoke for three-quarters of an hour, was in splendid form, cheerful, clear and sparkling, and handled the delicate and complex subjects in a most masterly manner. The effect of his speech was immediately evident; and several prominent dissentients proclaimed their conversion, whilst those who had hitherto been strong in opposition like my father came away in a better state of mind. Gladstone avoided bringing Chamberlain into his remarks."

This meeting struck down the confidence of the outside political prophets that the Liberal Party, to maintain its integrity, must wheel round and follow Hartington. This meeting committed us to the principle of Home Rule for better for worse. Gladstone's concessions of the previous week and this meeting had had sufficient effect on some of the Radical dissentients, and even on some of the

Gladstone and the Wesleyans

Chamberlain gang, to cause Chamberlain to call a meeting on the 29th May, but—

“he was clever enough to secure the attendance of 20 Hartingtonians, i.e. such men as Hussey Vivian, Trevelyan, my father, Mitchell Henry, Quilter, Lymington, etc. Chamberlain put the matter very impartially before the meeting, but he produced a letter from John Bright, in which he declared his intention to vote against the Bill. My father begged them not to vote at all. Trevelyan made just the speech that one would expect from a nervous and sensitive politician, and implored them to vote against the Bill. My father’s motion was defeated 38 to 12, and 5 were for the Bill. In the end, out of 55 M.P.’s present, 46 were for opposing the Bill, 4 for abstaining and 3 in favour. My father held his hand up against the Bill. This meeting spread dismay in our ranks, and it was practically the unanimous opinion that the Bill was lost by a considerable majority.

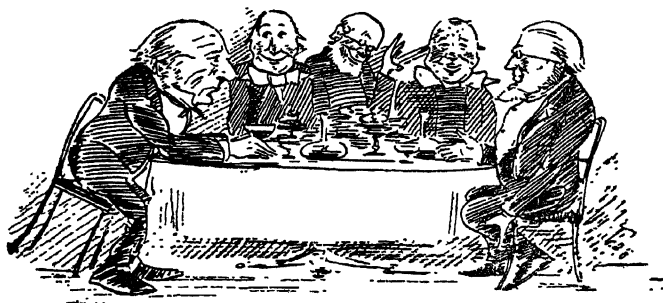
“*Tuesday, May (30th ?).*—We all feel down. Sexton made a wonderful speech, cutting up Chamberlain as a sneak in a way truly delightful to me, as I feel vicious. I feel he is, with his handful of sycophants, out for himself and in an unholy alliance with Goschen, Albert Grey and Trevelyan, who have nothing in common with him. Together they have hustled and bustled the weak until their victims have said something or held up their hands at a meeting. One or another of them has set on the individual, often a nobody, persuading him that he is of great importance and ‘in honour bound’ till the creature believes he is the devil of a fellow and a brave patriot.”

About this time it was arranged for Gladstone to meet some leading Wesleyan ministers at a

The Irish Question, 1886

luncheon at the Devonshire Club, in the hope that this gathering would diminish the Nonconformists' hostility to Home Rule. Samuel Danks Waddy, Q.C., M.P., was a Wesleyan Home Ruler and had organised this meeting. Lockwood told a story (which has been printed in several incorrect versions) of Digby Seymour, another barrister on the

*Devonshire Club
Waddy tells the Prime Minister, Saturday May 14th
Wesleyans' a few North-Eastern Circuit stories.*



Devonshire Club

Waddy tells the Prime Minister and the eminent Wesleyans a few North-Eastern Circuit stories

North-Eastern Circuit, who had seen a bill which announced that Waddy would conduct the service at a certain chapel, and went there in scoffing mood to hear Waddy and report to the Bar Mess. Waddy, spotting his tormentor in the congregation, turned the tables on Digby Seymour. After concluding his sermon, he announced, looking at his learned friend, "Brother Digby Seymour will now lead us

Bitterness and Passion

in prayer," whereupon Digby Seymour fled from the chapel.

Bitterness and passion had now grown out of all proportion to the issue to be determined. My own language in this respect is similar to that of others. Home Rulers are traitors to their country and religion. Unionists have no policy but fire and sword, and no language but lies and libels ; they are the evictors and oppressors of the poor. Socially we were ostracised, families were broken up, fathers and sons ceased to speak to each other, and brothers were at daggers drawn. There have been other secessions from the Liberal Party in my time, which have led to recriminations and strong language, but never anything like this one, when a large body of our army went over to the enemy on the eve of the first engagement.

" *Monday, June 7th.*—The day has come at last, and there are still waverers and shufflers who do not know what they are going to do. Many of these now want to vote with Gladstone, but have their ill-considered or hasty words staring them in the face. Being on a Committee, I was early at the House, and got a seat on the second bench behind the Ministers. The crush at Prayers was very great, and every available space was crammed afterwards. *Goschen* led off at 5 p.m. with a venomous and partial statement, but was quieter in his manner than I have yet seen him. To me he is a bigot with no sympathy for any popular aspirations. I know Tories twice as Liberal in opinions and sympathies. *Parnell* followed in a quiet sensible speech, in the course of which he declared for the first time, that before the last General Election he had had communications with leading

The Irish Question, 1886

members of the Conservative Party, and that they had given him to understand that they would recommend Home Rule as a policy, with power to protect Irish industries.

"I dined with Lord Onslow and Paulton at the Devonshire Club, and sat near Albert Grey, who offered me 6 to 4 that there would be a majority of over 10 against the Bill. I took it, my calculation being 8, founded on my estimate of the effect of Gladstone's letter to my father, saying that a vote for the Bill would be taken as a vote for the principle only of Home Rule. When we got back the House was crowded from floor to ceiling. Peers were jammed together in their gallery, and the Ambassadors were on the top of each other; the Strangers' Galleries were packed, and a dense crowd of Members stood at the bar and another behind and around the Speaker's chair. Hicks-Beach was 'up,' and had the audacity to deny *in toto* Parnell's revelations, and asked for 'names.' Parnell retorted that was a safe challenge, and added, 'If *you* procure your colleagues' consent I will give the names.' The altercation between these two went on in breathless silence; each silence broken by roars of cheering first for Parnell's quiet and distinct assertions and then for Hicks-Beach's denials. I watched Churchill, who was rolling in excitement, tearing at his moustache and casting quick glances at the Irish benches, as if in terror of their splitting on him. Lady Grey told us that from the Ladies' Gallery she saw Randolph kicking Hicks-Beach during his denials. I shall never forget this spectacle: Hicks-Beach with his frizzed and curled hair all dishevelled, his hands twitching and his face shining with perspiration as he 'put this through.'

"After this our Old Man got up and made a speech, most beautiful in many passages and

The "Noes" have It

powerfully eloquent. The speech ran on through history and argument into a prolonged and exquisite peroration. The most wonderful passages I thought were those following a quotation from Burke, beginning, 'This, if I understand it, is one of the golden moments in our history, one of those opportunities which may come and may go, but which rarely return'; the one beginning, 'There has been no great day of hope for Ireland . . . till now'; the one commencing, 'We have given Ireland a voice; we must all listen for a moment to what she says, we must *all* listen, both sides, both parties'; and that which began, 'We do not undervalue or despise the forces against us. . . . As to the harvest of *the future*, I doubt if you have so much confidence.' I could hardly understand, so convinced was I of the wisdom of a just and generous policy, any man who looked ahead not responding to the appeal: '*Think*, I beseech you, think well, think wisely, think not for a moment, but for the long years to come.' I never gave any vote with an easier conscience than when I said, as I passed the Division clerk among the 'Ayes,' 'Pease, Alfred, York,' nor was more relieved than when I saw that my father's name had already been ticked off.

"When Brand and Caine, the tellers for the 'Noes,' and Arnold Morley and Edward Marjoribanks, our Whips, came to the table, it was a long time, because of the din, before Brand could announce the figures. The Tories were on their legs, yelling, waving their hats, shrieking with delight. Ashmead Bartlett was standing on his seat, and, like the ass he is, shouting at the top of his voice, 'Now sing "God Save the Queen,"' without anyone obeying his orders. As the Tories did not desist, the Irish rose in a solid body and turned their pale faces to the Conservatives with the most tremendous cheer I ever heard. When Brand an-

The Irish Question, 1886

nounced very clearly the numbers, 'Ayes' 313, 'Noes' 343, pandemonium broke loose again. There was a call for cheers for 'the Grand Old Man,' in which actually the galleries joined. The scene was the most remarkable ever witnessed in the House of Commons by living persons."

Three days later the dissolution was announced, and the next day, the 11th June, Lockwood and I were at York. My diaries now are of only local interest for awhile, but references to them may possibly illustrate the times.

CHAPTER IV

THE CONTEST IN THE COUNTRY, AND AFTER, 1886

THE field of battle was now the constituencies.

“ *June 12th, 1886.*—I hear that Jim Lowther, Guy Dawnay and James Legard have all so far refused to stand against us at York, but that John Dundas will stand as a ‘ Liberal Unionist ’ candidate. It is said that Legard would stand if his expenses were paid and a newspaper run for him during the election ; this is hardly what York Tories expect from a Conservative candidate ! Jim Lowther told me he spent £7,000 over his last York election (when defeated in 1880), and that his grandfather, Sir John Lowther, had spent £17,000 over one fight in York. He also said to me, the first day out hunting after my election in 1885 : ‘ Alfred, my boy, I spent £2,000 a year in York when I was Member, and gave a present of game to every elector at least once a year, and they kicked me out. Ralph Creyke (Liberal M.P.) gave largely to everything, but never went near the place, and they kicked him out. Fred Milner (Conservative M.P.) was never out of the place, but gave sparingly, and they kicked him out ; take my tip, give ’em nothing, and leave ’em alone—you will fare just as well and save yourself no end of bother.’ ”

I must say something about the Hon. John Chas. Dundas, whose memory is dear to those who knew him. He was born in 1845, the second son of the Hon. Charles Dundas and brother of the 3rd Earl of

The Contest in the Country, and after, 1886

Zetland. Up to 1886 he had been a Liberal. He was a very able, gentle, courteous, industrious, duty-loving and God-fearing country gentleman. He took a good place in the Cambridge Classical Tripos, and was called to the bar in 1869. In 1873 his elder brother Lawrence succeeded their uncle as Earl of Zetland, which created a vacancy in the borough of Richmond, Lawrence having been its Liberal M.P. John Dundas succeeded to the seat, and sat until Richmond was disfranchised in 1885. In that year he surprised us on the eve of the elections by retiring from his Liberal candidature for Howdenshire. He now became a "Liberal Unionist," for he did not consider the domination of the National League a thing to be tolerated.

Yet the Irish case had a likeness to that of the American colonies, where the rebels had set up an authority better obeyed than the British Government. We did not tolerate that, and lost America. We too were out to end the domination of the League in Ireland, but by substituting a Legislature for it finding the old difficulty of "indicting a whole nation." In the North Riding we had elected John Dundas Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and later we made him (1889) the Chairman of our first County Council. His death in 1892 was a great public loss, and a great grief to his many friends. Major (afterwards Colonel Sir James) James Digby Legard belonged to a leading Yorkshire family, and his mother was a member of another one (daughter of Sir George Cayley, 6th Bt.). He was the eldest son of Captain S. Legard, R.N., of Kirby Misperton. Later James Legard became a

Hon. John Dundas and Major Jas. Legard prominent worker in the cause of Education, and on our County Council, and was created a C.B. and later a K.C.B. (in 1909). He had served in South Africa, and had been mentioned in dispatches 1879 (medal and clasp).

“ *Tuesday, June 15th.*— . . . Lockwood and I met John Dundas near the Minster to-day. Legard is to stand too. John Dundas said he was sorry to give us the bother of a contest, but that the crisis was so serious he felt he must stand. I begged him to allow the fight to be a short one, but he said, ‘ I am not like you. I do not know York and I must begin at once.’ I am sorry to have so good a friend and so nice a man against us.

“ *Saturday, June 19th.*—I have been in London again, where we are all boycotted. Conservatives tell you that they are *not* going to continue Coercion, and invariably answer your question of, ‘ What, then, are you going to do ? ’ with ‘ Suppress the National League.’ Little short of proscription and martial law can accomplish this, and the operation will tear Irish society to shreds, and increase hatred in the hearts of Irishmen. The riots in Belfast have been dreadful ; started by the Orange faction’s savage celebration of ‘ the victory ’ by attacking and looting the vanquished Roman Catholics. Lockwood and I have sent down a joint address. I had to write it ; he hates writing anything and appends his name to my productions.

“ We shall gain a few seats in the North, but lose some in Scotland, London and the South. Major Legard, Dundas, Frank Lockwood and I are all staying in the Station Hotel and often meet without any interruption to our friendly personal relations.

“ *Sunday, July 4th, 1886.*—The York battle is over.

The Contest in the Country, and after, 1886

With sheer hard work and with from 10 to 16 meetings a day, we have won it. The result is :

“ Pease (L.)	.	.	.	4,816
Lockwood (L.)	.	.	.	4,810
Legard (C.)	.	.	.	4,352
Dundas (L.U.)	.	.	.	4,295

“ John Dundas was the first to take my hand and congratulate me. After the declaration on the steps of the Mansion House before midnight the Conservative Lord Mayor at once dismissed Lockwood and myself unceremoniously from his temporary dwelling, which we defiled with our presence, and it required a strong force of police to get us away and through the crowd.”

At the four elections we fought at York together it always tickled Lockwood that we were, after the poll had been declared, escorted by a cheering mob to Lendal Bridge, *but no farther*. When we had paid our $\frac{1}{2}d.$ toll, and had passed the bridge, we were always alone ! He said, after his defeat in 1883, he had first discovered the valuation of their champion by the populace (“ not worth $\frac{1}{2}d.$ ”), and on reaching the Station Hotel about 1 a.m. there was not a soul in sight save one little urchin, who, recognising him, shouted at the top of his voice, “ Threy cheers for Lockwood, *The Peyples Friend !* ”

“ We escaped rough usage save on the polling day, when we were well pelted with rotten eggs and the usual missiles. On one tour of the city, Edward (my little son of five years old) was taken with us, and sat between us in an open carriage ; he received a very large and very rotten pear which exploded full in his face. I was much amused at

The Conservatives again in Power

his indifference to the howling mob and the undisturbed stolidity of his countenance as he sat covered with yellow ochre and rotten pear, without even raising a hand to wipe his face, and as if he went about like this every day. Late that night in Castlegate a huge dirty Irishman threw his arms round Lockwood's neck and covered his face *with kisses*. I should have preferred Edward's anointing or even a rotten egg to this."

There was a bitter fight at Darlington.

"Fry (L.) had a near squeak, getting in by 57 only, against Arnold Forster (L.U.). My father had supported Fry, and his brother, Arthur Pease, Forster. Arthur Pease (L.U.) had declined to stand in the Whitby Division against his old Liberal supporters (he had been M.P. for Whitby) and there Colonel Clayhills, for whom I worked hard, was easily defeated by Ernest Beckett.

"In the country generally we were heavily beaten, and I have been deceived by our strength in the North. The Government resigned, and the Queen sent for Lord Salisbury, and after 'conversations' Lord Randolph Churchill was included in the Cabinet, as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader in the Commons. Halsbury is Lord Chancellor, Hicks-Beach Chief Secretary for Ireland, Castlereagh is Lord-Lieutenant and should do well, and is a 'gentleman,' Mathews is Home Secretary, W. H. Smith is at the War Office. Cranbrook, Ashbourne and Lord John Manners are in the Cabinet, and also Iddesleigh as Foreign Secretary.

"When we went up for the Queen's Speech on the 19th August it was in effect: 'My Lords, there is nothing for you to do.' 'Gentlemen of the House of Commons, vote me some money. You have

The Contest in the Country, and after, 1886

worked hard, go home as quick as you can.' The usual petition for the blessing of Almighty God was omitted—just think if Liberals had done such a thing!

"Before the Address, Bradlaugh moved the rejection of the Sessional Order, which declares 'that for any Lord of Parliament or other Peer to concern himself in the election of Members to the House of Commons is a high infringement of the privileges and liberties of the Commons.' Though it is now flagrantly set at naught by many peers, I am all for its standing, but this was carried by 296 to 126. As an instance from York, Wenlock (then a Liberal) in 1885 said he could not assist us with carriages, being a peer. In 1886 he did assist our opponents. I was a bit put out by this inconsistency, but he wrote me a nice letter, saying, 'One day I should again be on the same side as he was,' but he did not live long enough for this to happen. For him and his brothers I always had great respect and affection. After I returned home I met Hugh Bell¹ (Sir Hugh Bell of Rounton, a life-long friend of mine; he was just then a Liberal Unionist), and he was positively insulting about my being what he called a 'Gladstonian Liberal.' I took it quietly, as I am used to being called a 'Fenian.' Later in the day I met him again, and he gave me the chance of scoring 'one up,' not an easy thing to do where he was concerned. He asked, 'Have you forgiven me for this morning? I rather think I sent you off with a flea in your ear.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'you did, but that was entirely my own fault for getting too near you.'"

¹ Sir Hugh L. Bell, Bt., C.B., is still, in 1931, at the age of eighty-six, a foremost and distinguished figure in public life. He is H.M. Lieutenant for the North Riding and an active Alderman on the County Council. His politics are rather difficult to define, but he is an individualist, dislikes bureaucracy and Government interference, and is a "diehard" Free Trader. (Whilst this volume was in the Press he died on the 29th June, 1931.)

Churchill's Dartford Speech

I will give one illustration out of my recorded instances of the political nastiness of this period. The Centenary Meetings of the Incorporated Law Society were held at York in the autumn. I attended them, and at the banquet I had to respond for "The Houses of Parliament" :

"The majority present being Tories from a distance created an unprecedented scene in York. They would not let me say a single word, and kept on roaring at me, after repeated attempts by the President and the Toast Master to get me a hearing. The occasion was non-political, and I never obtrude politics in social gatherings. After standing still some minutes amid this din, I said a few formal words to the President, Lord Ripon and Mr. Justice Wills, by whom I was placed, and sat down feeling badly used and insulted. The President (Henry Watson Parker), in his inaugural address I thought daringly Radical, and old Gregory (Conservative M.P. for E. Grinstead) said to me, 'It's worse than Churchill !' "

In October Churchill created a great sensation by his celebrated "Dartford Speech," in which he advocated strict economy, many Liberal reforms and appropriated the Chamberlain and Radical programme, including "the gag" and "three acres and a cow." He was convinced that the one hope for his party was to be honestly progressive, and he understood that strong and vulgar language was a political asset with a large proportion of the democracy, or at least advertised and drew attention to his views. His quick intelligence, his grasp of every point in controversy and his industry made one think that he might become a greater statesman

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than Disraeli, for he was more English and equal to mastering the details of all problems. Whilst he remained leader of the House he managed it and its business admirably. To me the collapse of a very interesting career was a disappointment, but he played his cards wildly at the crisis of his political life. To his party and to the Conservative cause he gave splendid service, and in office to his country. The annexation of Burma alone was an enormous gain to our position in Eastern Asia, but his party turned on him the moment he fell, just as a lot of terriers will on one of themselves if he gets into a trap or trouble.

In November the Government opened the Coercion ball with the "proclamation" of certain Nationalist demonstrations, and by removing Sir Robert Hamilton from Dublin Castle. His character and sympathies were unfitted for the new blood-and-iron policy with which Hicks-Beach and the Government were going to destroy for ever the Nationalist movement in Ireland. A very strong letter of mine on these first steps was given a prominent place in "The Times" and noticed in a leading article. This drew upon me much abuse in the Press, but also two long letters of warm congratulation from Edward Grey :

"FALLODON, CHATHILL,
"NORTHUMBERLAND,
"2.12.86.

"I must write a line to congratulate you on your plucky letter to 'The Times.' I am so glad you sent it to 'The Times,' and that they have noticed it in the leading article—one bright star shining

Sir Edward Grey's Letters

through a black stupid ugly cloud, and the cloud ridiculing it for not being black, stupid and ugly like itself.

"Here we have Irish landlords, land-cornering crimes, Hicks-Beach and everyone admitting that rents are too high and that where reductions are not given, the rigid enforcement of the law against the tenant is harsh even to the point of cruelty, and then this "Times" day after day adjures Buller and officials in Ireland generally never for one moment to hesitate in pushing the law to extremes anywhere and everywhere whenever they can get an opportunity ; as if forsooth government and social order depended through thick and thin on one particular system of law in every age and under every condition. Why can't they realise that the far greater danger to Government and social order in Ireland at this moment arises from the condition and origin of the law itself. They seem to think that any law sanctioned by the English Parliament for Ireland is so infallible and divine that it is impossible to degrade it by perverse and cruel application.

"*Fiat lex, ruat justitia* ' ought to be printed in large type at the head of every copy of ' The Times.' As for prejudging the case against Dillon, there is no prejudging now. The Government by instituting an official prosecution and letting us know the speeches for which they have done so, have already given their decision, and why shouldn't we give ours? If the action the Government have taken is not prejudgment, I cannot understand the 'singular ineptitude,' which finds fault with an expression of opinion now on the other side. We are likely to have a lively time when Parliament meets, but we are getting perceptibly nearer to the end of the attempts to govern Ireland by coercion and prosecution."

The Contest in the Country, and after, 1886

"FALLODON, CHATHILL,
"NORTHUMBERLAND,
"6.12.86.

"I see you got the typical Unionist answer in 'The Times' from 'Natural Curiosity': just the sort of thing which I get hurled at me continually, when I refuse to join in sweeping bottomless condemnation of Agitation in Ireland. Of course the Irish Agitators are violent and the Plan of Campaign is illegal, but one can't deplore the violence and illegality without deploring the necessity. There is no parallel between agreements made in English under perfect freedom of contract, and the rents of a starving peasantry in Ireland. Of course this doesn't apply to the whole of Ireland, but there is every ground for believing that Buller himself has become convinced of the paramount necessity of tempering justice with mercy in the miserably overcrowded subdivided parts.

"However the Government are in a nice fix: if they don't gain their case against Dillon, they will look rather foolish, if they do win it, they will have to prosecute a great part of the nation after him.

"And we shall have the same *reductio ad absurdum* that we had when Gladstone's Government got Parnell and Co. into prison, and was dying to get them out again. By the way, next time you write to 'The Times' and want a good point, you might allude to the fact that 'The Times' when this Government came into office and found Ireland quiet argued that because Ireland was quiet therefore Home Rule wasn't necessary; the same newspaper now shrieks with horror at John Morley for saying that people never get any grievances redressed till they resort to violence—'singular ineptitude.' "

The resignation of Churchill, in December, of office and the leadership of the House created great

Three Administrations in Seven Months

excitement and speculation. Every man and woman appeared to be a fiery politician. We suspected a general disagreement with Lord Salisbury's high Toryism, and we knew he was at loggerheads with W. H. Smith over the War Office estimates. Churchill thought that the great measures of Local Government the Cabinet were already preparing for England and Scotland should be extended to Ireland, and was not for Coercion without liberal reforms. No doubt the Cabinet contemplated doing something in this direction when they had exterminated the National League and stamped out the "Plan of Campaign"; but their present task was to enforce the law rigidly, however rotten it might be, and no matter what injustice and sufferings resulted.

Chamberlain once retorted to expressions of amazement that such an extreme Radical could find salvation in the Tory camp that at any rate he was now the associate of "gentlemen," but it seemed scarcely possible that there was anything in the rumour that he would join the Salisbury Cabinet. At the end of the year I write :

"What a pace things go. January saw Salisbury Prime Minister, the spring Gladstone at the head of a Home Rule administration, June saw his defeat, July the return of Salisbury to power, and in December Churchill's resignation has created panic in the Unionist Camp."

CHAPTER V

COERCION, 1887

IN January, after noting that Hartington, Lansdowne and Northbrook declined to join the Government, but that Goschen has done so, I record that "the state of disorder in Ireland increases as the prosecutions and imprisonments of politicians multiply, and the authority of the National League grows in proportion as it is suppressed." I quote at length a speech of Lord Inchiquin's in the Lords on the 15th February, warning the Government not to be misled by the statistics of crime.¹ He added that there was very little serious crime in Ireland, and went on to "attribute the fact to the influence of the Land League," and that "the League had so thoroughly established its influence in the country that there was no longer any resistance to its demands"—hence the diminution of crime. The Glenbeigh and other evictions were in full swing, but the "Plan of Campaign" was a great improvement on the terrorising methods of Secret Societies and Moonlighters. It was an illegal combination, but otherwise as morally defensible as a trades union in England. The stupid affair known as the "Round Table Con-

¹ These showed a great decrease, e.g. :

Agrarian offences for the quarter ending 3rd Sept., 1886, before	
"the Plan of Campaign"	306
Agrarian offences for the quarter ending 31st Dec., 1886, after	
"the Plan of Campaign" had started	166

Death of Lord Iddesleigh

ference" now took place, of Herschell and Morley, with Chamberlain and Sir George Trevelyan.

"If instead of Chamberlain Hartington, and instead of Morley Rosebery, had been there, something might have come of it; as it is nothing can [and nothing did]. Though Hartington is more decidedly against Home Rule than Chamberlain and Rosebery for it, but not enthusiastic, these two are both full of cool common sense, and put the 'general good' first. The other two I regard as quite hopeless and of peculiar and divergent mentalities."

On the 12th January Lord Iddesleigh (Sir Stafford Northcote) died suddenly in the presence of Lord Salisbury at Downing Street. I ascribe his death rightly or wrongly to "the shameful way in which he had been treated by his political friends,"¹ and remark on the general respect in which he was held.

"Gladstone's tribute to the memory of a great political opponent was as fine as it was true. He alluded to him as a man incapable of resenting an injury and one in whom it was the 'fixed habit of thought to put himself entirely out of view when he had before him the attainment of great public objects.' In these days of political fury it was pleasant to hear one who was daily the object of foul abuse and calumny speaking thus of a worthy opponent."

Northcote was honest, steady and clear-headed,

¹ Churchill had made it a condition on joining the Cabinet that Northcote should not lead the House of Commons—he was sent upstairs against his will.

and rather of the Whig than of the Conservative type. At one time he had been Gladstone's Secretary.

"Sir Henry James declares the 'Plan of Campaign is the parent of agrarian crime,' when, however objectionable it may be [as are certain aspects of Trades Unionism] it has diminished crime and outrages. It is the [illegal] reply to the Government's departure from constitutional law and its resort to Coercion. 'If the laws are their enemies, people become enemies to the laws.' Coercion, never really successful in Ireland, is now applied to a newly enfranchised Ireland as a *continuous* policy and with all but 70,000 electors in Great Britain against it. And with regard to this last point, at the last general election, in which not one Unionist stood as a Coercionist; and some, like Capt. Colomb, M.P., stood as anti-Coercion candidates, the Unionists called it 'a lie' when we said the alternative to Home Rule was Coercion. They now are going to carry it with 'the gag.'

"*Thursday, January 27th.*—I was in the 'ugly rush,' and heard the Queen's Speech. It is a pity she was not there in this her Jubilee year. The dishes on the menu are Procedure, Ireland, Coercion, Burma, Egypt, County Government and Allotments. In the Commons Churchill in a crowded House gave us the reasons for his resignation, but no one ever gave poorer ones for resigning. At Dartford he declared *everything* was to be sacrificed to maintain the Union, and now he will not carry on because the Government will not cut down the Army Estimates by £500,000! [and they did it soon after his resignation]. He attacked Chamberlain, who deserved it, and Hartington, whom it would have been better to have left uncriticised."

The Debate on the Address

The debate on the Address continued into February and—

“ I was very anxious to speak and to show that the numerous eviction ‘ scenes ’ were the result of rejecting Parnell’s Bill, which gave a practical scheme for dealing with arrears of rent, and that the only things which prevented wholesale evictions on a more frightful scale were : (1) pressure by the Government on the landlords to *prevent* them exercising their *legal* rights, (2) the Plan of Campaign with an identical object. I often tried twice a night to catch the Speaker’s eye, and seven times on February 7th, a process horrible to my impatient and nervous nature, and that night I ‘ chucked it,’ and dinnerless caught a train North—anything to get away from the horrors of London and its fogs and filthy atmosphere.”

I returned, however, on the 10th, to find Parnell’s Amendment still being debated.

“ Willie Redmond, a wildish, ill-mannered Irishman, led off ; he is evidently in earnest and certainly gifted with ‘ freedom of speech.’¹

“ Hartington followed, and went on until 7.45. As the Speaker said he would call on me next I had the bad luck to speak in the dinner-hour with few present except the Ministers. The papers said

¹ At this time Willie Redmond was a queer-looking young man with long and bushy hair, and looked, what he was, very excitable. He was whipping his party on one occasion, and came into the smoking-room, and in a truculent way told a much older Irish M.P. of the old “ Liberal-Irish ” class (whose name I have forgotten) to “ get up and vote.” The old hand looked at Willie for a moment and took a shilling out of his pocket and said, “ Mr. Redmond, here’s a shillin’ for ye ; go and get yer hair cut, and when ye come back I’ll spake with ye.” He was about five years younger than his more serious and sedate brother John, who was endowed with a more level brain and a more even temper. Willie had many good qualities, and was very much admired and liked as a brave soldier in the Great War.

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I faced 'this trying situation with modesty, resolution and ability,' and counted my speech as 'one that must be added to the number of promising addresses by the younger Liberals.' The debate had gone on so long on the Plan of Campaign and Evictions, that I wanted to get behind all this, and to ask *Why* the law was contemned and what was being done to make it respectable, or to show benevolent intent, in our rule. There are no grander passages in Burke's speeches than those on Conciliation with America. They are so wise and take into such practical account human disposition. When he has reviewed the situation he exclaims, 'These are the considerations which led me early to think that in the comprehensive dominion which the Divine Providence had put into our hands, instead of troubling our understandings with speculations concerning the Unity of the Empire and the identity or distinction of legislative power, and inflaming our passions with the heat and pride of controversy, it was our duty in all soberness to conform our Government to the character and circumstance of the several people who compose this mighty and diversified mass. . . . I was persuaded that *Government was a practical thing made for the happiness of mankind and not to furnish a spectacle of uniformity to gratify the schemes of visionary politicians,*' and much more which will bear reading, re-reading and reflection in our day."

The next day brought this extraordinary debate to an end.

"Harcourt made a rattling speech, the Tories writhed in their seats under his stinging sentences, cuts and thrusts, yet through it ran threads of high principles, and I thought he demolished the idol of Unjust Legality worshipped at present by

The Speaker's Ruling Criticised

the Conservative and Liberal Unionist Parties. We were beaten by 352 to 246 in the division."

Parnell's Amendment to the Address being disposed of did not mean that we were finished either with Irish business or even with the Address until the 17th February. The last evening's debate on the Address was eventful.

"There was much heat about the State Trials of M.P.'s which then were commencing and the machinations of the Government to secure convictions. The alleged offences were committed in county Galway; the information is laid in Dublin and the venue changed to get a jury of villa residents, landowners, officials and agents. The Crown has had to admit irregularity in the selection of the Grand Jury. [See 'The Times' of the 15th February.] They have raised the Jury Panel from 90 to 250, and when 108 answered to their names, they applied for an adjournment for a *better* attendance!"

On this Thursday, "W. H. Smith," who had taken the place of his *bête noire*, Churchill, as leader of the House—

"moved to take the whole time of the House for the new Rules of Procedure which were required to get Coercion through. Parnell moved to omit the 23rd February. I voted for this, but he was beaten 242 to 107. Then Dillon attempted to raise as a matter of privilege the manner of his own trial in Dublin. The Speaker, I think quite wrongly, ruled him out of order and gave his ruling in a vicious tone. He said that when a notice stood upon the notice paper, no one could anticipate the discussion of the same

subject and based his ruling on one of Speaker Brand's (his predecessor's) rulings. But Brand referred to a *motion for adjournment* (not to a motion touching the privilege of members), and said, 'The noble lord cannot, under cover of a *motion for the adjournment*, anticipate the discussion of a motion which is set down on the paper.' This is an entirely different case, for it is obvious that under Peel's ruling the Government or *anyone* could put down motions on the notice paper to cover every subject in the Address and every subject intended to be raised on it, and then not one of them could be discussed on the Address! To the general heat there is now added a feeling that Peel is neither impartial nor good-tempered where the Irish are concerned. I voted with O'Connor for the Adjournment as a protest against this ruling, that in the case of the trial of a Member of our House the question of packing a jury against him could not be raised as one of Privilege. I walked out of the subsequent obstructive divisions."

I am omitting most references to foreign and colonial matters, but as indicating a Liberal's attitude towards Conservative or rather Salisbury foreign policy, I give the following, as there was some foundation for the remark. Alluding to the unsettled feeling on the Continent (Berlin and Vienna nervous at Russian military movements, etc.), I write :

"I do not think we shall be sucked into war, for with all their bluster and flag-wagging, the Conservative Party is even milder than we are when it comes to the point. When we are in they hound the public and us on, but when they are in we are never fomentors of strife."

Stormy Sitzings

1887

Early in March I comment on the disagreement of the packed jury at the State Trial of M.P.'s in Dublin.

“ Thus even a jury carefully selected from Protestant jurors refuse to do the Government's will, so to govern Ireland against her wishes they will have to go farther. They have removed Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde (M.P.) from the office of High Sheriff, and substituted for him a Deputy Inspector of Constabulary, Colonel Hillier.”

Esmonde was “ removed ” for attending a meeting in support of the Plan of Campaign near Coolgreany. He was about twenty-three years old when elected in 1885 for Dublin County. He is the 11th Baronet, and was in the Army. But for the Statute of Kilkenny, which voided the marriage of Lord Esmonde with a Roman Catholic, he would have been a peer. The last time I had a talk with him I found him much interested in ancient flint arrows and instruments, and I sent him some of many which I had picked up in the Sahara. We had stormy sittings over Procedure, Closure, and on the Constabulary vote (Ireland). On the 4th March Hicks-Beach, after his historic threat to give the Irish “ something worse than batons,” resigned, and Arthur Balfour took his place as Chief Secretary. Below [pp. 161, 162] I give my entry referring to Hicks-Beach's “ last night ” as Chief Secretary.

I have alluded to the general boycott of Liberal Home Rulers at this time in London society, yet there were in the House of Commons friendships between political opponents not seriously affected

Coercion, 1887

by the bitter quarrel. Lawyers by their training are more accommodating in this respect, and the legal fraternity numbered something like one hundred in the Parliaments of 1885 and 1886. One of my friends among the Liberal Unionists was Henry T. Anstruther, who became one of the Whips (1895-1903), and was on the Administrative Council of the Suez Canal. His father, Sir Robert Anstruther (L.), had been one of my father's friends, and my father had been present at the bar of the Lords when Sir Robert gave the now well-known epitome of Bishop Magee's famous speech against the disestablishment of the Irish Church. An M.P. who arrived just as Magee had sat down, and witnessed the sensation made by a speech which was considered by Lord Salisbury and many others as the most wonderful delivered in that chamber within living memory, and ending with a marvellous peroration in which the orator referred to the last awful day, the rendering of his account, and declared 'that he could not, he dare not,' vote for the Bill, asked Sir Robert, "What did Magee say?" Sir Robert, who stammered, replied, "He s-s-said he'd be d-d-damned if he'd vote for the Bill."

His son Henry and I often walked home together, and he was a very cheery companion. He had the excellent combination of Scotch brains and English humour, and though I was the victim of more chaff, on account of my Home Rule proclivities, from him than from anyone else except Albert Grey, this was always amusing and never annoying. After long years had separated us, I met him at Brooks's not very long before his death in 1926, and was shocked to find him a wreck of his former self, but we enjoyed

Hicks-Beach's Threat

a long chat about our fighting days, and found that the Irish Question being dead and buried, time and Lloyd George had brought us together again in politics.

“Of late the Speaker has allowed Conservatives to howl down anyone speaking on our side, and this does not tame Irish ferocity. Parnell almost said they would ‘obstruct’ the Closure Rule, as it is being forced through to get Coercion passed. The Conservatives, moreover, are now voting for Rules of Procedure which they denounced in the previous Parliament. But they always do like this on big questions, and will ultimately give Ireland far more than she now asks for. They are always acting on expediency rather than principle. To get Coercion they *must* upset Procedure, so are justified, and it is quite useless our side continually reminding them of what they have *said*. I always dislike these quite useless charges which everyone knows are true, for they are only irritating in debate.

“*March 3rd.*—The atmosphere in the House to-night was so threatening that had we had the Speaker instead of Courtney in the Chair, we should have had a frightful shindy. The debate was on a Supplementary Estimate of £35,000 for additional Irish Constabulary to facilitate the eviction campaign and the suppression of public meetings. Hicks-Beach, who is really too much of an English gentleman for his dirty job, seemed depressed, harassed and in poor health. I attribute his threat of ‘worse than batons’ to this. Tim Healy shouted, ‘That is a threat of murder!’ Courtney called on Healy to withdraw the remark. Parnell rose and quietly asked if Courtney had heard such a remark or been prompted? Healy withdrew the remark, and T. P. O’Connor called

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Courtney's attention to the fact that Hicks-Beach had '*threatened members* of this House with something worse than batons,' and later said, '*We have had to deal with a real Cromwell, but a Mantalini masquerading as a Cromwell will not terrify us.*' Hicks-Beach, with his ruffled curly hair, did look rather Italian and an agitated one, and *was* at this moment rather a pitiful Cromwell. The Irish, however, had no mercy. Healy told him what he (H.-B.) was thinking was, 'Whether a little bloodshed in Ireland might not cement the Unionist alliance.' He also prophesied 'that every policeman in Ireland would read these words.' And it was singular that on the very following day Hanlon was bayoneted through the back, and killed, and that at the inquest the police concerned admitted that they had read them."

On the 8th March I mention a pleasant little interlude in party warfare in the way of a dinner-party in the House of those Members who were, when undergraduates, members of the Cambridge Athenæum Club. According to the traditions of this club the dinner was called a "Tea." The following were present :

Cyril Flower (L.), aged 43 (afterwards Lord Battersea).

Hon. Arthur Elliot (L.U.), aged 40 (afterwards the author of "The Life of Goschen").

Hon. John Plunkett (C.), aged 33 (afterwards Lord Dunsany, one of the most amusing and witty even of Irishmen).

Ernest Beckett (C.), aged 30 (afterwards the 2nd Lord Grimthorpe).

Hon. C. R. Spencer (L.), aged 29 (afterwards Earl Spencer).

James W. Lowther, M.P.

Herbert Gardner (L.), aged 39 (afterwards Lord Burghclere).

Jas. Mellor Paulton (L.), aged 29.

James W. Lowther (C.), aged 31 (afterwards Speaker and Viscount Ullswater).



The Hon. C. R. Spencer, on the historic occasion when he made a speech at the Table of the House, made this avowal, which caused great hilarity, for no one ever lived less like a labourer of any sort.

Alfred E. Pease (L.), aged 30.

Lord Ullswater and I are now (1931) the only survivors of this merry little party.

“*March 16th.*—This evening I happened to sit between James Lowther (we were contemporaries at Cambridge) and Bethell.¹ James Lowther is

¹ The crowded state of the House forced Members to get seats where they could on either side.

Coercion, 1887

not only one of the ablest but one of the soundest men in the House, and in addition to his learning is on occasion full of wit and humour. He says he is for 'equal treatment of Ireland, the same laws, the same privileges, the same rights, and such self-government as may be hereafter given to England, Scotland and Wales.' Bethell is another man I really like, and is even a more Liberal Conservative."

Commander George Richard Bethell left the Navy to enter Parliament in 1885 as M.P. for Holderness. He was closely associated with Sir Charles Warren in the Bechuanaland Expedition, and some years later, when Chamberlain and Milner were taking the side of the Uitlanders against the Boers, he and I had views which earned for us the title of "pro-Boers," though of course when the Boers invaded Natal we voted men and money for the war.

"The same evening I dined with the Yorkshire Liberal M.P.'s to meet Gladstone, who spoke for fifty-three minutes without a note—a fine speech on his duty to Ireland, to the Conservative Government, to the Liberal Unionists and to the Liberal Party."

We now enter the period of Balfour's rule in Ireland. Although on account of his cleverness, his cynicism, his apparent political invulnerability under attack, and his amiable personality, Arthur Balfour came to be worshipped as a hero by his party, and also by many others after his Irish failures and cruelties were forgotten, I shall give

Father Keller's Case

the man as he appeared to me during the years up to 1902, when I left the House.

“The following night (March 17th), when Arthur Balfour had been at the Irish Office about a week, we had a furious debate over the bayoneting of Hanlon in the back, when trying to run from the Constabulary at a meeting, over the imprisonment of Father Keller for refusing to give evidence from information received in his ‘sacred profession,’ and over similar incidents. Balfour said Dillon had accused him of promoting crime (? murder) to further their case for Coercion. I don’t know if he ever said anything of the sort, but he may have. Dillon retorted that Balfour had said this of the Plan of Campaign, and had declared (right or wrong) the law must be obeyed. I must say when you embark on coercing a whole nation you are up against something which requires a great soldier and not a thing like Balfour. Look at this Father Keller business. The coercionist ‘Times’ says : ‘He is a venerable priest of the old type and his demeanour impressed all in the Court with a feeling of sympathy.’ ‘The Times’ says also : ‘A scene of indescribable tumult and disorder followed Judge Boyd’s order of committal. The public in the Court cheered the prisoner, Archbishop Walsh accompanied him to the gaol, the horse was taken out of the cab, the crowd drew him to Kilmainham, a dozen policemen followed, then the Lord Mayor of Dublin’s coach, Aldermen and M.P.’s, then six car-loads of police, then more cars and cabs full of sympathisers. Opposite the spot where Emmett was hanged this procession halts, uncovers, and shouts ‘God save Ireland,’ cheers for the Plan of Campaign, and groans for Judge Boyd. Father Keller enters the prison arm-in-arm with the Archbishop ; he is

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received there by the President of Maynooth College (Rev. Dr. Brown), while William O'Brien, M.P., harangues the crowd, envies Keller his honours and his 'suffering for Ireland,' denounces alien rule, and appeals to it to follow in Father Keller's footsteps. And Balfour (*Balfour*, mind you !) is going to stamp all this out !'

"Lockwood had a turn at Balfour, but I was one of the very few Liberals who dared to vote with the Irish in the minority of 88 against 226. The heat of the evening's work affected Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, whose conduct and language to me were so outrageous that he only escaped being 'named' by my getting Cyril Flower to go to the Speaker to explain his condition and that I begged to have the incident ignored.

"At last [on the 22nd of March] 'Old Morality' (W. H. Smith) moved for the whole time of the House for Coercion (the Crimes Bill). This was carried, after a good speech from Asquith against the motion by 349 to 260."

I went home for a few days' hunting, and broke a leg, but being determined to vote against Coercion, managed to get to London, got into the House on crutches and had my vote taken, sitting in my place, against the gag, but the First Reading of the Closure Bill was carried by 108.

"A very angry scene followed, and the whole Opposition walked out and left the Conservatives alone with their Bill for permanent Coercion. Even such lukewarm Home Rulers as my father were indignant at the gag being applied to a measure for the perpetual abolition of liberty in Ireland, the Government turning down the appeal for *one* day's discussion. On our side the action of the Speaker in allowing this was severely con-

“The Times” and Parnell

demned. I do not share this, for whatever he did he would take a side, and all Speakers, I think, when in doubt favour the Government of the day. I suppose to further the business which



During my absence Lockwood sent me this hint that it had been noticed.¹

the country sent them to do and not to protect minorities.”

On the 18th April the vote was to be taken on the Second Reading of this Bill, and *that morning* “The Times” published its (now notorious) great

¹ In my time the rule was that you could not absent yourself without the leave of the Speaker.

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article on Parnellism and Crime with the facsimile of what purported to be a letter of Parnell's which, if not a forgery, expresses approval of the murder of Burke in the Phoenix Park. The words in my diary which follow are :

“ I feel very sure it is a vile forgery. . . . The Tories say, ‘ Here is a letter, it is your job now to prove that it is a lie.’ We say, ‘ Prove it to be genuine. Surely a man is not to be considered guilty until he is proved so.’ We are without any first-class advocate in the Daily Press. There is only the ‘ Daily News,’ tainted with Labby’s extreme and extraordinary doctrines and the ‘ Pall Mall Gazette,’ with Stead’s neurasthenic and erratic fanaticism. In addition, the Metropolitan Socialists, supposed to be part of the regular Opposition left wing, are always doing and saying rotten things. The Tories now, having what they call ‘ PROOF ’ of Parnell’s association with the Phoenix Park murderers, are full of a delight only exceeded by that of the ‘ Liberal Unionists.’ Arnold Forster, one of the bitterest of the latter, repudiates the actual authorship of the articles in ‘ The Times,’ but is undoubtedly a collaborator. On April 16th¹ he wrote to Philip Stanhope, M.P., that they were serious enough to constitute a breach of privilege and challenged him to raise the question. Stanhope retorted that ‘ parliamentary privilege ’ was an empty phrase where Irish M.P.’s were concerned, which is indeed a shameful fact. The whole country is stirred as never before, even in these bitter days. One side is excited over a triumphant disclosure, the other over a foul Unionist conspiracy which uses forgery and false witnesses to ruin the reputations of the representatives from Ireland.”

¹ I am not certain about the actual date.

The Crimes Bill in Committee

Support for Coercion was thus secured by the foulest means.

In May, I say—

“It is a relief to get into Committee on the Crimes Bill, as Courtney,¹ though a Liberal Unionist, is impartial, quick, decided and good-tempered. Peel, with his pomposity and ill-concealed contempt for the Irish, with his reproofs given in a voice vibrating with real, but partisan, indignation, irritates the Opposition, and stimulates aggression on the part of the majority.”

“W. H. Smith has only one speech—it is about his duty. This he makes washing his hands and patting his stomach, but he is successful in having full control of his party. Yet a pack of hounds runs well when it is bristling for blood and views its game. Balfour does pretty well. He tries to provoke and succeeds, and is difficult to provoke himself. Holmes, the Irish Attorney-General, is a very able lawyer.”

During May we fought the Crimes Bill clause by clause. We had all-night sittings, and though denounced for obstruction, we secured many amendments, e.g. I record on the 9th May eight such amendments in respect of the setting up of the

¹ Leonard Courtney was “not a man of my sort at all, being in favour of female suffrage, pedantic and supercilious; nothing of the typical Englishman about him, but some of the blue-stocking woman instead, yet what he did to protect the rights of the minority in this Parliament made me respect him. He seemed to realise the importance of an Opposition when the Conservatives were bent on muzzling it. They disliked him for thwarting them in this, but he believed in our having ‘a say,’ as it was all we could have in the face of a ferocious majority. Besides, it was not even bad policy for a Unionist Chairman, and a temptation, to let extremists on our side make an occasional exhibition of their folly, and I rather sympathise with this, as I am not averse to seeing fools advertise the fact that they are fools.”

Coercion, 1887

“Inquisition” in Ireland, though in my record of this night I give many divisions in which we were defeated, on such amendments as that witnesses before their tribunal should come before it on summons and not under arrest, that they might have Counsel, that they might be examined in the same way as if there was a prisoner charged, that they should not be examined except in reference to offences, that when frivolously arrested, examined and detained they should be compensated. As regards this sitting I say: “I left home at 5 a.m. on the 9th (May), and did not get home to bed until 7 a.m. on the 10th,” and that “W. H. Smith tried to wipe out a great many amendments by a motion that ‘enactment’ stand part of the clause,” but that “Courtney withheld his assent—a snub which gave W. H. S. the appearance of having a bad stomach-ache.” However, a few days later he got his way, and sixteen clauses were added to the Bill without being considered or discussed.

“On May 16th Sir George Trevelyan was our guest at the Eighty Club, and strongly reproved the Liberal Unionists for standing by the Tories and supported the Opposition’s attitude with able arguments. His *volte face* puzzles me, for the problem has always been the same—Home Rule or our rule by force.”

Two days later our then flourishing Liberal “Eighty Club” called a general meeting of its members.

“The Home Rule Members issued a circular five-line whip to determine what was to be the

A Visit to Ireland

Club's attitude towards the Irish Question. Arthur Elliot (L.U.) moved at this meeting that we should quâ Club be neutral, and Bob Reid (L.) (afterwards Lord Loreburn and Lord Chancellor), moved an amendment in favour of the Club declaring itself against the Crimes Bill and in favour of Gladstone's policy for Ireland. Reid's amendment was carried by an overwhelming majority. I have no wish to part company in the Club with the Unionists, but regret their conceit makes them claim that a small minority shall have as much or more say than the majority. I should have preferred a more conciliatory attitude, and would have given them sometimes the choice of the 'guest' to speak at our dinners—and us the chance of hearing their best advocates. They all resigned, and pose as the persecuted respectable section. I am sorry they go, for after all they are only where we all were two years ago. No doubt they are a nuisance, as they are more viciously bitter than our Conservative opponents. Give me every time a Tory, who can speak with civility at least, when he has to meet such social outcasts as ourselves."

At the end of May my brother and I went with my father and a family party to Ireland. My father was a good guide, from going there to fish and from his experiences when helping the starving populations of the West during the Famine in the forties—experiences so awful as to be hardly credible.

"In the train from Chester were Dillon and Holmes, the Irish Attorney-General. I shall never see Holmes without thinking of the speech he gave us night after night in Committee on the Crimes Bill and twenty times a night: 'Mister Spayker,

Coercion, 1887

Sorr, the Government *can*—NOT accept this amendment.’ ”

Being anxious to see how things really were going in Ireland—

“ I went with my brother to call on John Dillon in Great George Street. I did not know that this dismal and earnest politician could be so pleasant as he was in his own home. He was dishevelled, and had on green carpet slippers at midday, but in Ireland it is rather a surprise to see anyone or anything which is not slovenly and untidy. It is a feature everywhere, in offices, business houses, hotels and on railways. I told Dillon I wanted to see both sides, landlords, the constabulary and especially Protestants in Roman Catholic surroundings as well as tenants and evictions. He said, ‘ You will find all anxious to catch the ear of an Englishman, on both sides. We feel we have now to stand or fall by public opinion in England.’ He told us to go and see the Bodyke Evictions, and he gave me a note which would ensure our being given a welcome by the clergy and people in all parts (and we found it so). I called at the Mansion House (to see T. D. Sullivan,¹ the Lord Mayor), where the ‘ green flag ’ was flying. Now, why on earth does not Balfour pull down *that* seditious emblem instead of the houses of the people ! It is *meant* to be seditious.

“ To my father’s alarm, who was aware that we were being ‘ shadowed,’ and who pictured his two sons languishing in Kilmainham Prison, I went to the offices of the ‘ *Suppressed* ’ National League,

¹ The Rt. Hon. T. D. Sullivan was a warm-hearted enthusiastic Nationalist, a journalist and poet. In 1885 he had a majority, in the College Green Division of Dublin, of over 5,000 over a Liberal opponent, and in 1886 he was unopposed.

A Region of Ruined Homes

which should have been shut up by our 'Resolute Arthur Balfour' before shutting up the wretched tenants and the priests, but there they were open to all in O'Connell Street. I found Tim Harrington there (the Secretary of the League). The chief decoration in his room was a fine statuette of the Iron Duke, which made me think a bit. What impressed me was Tim's sense, and quite kindly moderate general views, although he has undergone four sentences of imprisonment. He did six months *solitary confinement*, skilly and plank-bed, for '*intimidating the farmers* in Tipperary by saying if they did not treat their labourers well, he *would advise the latter to combine too*' (awful words!), so *these farmers* elected him as their M.P. while he was in jail for intimidating them! He also gave me letters and papers which would take my brother and me anywhere."

In the Westport district I was impressed with the extreme poverty and with the kindly gentle manners of the people and the extraordinary treeless and barren appearance of the country.

"In no other country but Ireland can be seen so many thousands of roofless and ruined houses. Their eloquence is appalling. These gaunt skeletons of the homes of an exterminated population literally cover the whole country around and far beyond Westport. Here there are three absentee landlords—Lord Sligo, Lord Lucan and Sir R. Palmer—who own about 300,000 acres and on whose estates many thousands of people have been evicted, thousands of houses and whole villages have been 'tumbled,' and the land 'cleared' of its human incumbrance. At this time evictions were proceeding in the cases of tenants who had been paying up to date at the rate of £4 per acre! The

conduct of land-owners in the West of Ireland during the Famine period is beyond belief. I can at last understand Lord Chesterfield's wish that our troops had killed half as many landlords as Whiteboys."

I am not in this volume dealing with the history of Ireland and her land system, but with a critical brief, political period. Yet as the public memory is short I may venture to remind my readers that the tenants did all the improvements, built and maintained their houses, farm buildings and cottages, and were rack-rented on their own improvements. The system was the reverse of the English one. A large proportion of the smaller tenants paid their rents out of earnings, as migratory labourers in England and Scotland, during harvest time or for longer periods ; others sought means to pay their rents by employment as labourers, puddlers, navvies, etc., in English industrial towns. Vast sums for the same purpose were remitted from America by relatives who had emigrated. It is only in recent years that the great annual migration of labourers has fallen off. In Connemara one day, when my brother and I were fishing on a small loch surrounded by absolutely bare and bushless mountains, our boatman said he paid his rent by going to Middlesbrough from time to time and "puddling" at the iron furnaces. I told him we lived near there, and asked him what he thought of England. He replied, " Oi've never seen it at all." I said, " What do you mean ? You cannot travel from Liverpool to Middlesbrough without seeing some of it ! " He replied, " Sure, *how* can ye see it whan it's all covered up with bushes ? "

Ireland in 1887

After a few days at Lenane, where in one cottage we found a whole family at dinner on *a* boiled cabbage and salt, Jack (my brother) and I drove through the Joyce country to Outerard and on to Galway. Here—

“the Fair was on, and we saw the real Paddy in numbers in swallow-tails, breeches and top-hats. We visited Athenry, and part of this journey was made in the very pleasant company of Mr. A. Newton Brady, R.M. (Resident Magistrate), of Outerard House. I told him we were bound for the Bodyke Evictions and wanted to see and hear all we could. He was most kind, and gave us an introduction to Irwin, R.M., who is assisting Colonel Turner and the military in carrying out these wholesale evictions, asking facilities for us. Without this help it is impossible to get through the cordon of troops to see the tenants or anything else.”

As I afterwards wrote a pamphlet “Bodyke,” with the carefully documented full history of this community’s wrongs, which was widely read and made no little stir at the time, there is no need to refer much further to it. I give, however, the following from my diary :

“I never knew that people could be so ground down *by law* as these poor creatures have been. They are intelligent, industrious, clean and kindly, and many of them are well educated. All this was a surprise to me after the squalor and starved populations farther north. I sat in Henry Murphy’s cottage for half an hour nursing one of the eight children about to be thrown out on the road. They were all pretty and charming.”

Coercion, 1887

Later, with liability to arrest and imprisonment—

“ I addressed ten thousand people gathered outside the cordon of troops. They were perfectly orderly, though one cry of ‘ To hell with Balfour ’ (their usual one) might have landed me in ‘ quod ’ and brought bayonets and batons for them. I am convinced that our alliance with their cause will make them turn towards England rather than America for a remedy for their wrongs. . . . Law here wears its most hideous aspect, police-stations and barracks are fortified, loop-holed steel sheets cover the windows, the police are not for public protection but to hammer the people down yet farther. At Miltown Malbay we found a smouldering Civil War. The district had been ‘ subdued ’ by Clifford Lloyd, who sent to prison nearly the whole countryside after the murder of Miss Maroney’s bailiff.”

We stayed at her boycotted, desolate and deserted hotel, “ The Atlantic,” and then visited other districts and Killarney.

I give in my journal an account of a conversation with an American in the hotel at Killarney. It was my first experience, but by no means the last, of what I am afraid many “ Britishers ” regard as the objectionable and impertinent curiosity of our transatlantic cousins. This peculiarity has always interested me, and I have never resented it, as I regard it as a sort of appeal for human sympathy and by no means unfriendly. After all, intention is what matters, and there is no intention to be impudent. We English are, I suppose, to Americans, with our natural reserve, “ standoffness ” and shyness, quite as peculiar, much more

American and English Singularities

unfriendly and almost brutally "safety first" in our attitude to strangers, but all this is superficial, and we are neither unkind nor inhospitable when the ice of our almost Arctic exterior is broken. I once said, when discussing these singularities and insularities with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, that I thought if all the English-speaking races would only pull together we could keep the peace of the world and do much for the happiness of mankind, and he entirely agreed with me, and considered the critical jealousy with which we collectively regarded each other was "pitiable," or some word like this.

To return to Killarney. One day I came into the smoking-room of the Victoria Hotel, and sat down in an easy-chair by the fireside. A gentleman was in another one opposite me, behind a newspaper. As soon as he realised someone else was in the room, he let his paper drop and said, "Staying here, sir?" "Yes, sir," said I, picking up another newspaper. "Are you here on business?" "No. I have just come to see Killarney." "Touring around for pleasure?" "Yes, I suppose so." "What age might you be?" I told him my age. "What is your business?" "I'm interested in various things." "What might your income be?" "Well, it's whatever my father allows me!" Then commenced my examination on my father, *his* business, his income. Having exhausted his questions as to all my family and much else, he went on: "You have, at *your* age, no business to be touring around for pleasure. *I have.*" He then gave me, without any indication from me that I was in the least interested, a detailed history of his life, with the most intimate

account of his family from the time when he was a boy in a "store out West" at \$1 a week up to the time when he had made his pile of some \$200,000 or more, when *he* had a right to be "touring around for pleasure." On relating this conversation to my father, he said, "When I got into the train at Euston to go to Lord Frederick Cavendish's funeral, an American got into the compartment and as soon as we started said to me, "In mourning, sir?" "Yes," I replied. "Funeral?" "Yes." "Near relative?" "No." "Dear friend?" "Not exactly." "Intimate acquaintance?" "Yes." Then after further questions he related his own history and produced photographs of his wife and children to illustrate every detail of his family circumstances.

A cousin of mine, a Mr. Edwin Pease, who was a very reserved and rather inaccessible man except to his familiars, told me that when he was travelling in the Southern States, there was in the car, opposite to him, a man in deep mourning, who produced two tickets out of his waistcoat pocket and said, "I'm varry sad," a remark which he repeated several times without eliciting much response. "You see these two tickets?" My cousin bowed affirmatively. "I'm travelling with two tickets—this one is mine, the other is my wife's; she's in a body-case in the baggage car!" These things astound or amuse us, and yet there are no people who appreciate so much the human touch, your interest in them and in their country, or who lavish more kindness and hospitality in response to any real sympathy that we exhibit or attention we show to them. The really objection-

The Dukedom of York

able American, like the really objectionable Englishman, is easy to tell, and I have met both kinds most frequently on the Continent and at sea. In Africa I have occasionally met Americans who were objectionable, but chiefly because they stank of superfluous wealth and did harm in the way they used it.

On my return to England, Lockwood and I were approached by the Lord Mayor of York and others with a view to our suggesting how the Dukedom of York could be revived. Prince Eddie at this time was quartered in York with his regiment, the 10th Hussars, and it was thought the moment was opportune. I was deputed to see what could be done about it, and was furnished by the promoters of the idea with the history of all the Dukes of York from Edmund Plantagenet to the second son of George II. I saw much difficulty, they saw none. I went straight to Lord Salisbury, and he wrote to me saying it was impossible for him to receive any formal representation from York on such a matter, or to see anyone on it, but made an appointment for me personally.

“I had a very pleasant half-hour with him at his house in Arlington Street. He put me in an easy-chair, pulled up a high chair, which was the reverse, close opposite to me, sat down, and explained to me the great difficulty for him or for anyone else to make any move in the matter. On these family matters the Queen would have no interference whatever, and although he was her first Minister, even he could not introduce such a question, though he sympathised with our desire. Finally, he told me he thought my only chance

Coercion, 1887

was to get at Lady Ely, and then if Her Majesty's mind had been directed to the subject to see whether something would come of it, and if he was consulted he would help us."

Whether my efforts in following his advice bore any fruit, I do not know. If Lady Ely ever did venture to mention it, I do not know, but it would not be much earlier than 1888, and the Queen did not create Prince Eddie Duke of Clarence until 1890 nor Prince George Duke of York until 1892. Perhaps we did more harm than good if it got round to her ears, through Prince Eddie at York or in some way. But the people of York had to wait nearly five years before their wishes were gratified.

The splendour and enthusiasm of the celebrations of the Queen's Jubilee in June (20th and 21st) can never be forgotten by those who witnessed them. I omit my references to them both in London and at York. The night of the London celebrations, after a most wonderful day, I dined with a small party at the Gladstones' at Dollis Hill.

"The G.O.M. was in good form, and had been delighted with the Abbey Service, which we had all attended, and he also went into the beauty of the Queen's Coronation Service. He considers our Coronation Service the most splendid and the most beautiful in existence."

I put down these words of his on getting home :

" 'The lofty language and beauty of expression which exists in the prayer we had in the Jubilee

The Spalding By-election

Service runs throughout the Coronation Service except,' he added, 'where the Revolution introduced that blot about the damnable heresy and blasphemy of the Mass.' He went into the differences between English and Irish Roman Catholics, and gave his own reasons for the want of sympathy between them—one of which was : the constant policy of *every* English Government to use the English Roman Catholics and through them the Pope against the Irish Roman Catholics for political purposes. Even so late as his own Administration of 1880, he had himself made use of this influence, chiefly at the instigation of Lords Granville and Spencer. He spoke very freely about the Jubilee peerages, and alluding to the fact that Sir John St. Aubyn had asked Lord Salisbury 'whether his acceptance of a peerage would entail any obligation to the Conservative Government,' he said (though I saw nothing extraordinary in it) : 'This is a most *extraordinary* question,' and added, 'Of course it must be so.' He went on, 'I remember a similar question from the Duke of Norfolk when I offered him the Garter at a time when he was Liberally inclined ; after mature reflection I replied that I considered it would signify a mutual agreement on general grounds, and he declined it, as I expected.' Wales and her music were the subjects upon which he dwelt the longest, on which I held my peace, knowing little about them, except that I am fed up with 'The March of the Men of Harlech,' which I have heard a thousand times too often."

I was often sent to by-elections by our Whips, being now considered useful on the Irish Question. At the end of June I was sent to the Spalding one, where we gained a seat unexpectedly with our man Stewart against the distinguished Con-

Coercion, 1887

servative, Sir George Tryon, who was beaten by 747 votes.

“*July 2nd.*—Gladstone met all the Liberal Durham and Northumberland M.P.’s at a dinner at my father’s, so I was present. He criticised strongly the prominent ‘Dissentient Liberals’ activities. He spoke very nicely of Hartington’s speeches as ‘manly,’ and setting forth his point of view with intelligence and ability, the ‘only word’ of Hartington’s he took exception to being his application of ‘Separatists’ to us. He dwelt on the paralysis of Parliament in regard to English and Scotch business, due to the Irish one, and to the entire suppression in the House of all discussion of Home Rule in spite of Hartington’s wish that it should be discussed. He reminded us that he and we were ready to consider a separate Legislation for Ulster, and that we had stood ‘against abating *one jot* of the prerogative and supremacy of the Imperial Parliament.’ He exposed the relations between the Conservatives and those whom they *now* termed ‘foreign conspirators,’ and declared that there was now an unbreakable rope of three strands—the Irish Constituency, the Irish Representation and the British support. Lord Spencer also was present, and gloomy John Morley like a funeral mute ; he makes me feel what a mixed lot we are. We could do with a few cheery and energetic souls like Albert Grey (alas ! he is on the other side), and fewer ‘dismal Jimmies’ like Morley, James Stuart, Bryce and Co.”

On the 8th–9th July the Crimes Bill passed the Third Reading by 349 to 262.

“Henceforth every Irishman is at the mercy of the Secret Inquisition. What is legal for every

The Next Step after the Crimes Act

English working man is now illegal for every Irish tenant. The next step is the Land Bill to justify evictions, to escape not from injustice but from the harm done to the party cause and party ascendancy by blazing roofs, deaths on the roadside and the brutalities of the Crow-bar Brigade."

CHAPTER VI

BALFOUR AND IRELAND, 1887

“*July 12th.*—We have reached the Second Reading of the Irish Land Bill sent down from the Lords in a new shape. Balfour said it would give leaseholders the advantage of judicial rents, would check harsh evictions and allow, under certain conditions, even a revision of the judicial rents fixed under Gladstone’s 1881 Land Act.

“Churchill was greeted with Conservative cheers when he rose to speak on the Bill. They expected him to bless it—he cursed it and tore it to shreds, and they did not cheer when he sat down. Harcourt, who is equally at home in denouncing or praising Churchill, was on the latter tack to-night ; he was in fine form ; his sarcasms followed each other in rapid fire, and hit every time, and of course brought up Goschen gasping like a great fish with rage. He referred to Bodyke, because my pamphlet has had an effect in the House, though it is merely one out of a hundred cases ; he said the Bill would put a stop to such evictions as those at Bodyke though he called them and the resistance to them, as he would, ‘political theatricals.’ But then he, and his like, have never seen them, are incapable of understanding a resistance to judicial crime and are for the utmost rigour of an unjust law. Clause 4 of the Bill is, I suppose, the one Goschen looks to for preventing ‘political theatricals’ like Bodyke, and to put out of action his paraffin, battering-ram and Crow-bar brigades. It actually makes a *registered letter* to a tenant an

Counties and Cities Proclaimed

eviction and *ipso facto* he becomes a mere *caretaker* in the house *he* built and on the land he occupies. When such as he are turned out on the hill-side by the landlord with Balfour's help, the landlord *has not evicted or destroyed the dwellings of his tenants!* [This will reduce the statistics of evictions.]

"On the 19th July, Lord Salisbury at a meeting of his party complained that on the Land Bill they had been forced to surrender to the views of Liberal Unionists by 'assenting to the violation of contracts.' Men like T. W. Russell (L.U.) are very valuable assets as stump orators, and Russell has very strong views and genuine convictions on the land question. He has convinced thousands of Nonconformists that the Roman Catholic savages will persecute the Protestants. I know him quite well; he is a quite honest, trembling and venomous eloquent little spit-fire, although he is a rabid teetotaller, and is always boiling over with indignation about everything. He and other Liberal Unionists insist on a revision of the 1881 judicial rents. I smiled at Salisbury's saying he agreed with 'the rest of the Conservatives that it was assenting to the violation of contracts,' but was inevitable (under his '*resolute*' government). Of course the Dancing Dervish (Colonel Saunderson, M.P.) denounced it as too high a price to pay for Liberal-Unionist support, and dared these to desert them. Kilmorey could not reconcile Salisbury's surrender and Goschen's speech, but, said Salisbury, the landlords would be *compensated*.' [? by us for having had far more than tenants could pay or the land was worth.]

"On the 23rd July, to sugar this pill for the landlords a bit more, and to show 'resolution,' 18 counties were proclaimed under the Crimes Act, 12 partly proclaimed, as were also Dublin and 9 other cities."

Balfour and Ireland, 1887

To go back to the 20th July. In spite of the alleged "Parnellism and Crime," we gave a great banquet to Parnell and the Nationalist M.P.'s.

"It astonished the world, and was a great success. Parnell's speech was excellent on the curious methods pursued by the Government and the Lords, on the Land question, and in demonstrating that if only the Lords had acted on the recommendations of their own 'Cowper Commission' the Government would have sought in vain for any excuse for Coercion.

"*July 21st.*—Something in the nature of fisticuffs between Walter Long and Dr. Tanner took place in the Lobby, and gave us some diversion in the House. Dr. Tanner is often a little 'cocked' and Walter Long has the hot temper of his race, and we never got at the exact facts. Some pretty exchanges of language took place, and the Speaker's attention being called to the 'incident,' had to decide between the extraordinarily divergent testimony of Walter Long, Bigwood and Bond on one side and that of Tanner, O'Hea and Wentworth Beaumont on the other. Beaumont, who was just behind me, was very funny. As far as I know it was the first time in thirty-three years that he had addressed the House, and now he had to do this horrid thing, and was called on to give his version. He took Tanner's side and his version as correct, and pointing at Walter Long on the Treasury Bench, alluded to him all the time as 'my honourable relative.' His anxiety, gravity and the care as to what he said on this solemn occasion tickled me; he had no doubt that his 'honourable relative' was the guilty party. Tanner apologised to Walter Long, the Speaker accepted this as sufficient, and the matter ended."

Troubles with a Newspaper

I always remember W. Beaumont being carried away by the enthusiasm of a meeting in 1884 held to protest against the Lords' attitude on the Franchise Bill. He went so far as to say that if the Lords opposed the people he would "*abolish them altogether.*" Then he stopped dead, as he realised the awful nature of this threat. He then leaned over to the reporters below him and said, "*No ! Whub that out.*" He was a friend of my father's. I liked him, and he never pretended to be a brilliant politician, but was a sound Whig. He and Lady Margaret were very hospitable and very popular with our party and with many in the other camp.

On the 23rd July I gave an account of the marvellous Jubilee Review of her fleet by the Queen at Spithead. I was on the *Crocodile*. There were there :

26 armoured *Ships* ; 9 Unarmoured *Ships*. 3 Torpedo Cruisers ; 2 Torpedo Gun-Boats. 38 First-class Torpedo Boats, besides many other vessels—Troop Ships, Training Brigs, etc.

Soon after this, being tired out, I paired with Bethell and went home, but was not to escape political worries. At York "our" Liberal paper the "York Herald" had gone over to the enemy, and Hargrove, the editor, with whom I was on friendly terms, went over with it. I was pressed and over-persuaded to attempt to raise funds to start a new Liberal paper. A most detestable job, but one which I accomplished with much labour. But that was only the beginning of trouble. Often during its brief and stormy existence I wished I had taken Gladstone's advice to me, "Never have anything to do with newspapers in your own constituency."

Balfour and Ireland, 1887

Goadby (formerly on the staff of the "York Herald"), who was loyal to our side, became Editor. Every crank wanted to use the paper for his ends. The paper was controlled by certain of our supporters in York, and came to an end, and Goadby, poor fellow, after all my labour and efforts to put



Charles Sellars over the nom de plume of "Verax" was a constant contributor. Lockwood sent me this sketch of Sellars, an excellent likeness, when our Liberal organ expired.

him in a position to make a reputation, regarded me, of all people, as having ruined his career, after spending a fortune to give him one and losing my seat! Lord Ripon presided over this newspaper business. The majority of the shareholders in the "York Herald" were Liberal Unionists, and at this

Henry Beaumont, M.P.

time, I say, "are now using the Liberal capital against me, including £2,000 my father found to save it from bankruptcy." Later the Liberals were bought out.

In August we were back at Westminster and I busy with a "Miners' Bill." On the 15th August the Unionists were staggered at the result of the Northwich election, Northwich then being regarded as the safe preserve of the Duke of Westminster (L.U.). John Brunner (L.) had beaten Lord H. Grosvenor (L.U.) by a majority of 1,129 votes. "This seemed to affect Chamberlain and his hangers-on more than others, and the Tories think they can do better with Conservative candidates."

On the 25th or 26th of August—

"Balfour had the already 'suppressed' National League proclaimed under the Crimes Act 'which is hailed as a *brave* stroke.' I see nothing brave in declaring that 500,000 of your fellow-subjects are criminals. Each Nationalist M.P. is now a criminal and liable to immediate arrest and six months imprisonment. The Liberal attitude is the brake on extreme persecution. I came up to town to hear Balfour, who gave us twenty-five instances of boycotting and intimidation. I sat on till 4.45 a.m. and killed some time with Henry Beaumont (L.U.) in counting up our division scores. I beat him with 175 to his 116. Henry Beaumont is one of the 'not nasty' Liberal Unionists, and has been in and out of the House since 1865. He has the tolerance of the older men, and is the type of Whig I understand who is not going to change his mind about anything. I am quite at home with this sort : the ones I cannot stand are the vicious types, like Chamberlain and

Balfour and Ireland, 1887

T. W. Russell. Beaumont is known as 'Bumptious B.' in the House, but why I do not know, for he never advertises himself.

"August 26th.—Sir George Trevelyan (now on our side) carried on the debate on the Proclamation



A quotation from Joseph Chamberlain illustrated by Lockwood.

of the National League in a telling speech. Webster followed in a quite clever declamation—very much a claim that all the Government were doing was, what Gladstone and Lord Spencer had done with the Land League. Hartington spoke

Harcourt and Goschen

regretting the Proclamation, and saying that public opinion would not approve of this step, but that he would vote with the Government. It is known that he and Churchill strongly disapprove of it. Lockwood, Henry Beaumont, Ronald Ferguson (Novar) and I dined together at Brooks's, and got back in time to enjoy *Harcourt* pounding away in elephantine style, yet giving now and then a good slash or sharp crack. The Tories were wriggling under it, and laughed loud when he gave them a whack on a tender spot. I usually sit just behind Harcourt, and whenever he lands them one in the wind, he puts his hands behind his back, twists right round facing us, grins, and gives a long low hissing laugh of intense satisfaction. He certainly meets a sympathetic grin on my face, for whatever I think of his 'party' ways in debate, there is nothing I enjoy more than watching Goschen under Harcourt's sjambok—his hippo-like figure goes through clumsy contortions, he turns his head about, works his mouth like a codfish, feels all the buttons up and down his frock-coat, and as soon as our Bill Harcourt has thrown himself down, like a sack of beans, on his seat, up he gets and lets off his collection of Harcourt's inconsistencies and of his own personalities, wresting his opponents' words from their meaning, misrepresenting their aims, and generally what we call in the North 'using a bad tongue.' *Tim Healy* followed in a prudent speech superior to his usual form, which often is marked by spite and wild language. The Government majority was 78."

Soon after this "I travelled North with Jim Lowther" (Rt. Hon. James Lowther, M.P., of Wilton Castle, a friend and neighbour, who was regarded as the chief of the few remaining *real* Tories. He had filled ministerial posts, and had

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been Chief Secretary for Ireland, when M.P. for York : he now represented Thanet).

“ He is very good company. The conversation was chiefly on racing, turf problems and the prize ring. He gave me accounts of the historic battles he had witnessed, dwelling on that between King and Mace; he was interested to hear that I learnt boxing, from the noted Jackson, at Cambridge. He was on his way to a Primrose League Meeting. He damned the Primrose League with many expletives as a ‘ dangerous innovation,’ and referred to Beaconsfield as ‘ that damned Jew, Dizzy.’ ”

In September I have strong comments on the Government’s war on free speech in Ireland and on the killing by the Constabulary (by gun-fire) of spectators at an unproclaimed meeting. Of the session now over, I write :

“ The House has been turned into a bear-garden in spite of ‘ Old Morality’s ’ concern in his oft-repeated speech regarding his custody of the dignity of the House.’ Balfour is a much fairer debater than Goschen, but the attitude of both is brutal. I have a high opinion of Ritchie, though he seems to have had no personal experience of county and local administration ; I imagine Walter Long supplies this defect. David Plunket, Gibson and Sir Henry Holland have been conspicuous on the Ministerial bench, and notably as being gentlemen, and treating others as such. I am a great admirer of David Plunket. I would rather listen to him, though he is an opponent, than to any other person in the House and possibly outside of it. He is very happy in his manner and in speeches and replies. His language is wonderfully chosen yet quite

Lord John Manners in a Post Office

natural, and his voice most pleasing. Gibson I have also a very high opinion of. Webster has great ability too, but he is always 'the lawyer,' and I suspect could argue quite as well the other side of the case. Robertson is clever, but I do not care for his speeches: they are fast and fluent but feverish. There is a very fine array of talent on their front bench."

As a matter of fact, there was a far higher average of talent on theirs than on our front bench. Yet ours in 1887 would be to-day (1931) considered brilliant compared with both modern front benches and all party leaders put together.

Lord John Manners was the veteran on the Ministerial bench, and living up to his name was a pleasure to listen to and to look at. With Gladstone he had made the Conservative pair of M.P.'s who represented Newark in 1841. The two old men now faced each other after many years of official life. Lord John was now Postmaster-General, and favoured the employment of young women in post offices. In London others beside myself had to put up with a good deal of impudence from them, and I was delighted when Lord John one day, when I had a house in Sloane Street, entered our post office, where business was transacted amongst bacon, butter and biscuits, to send off a telegram. The young woman was engaged in a flirtation, and took no notice of him. He waited some time, and then said, "Will you please attend to me?" "Keep your hair on, old man," she called out to him, and went on with her conversation. After some minutes she went to him and said, "Now, old chap, what do you want?"

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He then asked for a telegraph form, and wrote out a message to the Secretary at the General Post Office "to suspend the young woman at the Sloane Street Post Office," signed it, and handed it to her.

In London offices I often had trouble over my name. On one occasion, when asked by the girl to spell my "nyme," and to give my "hinitials," we had a dispute over the "A.'s." I gave my initials as A. E., and she said, "HI, HE?" I said, "No, not I, E.; A, E." She retorted, "I said HI, HE." I admitted she had, but persisted in an A and not a HI for the first letter. But what can you expect when a cousin of mine, present in a London school whilst the teacher was giving her class a spelling lesson, heard her tell her pupils, "L-i-d-y spells lydy" (lady), and "b-idot-t spells bit."

Lord John Manners was at one time the poet of the Young England Party and the author of "England's Trust," by which poem he achieved a certain kind of distinction from the lines:

"Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility."

He admitted in later life these were written when he was a "foolish stripling."

In this parliament there were the brothers William Burdett-Coutts (C.) and Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett (C.). They were born in the U.S.A., and their origin was somewhat of a mystery. The former I knew very well, owing to a common interest in horse-breeding and to his patronising our noted breeds of Cleveland bays and Yorkshire coach-horses. He and his wife, the Baroness

The Clanricarde Estate

Burdett-Coutts, a dear kind old soul, dispensed lavish hospitality at their house in Stratton Street and at Holly Lodge. I was often with them, and whatever scoffers may say about the discrepancy in their ages, he was a most kind and attentive husband to her, and made her life pleasant and easy ; she on her part enjoyed his successes in the pursuit of politics and of other hobbies. He was about thirty years old, and she sixty-seven when they married in 1881. She died in 1906, aged ninety-two, and he in 1921.

I did not know his brother, and never once saw the brothers together. Ashmead-Bartlett was known to the public as "Silomo," and was regarded as rather a donkey. I remember that once, when making his way with other members to the House he was jostled by a roughish customer, to whom he turned and asked, "Do you know *who* you are shoving against?" "Yes," answered the man, "*very well*: the biggest ass in the House of Commons." Insult could go no farther and was paralysing in its effect on "Silomo."

In October evictions continued on a great scale, and I received a letter from a friend of mine, who was a Resident Magistrate, in which he regretted that the Irish leaders and their English friends encouraged resistance to the evictions, and he added :

"We are about to start an eviction campaign on the Clanricarde Estate. . . . I have no sympathy with Clanricarde, he has never done anything for his property or his county in his life. I once stayed with him at — and thought him the most contemptible of men I ever met."

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All I can say to this is, "that if public opinion had not at last been drawn to these incredibly horrible proceedings under the law in this way (resistance) no one would have heard of the hideous business, and nothing would have been done to amend the law. Besides, the natives of any country, civilised or savage, will do something to hold on to the homes they have built and to the only shelter they have for their wives and little ones.

"The Government, under Balfour's guidance, proceeds from violence to violence, ignoring verdicts, suspending magistrates who do not conform to Dublin Castle views, smashing up meetings and imprisoning M.P.'s. Wilfrid Blunt too has been sent to prison for expressing sympathy with Clanricarde's tenants. The Government are employing informers as *agents provocateurs*. The moonlight raid at Lisdoonvarna was got up by one of these vile creatures, when Constable Whelehan was killed." [See p. 201.]

Later in the autumn, referring to the turmoil in Ireland :

"I was on the Grand Jury at York Assizes (in November), when we twenty-three Yorkshire Justices unanimously defied the law. The law is quite clear that where two persons attempt suicide together they are accomplices in murder, yet we threw out the Bill in a clear case, where two girls had attempted suicide together : one of them, who had been seduced, was drowned in a canal, and the other rescued. Fancy our daring to consider whether English law was right or wrong—the road to anarchy ! Our sole duty was to carry out the law according to our oath. Yes, but the whole gang of us will not have *English Law* when at variance with humanity and justice. Yet some of

Lancashire Audiences

these Grand Jurors go away and volubly denounce a poverty-stricken tenantry and their leaders for daring to question the justice and humanity of cruel English laws for the Irish, which have no resemblance to the laws they live under themselves, and which they would not tolerate here for a moment."

Grand Juries in England are useful in normal times, and are competent to maintain a general protection of the community from unjust application of law. In times of civil commotion their functions are of the highest importance. At all times their representations have secured reforms in legislation and administration. It is only those who do not know the history of Grand Juries in relation to English history who belittle their actual and potential value.

About this time the Government gave London a touch of their Irish methods by dispersing by baton charges an orderly meeting in Trafalgar Square which was called to protest against the imprisonment of William O'Brien in a *punishment cell* on *spare diet* and other such incidents of Balfour's rule.

"I went to stay at Gawthorpe in Lancashire with Jim Tompkinson as a fellow-guest—he is High Sheriff of Cheshire"—to address meetings.

"I find these Lancashire audiences extraordinarily different to our Yorkshire ones. Superficially they are enthusiastic but very noisy and frivolous ; no political question seems to be serious to them, it is just an entertainment at which they enjoy cheering and a noise. They will cheer *anything* you say or any name they have heard which

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they think is their colour, or cheer and shout about nothing at all. It is just like a lot of excited Arabs burning powder in a Fantasia."

Jim (James) Tompkinson (L.) was later in the House. He was probably the hardest and maddest rider to hounds in England, and he mounted me on some magnificent performers. He was an enthusiastic and cheerful Radical, and a militant teetotaller, which I think was as well, for what he would have said in the House or done in the hunting field with a "spur in the head" is fearful to think of. He was a real good sort, a kind friend, and finally broke his neck at the age of sixty-nine in the House of Commons Point to Point of 1910. In December I went to Ireland with my brother and J. M. Paulton, M.P.

"December 7th.—I spent this day at the Four Courts in Dublin, listening to Chief Baron Pallas summing up in the case of *Joyce v. Clanricarde*. No more eloquent comment on the Irish Land System than the revelations in this case is possible, yet mark the cruelty of the sentences that had been passed by this same judge on the wretched persecuted and ruined tenants. Clanricarde's own Counsel admitted that *what* the tenants resisted was '*The Devil's Work*.' This case was merely a libel case, in which Clanricarde had to pay £2,500, but the value of the case was the exposure of his inhuman treatment of his tenants and the monstrous sentences passed of 18 months and 12 months hard labour on the evicted tenants for resisting his cruelty.

"The condition of things here is amazing. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., the Lord Mayor of Dublin, has just gone to prison for publishing a report of

The Massereene Evictions

the National League, and many other M.P.'s are in jail and being prosecuted. Sullivan was sentenced as a first-class misdemeanant, but Balfour modified this by having him removed to Tullamore, and put into the tiled common cell. He is over sixty years of age, and was the Editor of 'The Nation.' With all his fervour, he was a gentle and kindly soul whom I often chatted with.

"*December 8th.*—We were present at the Massereene Evictions. Lord Massereene, from what I could learn, was not at all disposed to evict his tenants, and was a poverty-stricken man and a somewhat drunken character. The tenants said, 'Lady Massereene hardened him up to it.' What truth there is in this I cannot say. Philip Stanhope, M.P. (afterwards Lord Weardale), joined us, not a particularly congenial associate, but the local R.M., Keogh, in charge of the operations was very insolent to Stanhope when he very civilly asked where we might stand. He told him to go about his business, and that he would get no protection from him wherever he was. However, Keogh was overruled by the Divisional Magistrate Cullen, who, having very politely snubbed Keogh, told us he wished us to be as courteously treated as we had been courteous in making our request, and that if we remained with the police, we should see everything. At the very first eviction Keogh came up and tried to remove us, but Cullen said to me, '*I am in charge, you need not take any notice of Keogh.*' Keogh's behaviour all day gave me the impression that he was not the right R.M. for this work. In justice to Keogh it must be said that he bore a name held in detestation, that the crowds boo'd him, and he had just passed a tree upon which was hanging by the neck an effigy of his brother, Judge Keogh, whose reputation was as savoury to the Irish as that of Judge Jeffreys is to

Balfour and Ireland, 1887

us. On the breast of this not flattering model of his brother was fastened a placard, inscribed, 'Here the arm of the tyrant was stayed.'"

I give details of the miserable business of turning these families out into the rain, the destruction of their homes and of some feeble resistances. I made a sketch of a very small five-year-old girl, Bridget Daevin, being marched off in the rain at the close of the day's successful operations by the constabulary, the sole trophy of the great force of police and red-coated infantry. When I asked the police *why* this child was arrested and a prisoner, the answer was, "Sure, for *intimidating the Sheriff*." I really hardly could believe my eyes or ears. You have to go to Ireland to get an idea of the extraordinary mentality of everyone. *No one* in the crowds, not one of the police nor a soul among those present, regarded this incident as either ludicrous or pitiable. "The child walked along in her bare feet and shawl in the December rain and cold quite demurely, as if it was part of childhood's existence 'to suffer for Ireland.'"

"*December 9th* (Massereene Evictions).—To our disgust Keogh was in command this day, I suppose because there had been so little resistance to the Sheriff's gang the previous one (always excepting the conduct of little Bridget). Yet had not the people continued to be quietly dispossessed and thrown out, he would have caused bloodshed. However, the constabulary officers put their own interpretations on his wild orders and the evictions were all carried out in an orderly manner. One tenant alone (Cooney) was determined to resist, but I reached his house before the troops, and after

Trial of the Clare Moonlighters

some talk, he said, 'Only resistance and jail will get public notice of these doings, and let the English know of them.' I told him that might be true (and it is), but I promised to see that these evictions, and the injustice of them, were made known (and I did), and Cooney refrained. Keogh caught me talking to Cooney, however, and went mad, and when I asked him, ignoring his rage, if I might stand inside the square of troops, he ordered me out with offensive language. My offence apparently in his eyes was interfering and preventing 'the scrap' which would have enlivened the melancholy and monotonous proceedings of the day, and which had been reserved for the end. Even in Ireland there is no law or even an order from Balfour that you may not speak to an evicted tenant! Still less, that you may not persuade an Irishman not to resist the law.'

We then went on to Wicklow, and attended the trial of the seven Clare moonlighters charged with the affair in which Constable Wheelehan was killed at Ballyvaughan.

"The venue had been changed to Wicklow for trial before a packed jury, and the notorious judge, 'Peter the Packer.'¹ The prisoners were "well set up," fine-looking, tall (six feet or over) young men, and had good records. The raid for which they were indicted had been planned and carried out by an infamous wretch and ex-convict called Cullinan, one of the loathesome creatures known as 'informers' in the pay of the Crown, who are expected to find wares for their trade with Dublin Castle. He accompanied the raiders, and was in the house and arrested with them. Among the terms of

¹ Peter O'Brien, the Lord Chief Justice, was known throughout Ireland by the nickname of "Peter the Packer." He was created a Baronet in 1891 by Lord Salisbury for his services in Ireland.

penal servitude which this tool of Balfour and Co. had served in his horrible career of crime was one for raping a child of five years old, a capital crime in some of our more civilised colonies. This monster was the chief witness for the Crown, and I gazed with curiosity at the vile old grey-bearded brute sitting quietly in the chair on the witness-table coolly giving his evidence and making admissions as to his hideous past, close to me. The dock was hardly large enough for three prisoners, yet they literally forced all seven of these big men into it, and there they were for long hours, an entangled bundle, with some of their arms hanging over the sides of the dock and some round each other's necks, so that you could not tell which limb or even which head belonged to which body in the suffering mass. All day they stood thus, in what was worse than any pillory. The Jury found five of the seven guilty, and they received sentences of ten to seven years penal servitude. I do not say the sentences were too severe for men convicted of moonlighting, but one can hardly conceive of men being convicted in England for a crime *planned by* and *participated in* by a Crown agent.

"The ways of an Irish Assize Court are very strange. It is all like a nightmare. If you really reflect on the question of moral guilt and the ultimate responsibility for this crime, you are bound to conclude that Justice would pack certain landlords with Balfour into that box (dock) and award them equal punishment with those who are made criminals by their system, their cruelties and by their beastly tools."

The following Sunday we went with Father Dillon from Arklow to the scene of the late Coolgrany Evictions, and our experience there will be for the present the last of those I have selected

The Murder of John Kinsella

from my journals illustrating the Balfour régime in Ireland.

1887

“ We saw some of seventy-three tenants who had been evicted, and then went on to Creogh Kinsella, and to the farm at which John Kinsella, the tenant, had been murdered by one Freeman and a gang of twenty ‘ Emergency Men ’ sent by the Landlords’ Defence League to raid his cattle. This case I went into very thoroughly. The amount of resistance to the seizure of cattle was this : that John Kinsella stood against the end of the gate into his farm-yard, with Owen Kinsella and Peter Maher behind him, with Lizzie Kinsella standing farther behind again and some children. The gate, a light-iron one, was shut. The Coroner’s verdict was one of murder against Freeman. Six witnesses were positive that Freeman, without any provocation other than that the gate was shut and Kinsella standing at it, fired the first shot, and other witnesses swore that John Kinsella fell to the first shot, that McCabe fired the second, and that then the Emergency Men fired two volleys into the other men, women and children in the yard, all of which, like Kinsella, were unarmed, and had given no provocation. I counted myself fifteen bullet marks on the buildings beyond the gate. The police prosecuted these ruffians, and so far it is a simple and extraordinarily straightforward *prima facie* case of murder. Now begins what is to me the interesting side of it as an illustration of the ‘ same justice ’ for Irish and English subjects. When this case came before the Grand Jury at the Assizes, the Foreman of which was the notorious evictor and rack-renter Colonel Tottenham, the Bill *was thrown out*, and the murderers of Kinsella were never brought to trial.”

Balfour and Ireland, 1887

On returning to England, I used this case in my speeches, and at a meeting at Darlington on the 20th December went into it in detail. On the 3rd January, 1888, I received a notice from the Irish Landlords' League Solicitors, Barlee and Greear, that I should be prosecuted for libel or criminal libel for this speech unless I apologised for it publicly and in the Press in terms which they dictated. I took legal advice as to whether the case would be heard at the Durham or York Assizes, but I found my lawyers such bitter partisans and so keen to see a "Home Ruler" floored that their advice was to comply at once, no matter what the merits of my case were, which I had explained to them. So, telling my solicitors I should do no such thing and would conduct my own defence—

"I wrote to Messrs. Barlee and Greear that I would substantiate every word of my charges, that they were spoken in the public interest, and that I longed for the opportunity of exposing the Grand Jury and the Landlords' Defence Association before an English tribunal. They decided to leave me alone. The landlords in Ireland, good and bad, hang together, and, regarding the situation as one of civil war between owners and tenants, are lawless and ruffianly and, like the moonlighters, stick at nothing, as in this instance.

"It is no surprise to me that the Crown (i.e. Balfour) employs *agents provocateurs* of the type of Cullinan, and backs them up by manipulating the forms of justice and appointing men like — and —, who know that the more insolent and brutal they are the better Balfour will be pleased."

Difficulty of presenting the Irish Case

The difficulty of explaining one's attitude towards Coercion and the alternative policy to English audiences was very great. The ignorance of the English public of Irish history and Irish conditions, combined with the fanaticism of the Nonconformists who really thought the Irish struggle was one between Roman Catholic savages and martyred Protestants and meek and mild Orangemen, made the advocacy of applying an English standard of justice to the problem very difficult. You could not get the most elementary facts into their heads as regards the vital differences between the Irish and English land-systems and land-laws ; that the Irish tenants did all the building and improvements, and were rack-rented on these ; that for the larger proportion of the whole population the land was the sole source of livelihood, and that in thousands of cases no economic rent was produced but was paid from America and elsewhere, and that this Irish population lived with eviction and the confiscation of all they had staring them in the face. Whatever you said, as they knew nothing themselves, they thought you were stuffing them for party ends. It was easy for the Unionists to placard England as they did with a picture of a poverty-stricken Irish tenant in his cottage being murdered *for paying his rent*, but we could give no picture of 100,000 roofless homes or of even 50,000 homeless families thrown out on the hill-side or of deaths, starvation and exile.

The following extract from one of my notes illustrates the different views men had of past tyrannies and of their own :

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“Canon Atkinson, in his Introduction to volume v (published 1887) of our ‘North Riding Quarter Sessions Records,’ commenting on Henry and James Russell and Rob. Blacker of Whitby being fined 1s. 8d. each at Malton ‘for drinking the health of King Charles II’ (January 1650/1), says: ‘We find it passing hard to conceive a régime whereunder a man could not drink the King’s health without exposing himself to the pains and penalties of a rigorous Act.’ ‘We’ find it nothing of the sort, for under Balfour & Co. a man in September and October this year got *six weeks imprisonment* for giving ‘three cheers for Mr. Gladstone,’ an editor got three months hard labour for publishing John Redmond’s, M.P., speech, and dozens go to jail for shouting ‘God Save Ireland’ or other ‘crimes’ of the sort. It is simply cant and hypocrisy to condemn the intolerance of the days of Cromwell with far worse instances of it, of daily occurrence, in our time. The very persons who denounce the former intolerance and persecutions are the instigators of even greater and less excusable tyranny and persecution.”

CHAPTER VII

1888 AND 1889

BALFOUR AND IRELAND—ENGLISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT

IN my record of January I have an inventory of the contents of "Balfour's Bastille" at Tullamore. It includes such items as the following M.P.'s: William O'Brien, T. D. Sullivan, Sheehy, Condon, Hayden, Lane (removed to Cork Jail), Hooper (present prison unknown), and Wilfrid Blunt in Galway Prison. I add: "Warrants are out for the arrests of other M.P.'s—Pyne, Cox, Dillon, Gilhooly and Tanner, with Blane already arrested but not yet sentenced." In February, among many entries which remind me of those days, is this one:

"Pyne, M.P., was seized this morning, and on the rising of the House Gilhooly, M.P., I witnessed this bit of senseless brutality.

"While Irish judges were complaining that Law had ceased to run in Ireland except the law of the National League, Balfour, with the audacity which endears him to his party, declared, '*The National League is a thing of the past.*' As soon as ever he had said this very foolish thing, there were great meetings of the National League arranged in his pet and most rigorously suppressed districts, such as Ennis, Miltown Malbay, Loughrea, Macroom, etc., whereupon he sent down great bodies of constabulary, with Dragoons and Hussars.

Balfour and Ireland

“ I am much disappointed with Colonel Turner, who previously I found doing what he had to do with restraint and patience, ordering the Hussars to cut down and sabre a crowd of orderly and defenceless people in an *enclosed yard* at Ennis from which there was no escape. I was amused at some Tories squealing over this, just because a Tory reporter of the ‘ Irish Times,’ who had gone into the yard to report on the fun for the delectation of his party, got bashed about by the Hussars and had his *little finger sliced off* ! A letter from a Corporal *Christian* (note his name), of the 3rd Hussars, got into the newspapers, in which he wrote thus : ‘ We had a fair go in. We had orders to cut down anyone who attempted to escape. We made seventy-five arrests ; nearly all of them had their heads laid open, one man had his ear cut off and several their fingers cut off. . . . Some of the people went down on their knees to us, but we showed them no mercy.’

“ In Donegal Father — has been arrested, not without the aid of Dragoons and Infantry. His crime is that by organising the Plan of Campaign he induced (Balfour would say intimidated) Captain Hill to reinstate his evicted tenants and to reduce their rents—this wretched population being left out on the bare hill-side and winter begun. Balfour is really a shoddy Cromwell, and moreover an ass to think he can suppress either the National League, the Plan of Campaign, the Press or public opinion. On every hand he is fomenting the spirit of rebellion and corrupting his instruments.

“ One of the Government’s disappointments is that the Pope’s Rescript fell flat in Ireland (I suppose the English Roman Catholics got this for them). No more eloquent evidence of the straits to which Balfour is reduced is this roping in of the Pope. That such devout Roman Catholics as the

The Ayr Burghs Bye-election

Irish decline to take their politics from Rome is proof that the League cannot be suppressed by these means either."

A little later the Government introduced their Local Government Bills for England and Scotland.

"We were astonished at their Radical character. The Irish Question has forced them to abandon all consideration of Conservatism in order to collect all the force they can in Great Britain against Gladstone."

On the 12th April, 1888, Sir William Harcourt addressed a great meeting in York dealing with this democratic measure and the astonishing support given by Lord Salisbury to the Conservative plan for "dis-establishing the Squires."

In June I was sent by our Whips to the Ayr Burghs by-election, on the death of the Liberal-Unionist Member Campbell (formerly Captain in the 8th Madras Cavalry, born 1832). He was a very wealthy and generous man; his very want of political ability and of any facility in expressing his views had made him a sort of curious pet with his constituents. A man called Phillips wrote his speeches for him, and to amuse the people interspersed them with jokes and absurd remarks which often convulsed the audiences. At the largest meeting of all which Campbell addressed at the previous election, after reading out a good point, he went on and bellowed out, "Here, blow your nose and drink a glass of water" (Phillips's instructions in brackets), and elicited roars of laughter. The man I had to speak for was to me a bit of a curiosity too. As far as I could make out he was

Balfour and Ireland

10 April 88.

2. PAPER BUILDINGS,
TEMPLE.

Dear Mr.

Bill Arcont with
step with us at the
Station Hotel



Dawning of
Gladstone.

I hope it does
snare.

an ex-pastor or minister of some kind, and a re-claimed boozier, but a very good speaker, which counts in Scotland. We got him in by 63 votes!

This season my diaries are full of the progress

York and the Local Government Bill

of the Government's great local government measures and allusions to the many points raised during their passage. Reviewing these after more than forty years' close experience myself in the working of the Act, which set up the County Councils and revolutionised local government and the educational system, I find I was often mistaken in my views on details of the measure. I believe it to have been one of the best-conceived and best-drawn Acts during my thirteen years in the House. Ritchie and very able lawyers made a good job of it, and though the measure was not beloved by their party, the Unionists were comforted by its distracting the English public's attention from the appalling mess in Ireland.

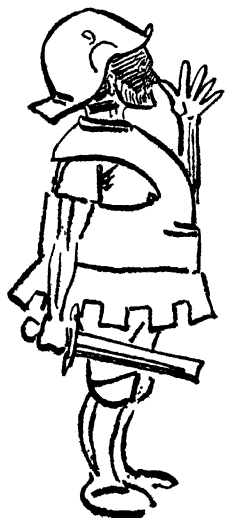
This radical change, which set up County parliaments, was the beginning of an era of extravagant local expenditure, stimulated by a system of grants given on the principle that the more the Councils spent out of the rates the more they would receive out of the taxes ; and the Councils, once committed to a huge expenditure, could not oppose the further spending of money on every new purpose Government and Parliament forced on them without risking the loss of the grants. I think the only achievement I can boast of was persuading Ritchie to give up his proposal to deprive York City of its status as a County Borough. At one moment I thought my efforts would fail, for the Lord Mayor (Joseph Terry) and Aldermen came up to London, where I entertained them and secured for them an interview with Ritchie, and insisted on giving the Minister a history of York from the time of the Emperor Severus. Frank Lockwood drew a pic-

Balfour and Ireland

ture of the Lord Mayor in the rôle of Severus addressing Mr. Ritchie.

But the attention of the public was suddenly brought back to Ireland and the country all aflame again over "The Times" and Parnellism and

*Ye Lord Mayor of ye Countie
of ye Cytie of Yorke
appeareth before
Master Ritchie*



*in
ye character
of ye
Emperour
Severus
~~and~~
he setteth
him
at
naught*

Crime. This conflagration broke out, as I record it—

“as the result of the Attorney-General’s (Webster) vile accusations against Parnell in the case of O’Donnell *v.* Walter. Webster, protected by the

Lord Rosebery and his Guests

privilege of Counsel, could not be brought to account. Parnell consulted my colleague, Frank Lockwood, Q.C., who strongly advised him not to trust his reputation to a London jury of Cockney tradesmen and City cads before some partisan Judge like Stephens,¹ so Parnell *again* challenged the Government to give him an Inquiry, which so far they had funkcd. Now they have given way, and there is to be a Commission of Judges. No doubt the issue will be made so wide that plenty of mud can be thrown, with the hope that some of it will stick, but I hope and expect that Parnell will accept it. I think O'Donnell brought his case, anticipating that 'The Times' and Crown officers would make false charges, and they have certainly availed themselves of the opportunity.

"*July 20th.*—I dined with Lord Rosebery; Aberdare, Justin McCarthy and Lord Leigh were there. I enjoy these occasions, as Rosebery is such a good host and extracts from his guests opinions, anecdotes and reminiscences as well as contributing his own, which are the most interesting of all. He is always very curious to find out *why* anyone's opinion on a subject differs from his own, and compels you to produce your reasons, good or bad. When you have given a poor reason, he just looks at you. There are not a few questions on which his judgment is held in suspense; when it is definite it is very sound. I was seated next Lord Leigh, a dear old man and a good Liberal. The same night in

¹ I reproduce this language, as it shows the temper we were all in and the difficulty, which was real, of finding any persons whatever who could be trusted to deal with any Irish question in a judicial spirit. It was the worst feature in this Irish business, that *every* man, *whoever* he was, from the Judges to the man in the street, was a bitter partisan on one side or the other. It is the only period I have ever known when confidence in the English judiciary was impaired. One side did not trust even the Judges, and the other thought they had them on their side and that they would see that they were not damaged.

Balfour and Ireland

the House Conybeare was suspended, on the motion of Lord R. Churchill, for saying, the previous evening, that the conduct of the Government and of *the Speaker* was a 'gross public scandal.' Of course, that cannot be allowed."

All the same, my journal expresses strong condemnation of the Speaker's treatment of Parnell, "treating him like a dog," on the 16th July, and I refer to the 19th thus: "Extraordinary conduct of the Speaker on the River Bann Drainage Bill," without saying why it was extraordinary.

July 21st.—I give an account of the sensation caused by the death of John Mandeville in prison:

"He was a much respected and honourable Irish gentleman, thrown not only into jail for the crime of saving the Kingston tenantry from eviction, having known that if they held on that a reprieve was coming for them in three days, but that when very ill with 'prison throat' and diarrhoea he was put on punishment diet of bread and water for forty-eight hours, and it killed him. All this came out at the inquest, and to add to the tragedy the Prison Surgeon committed suicide rather than give his evidence. The whole thing is a bit of savagery to please the ascendancy party, whose desire for vengeance is red-hot when any of their own class and a gentleman espouses the cause of their victims."

In October I first became acquainted with W. H. Smith ("Old Morality") in private life. He was staying as my father's guest for the opening of the Tees Breakwater on the 25th. He was a pleasant and easy guest to entertain. I describe him as

“ The Parnell of Wales ”

“ homely and business-like,” and certainly “ not by nature a violent partisan.”

“ Since he called the Liberal and Irish M.P.’s ‘ a pack of thorough-paced liars, moonlighters (!) and devils,’ we call him ‘ Old Scurrility.’ Anyway, he associated himself in quite a friendly way with two of this ‘ pack.’ ‘ If it is true that he was once pilled for the Reform Club and was immediately invited to put up for the Carlton, the sagacity of his present party and the strength of his political principles can be equally appreciated.’ ”

At the request of Pierce Mahoney, M.P., one of my friends among the Parnellites, and very much against my inclination, I agreed to go again to Ireland at the end of October. He said he believed I could prevent some very cruel evictions at Glensharrold, and as he was just going to jail himself for taking sides with these tenants I felt it my duty to go. My brother again agreed to come with me, and on reaching Ireland T. E. Ellis, M.P., joined us. Farther on will be a further reference to our time in Ireland.

T. E. Ellis was a young Welsh Nonconformist Radical who did well at Oxford.

“ He is a pleasant and cheerful man, and according to ‘ the Welsh ’ about to blossom out as ‘ the Parnell of Wales,’ why or what for he should do this, I don’t know. He talks better Welsh (or is it Welch ?) than Queen’s English, and made all his speeches during his election campaign in this language. As far as I can understand the fantastic mentality of a real Welshman, I should say his was a very nice and bright sample.”

Balfour and Ireland

He became the Chief Liberal Whip 1894-1895, and then died when about forty years old, and at a moment when his political future seemed to be assured.

The Liberal Whips during the period I am dealing with were Arnold Morley, who was business-like, stiff and steady, but without the genial nature and knowledge of the political and social world which distinguished his two lieutenants, Edward Marjoribanks (afterwards Lord Tweedmouth) and Cyril Flower (afterwards created Lord Battersea). These two were ideal Whips, always on the spot, and for both of them I always had affection and respect. I gave both of them trouble at times by voting "wrong," but only once roused Marjoribanks's wrath when I was the sole Liberal voting against payment of members in the Conservative Lobby; he rushed after me and tried by main force to drag me out, and only relinquished the struggle when he was on the point of being shut in with me. With both of these I enjoyed many a pleasant time in the country, hunting or stalking, as well as in town. The other Liberal Whips at this time were the Hon. G. Robert Spencer (Earl Spencer's stepbrother and successor), George Leveson-Gower in 1885 (a nephew of Earl Granville's), who was followed by Mr. McArthur. During this stormy period the Conservative Party was splendidly served by its Chief Whips, Akers Douglas and Walrond, who were universally liked and respected.

To return to Ireland. On the 31st October we were at Navan, where—

"we were met by the 'suppressed' National League (Balfour's 'thing of the past'), with the Emmett band in bright emerald uniform. Sixty of the

Experiences at Navan

R.I. Constabulary attended with thirty rounds each of ball cartridge to mark the importance of our arrival. Ellis and I were presented with addresses from the Town Commissioners and the National League. In mine I was thanked for the 'great services you have rendered to our country both inside and outside Parliament,' and welcomed as a representative from Yorkshire, which had stood almost solid for Gladstone's Irish policy. By 2 p.m. thousands of orderly and respectable people gathered together in the main square for us to address them; the police withdrew out of sight when a promise had been given that every facility would be given to the Dublin Castle 'note-takers' to report our speeches. Unless the Constabulary have orders to smash up these meetings on Balfour's plan it is safe to say they are always orderly. In all my experiences of the Constabulary I never saw them behave in anything but an exemplary way or exceed orders. If they get orders to break up a meeting, of course they have got to do it.

I was much impressed with the numerous branch processions of the League which arrived, and even more by the numerous 'Gaelic Athletic Associations' present which Balfour's policy has called into existence, and which is an ominous sign—each was headed by a band. This vast organisation now numbers 200,000 men, and is with reason causing Dublin Castle and our plaster-of-Paris Cromwell much uneasiness. It is all very well to send a wire from Whitehall to Dublin, 'Do not hesitate to shoot,' but Cromwell came and did the job himself, and Balfour has a bigger task, and is not yet any forrarder. If he fails, this is the nucleus of a *rebel army*, anyone can see that, and it can be armed and officered from America. That is, if I know them, quite enough to frighten the Conservatives into surrender. Ellis and I made speeches which kept

Balfour and Ireland

the note-takers busy. I heard one seditious cry only during the day, when an ancient dame in the crowd waved a withered hand and shouted, ' Ah ! that every man in Navan had a poike [pike] in the hand this day ! '—memories of '48 or perhaps of 1798 working in her old head. I think the note-takers missed this, or Ellis and I might have found ourselves setting out for some place with gyves upon our wrists."

Thence early in November we went to Ardagh (co. Limerick), where on the Glensharrold Estate I went thoroughly into the whole history of the Delmege property and the details of each tenant's case. I collected the rent-receipts and promissory notes of the tenants, and was able to document everything I published in my pamphlet "Glen-sharrold," which created nearly as much sensation as the Bodyke one, and prevented the total clearance of about 2,000 densely populated acres—there were fifty-two families on this, mostly wild, barren bog-land. These were most wretchedly poor people living in terror of Delmege's "bog-ranger" and process servers. I gave all details with regard to forty-seven tenants in my pamphlet, and of the hideous treatment under which they had been bled white, and were about to be thrown out on the hill-side. Having completed my task, I had a pleasanter time at Kilmorna, the residence of the imprisoned Pierce Mahoney, where I was hospitably entertained by two old Misses Galway and Mahoney's little boys. Pierce Mahoney had a noted herd of Kerry cattle, and bred a few hunters and is still living (1931), and has for many years past been The O'Mahoney.

The First County Council Elections

The Government now turned to the problems of how to get rid of the Irish landlords, getting weary of battering down their tenants' houses, and we spent a tiring autumn session in a confusion of business in extending Land Purchase and with belated estimates. I pass all this over here, and give only this remark :

“ *December 9th.*—Never had an Administration such opportunities. To the chief Government measures there has been no serious opposition ; in the case of the principal one, the great Local Government Act, they have had our help. They have had the Closure and made free use of it ; they have broken, amended and altered the Rules of Procedure to suit their party purposes ; they have had a faithful (or servile) majority always at their call, and worst of all have set a dangerous precedent by taking every private member's night, and yet here we are on the 9th of December and have not reached even the most important Estimates for the Army, Navy, Colonial, Diplomatic, Slave Trade and Irish Votes.”

To turn to the country for a moment. In this December the first County Council elections were in full swing, and I was returned to the North Riding County Council in January 1889. At our first meeting we elected the Hon. John Dundas as our first Chairman. It now seems to me rather remarkable that 74 persons were nominated for 22 Aldermanic Seats, and of the 22 elected only 2 were County Councillors—George Lascelles headed the poll for the Aldermen.

Here is one other entry in December 1888, when I took part in the Stockton-on-Tees by-

Balfour and Ireland

election, caused by the resignation of Mr. Joseph Dodds (L.) :

“ Sir Horace Davey, Q.C., is the Liberal candidate. The Conservatives are confident that they can carry Wrightson, who is a strong local candidate. Davey is a dry stick and a very poor candidate, though he brings with him a great reputation in his profession. If he can poll 3,900 votes he should win. Jim Lowther has helped Davey with the Irish vote (of considerable importance) by saying ‘ Lord Salisbury had compared the Irish to Hottentots, which he thought very rough on the Hottentots ’ ; this is quite a useful remark from an ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland.”

When the poll was declared, the result was—

Davey	3,889
Wrightson	3,494

“ Jim Lowther declared they ‘ had been beaten by Fenians and Welchers,’ which reminds me that once this session, when I was about the only Liberal in the Conservative Division Lobby, I heard one Conservative ask another, ‘ Are there any of the *murderers* in here ? ’ and another Tory, whom I knew, pointing at me with a grin said, ‘ Yes, *there’s* one.’ ”

Though I omit practically all references to other affairs than the Irish struggle, the following one to Egypt may remind the reader that there were other exciting struggles proceeding besides the political ones :

“ On December 20th our forces won a victory under General Grenfell at Suakim. The battle opened with a bombardment of the enemy’s trenches by H.M.S. *Racer*. Our assault was met

Some Thirty M.P.'s in Jail

with great bravery, and the enemy lost about 1,000 men. Our Black Battalion stormed the position with great gallantry, and of our regiments were the most punished, losing 40 men killed and wounded."

1889

On the 2nd of January I attended the last Quarter Sessions (Epiphany) and its Committees for the transaction of the civil business of the North Riding, "henceforth to pass from our careful and economical administration to the County Council." This is mentioned, as it marks a great and revolutionary change in the system of local government. It seems to be the fate of Conservative administrations, since the days of Disraeli at least, in attempts to stave off the most urgent and inevitable changes, to carry great Liberal and Radical measures. As soon as this great measure of local government was done with, which had distracted the attention of the English electors in 1888, Ireland leapt to the front again. In February the death of my friend, R. S. Menzies (L.), caused a by-election in East Perthshire. During this contest a young English barrister, whom I knew, T. M. Carew, M.P. for North Kildare and a Parnellite, who was working for the Liberal candidate, was arrested and sent to join the other Irish M.P.'s in jail. This, instead of injuring the Liberal cause in Perthshire, enabled Sir J. Kinloch (L.) to hold the seat with a great majority. "As fast as we win seats Balfour gets the Opposition M.P.'s into prison." At one time I note that he has more than one-fourth of the representatives of Ireland under lock and key.

Balfour and Ireland

“*February 21st.*—Parliament met, and the Speaker informed us of the letters he had received from Balfour’s ‘Little Jeffries,’ Roche, R.M., & Co., containing particulars of the sentences passed on members of the House. I give a list of thirty such sentences of imprisonment. Carew had got four months, Edmund Harrington six months hard labour for a report in his paper, ‘The Kerry Sentinel,’ of a National League Meeting, William O’Brien six months hard labour, etc.”

I again introduced my Slave Trade Consolidation Bill, but it was blocked by Conservatives and others, and after many efforts I had to drop it.

This month I note that—

“Pigott, the best of ‘The Times’ witnesses, has been got into the witness-box ; on him the Unionist hopes are set, the rumour being that his evidence will be conclusive, at least against Parnell. We are now on the edge of a discovery of the TRUTH, in spite of all the resources of the Government and of their three Tory Judges. I firmly believe that an infamous and cruel plot to assassinate morally and ruin the Irish leaders will be exposed.”

Frank Lockwood, engaged in the defence, kept me posted up as to what was doing and known on his side of the case. My diaries are full of references to Balfour’s audacious and mendacious assertions and meanness. Few men are without both good and evil in their qualities, and though in his later life another kind of Balfour appeared which was a contrast to the Balfour engaged in a senseless, futile and brutal attempt to crush out national sentiment and opposition in Ireland, I do not in my old age condemn anything I say of him in my youth.

Balfour sanctions Spiked Battering-rams

“It is bad enough to have a system aimed at crushing out public opinion in Ireland and conducting government as if it existed for its own glorification and not for the happiness of those subjected to the Chief Secretary’s will, but worse to have a Minister totally devoid of sympathy with the majority of those he rules holding suspending and dispensing powers. Yet so accustomed are the English to the everlasting Irish story and so far removed are they from the scenes of misgovernment that even now they would not have been roused but for the exhibition by Balfour of *the spirit* in which he works the Coercion Act.”

My journals abound in incidents of which I had been an eye-witness, and in evidences of this spirit.

“People are thrown into jail for doing what would here be considered their duty to do, and hundreds of wretched families are swept off miles of country, while Balfour admits having ordered battering-rams in order to get the houses destroyed in less time than by the usual Crow-bar brigade, the stone-throwing gangs and petroleum gangs of Emergency-men and the other accessories of the ‘law and loyalty’ party.”

Later (on the 8th April) :

“Balfour, in answer to a question of John Morley’s as to whether ‘an iron-hooped, spiked battering-ram along with chains, ropes, shod-poles, crow-bars, etc,’ sent to Letterkenny ‘had been ordered and sanctioned by him?’ replied with his usual leer in the affirmative, and that they were desirable for the *defence* or *protection* of *the police*!! As if battering-rams could be of any use for any other purpose than battering down houses or in any way for protecting police. He had already

Balfour and Ireland

said that the police were merely used to protect the bailiffs and Emergency-men. I never knew a single case of the tenants resisting the police, but there were many when they resisted the landlords' brigade. The police in Ireland can jolly well protect themselves; a military force armed to the teeth is usually a match for a few poor men in their shirts. What would English or Scotch people think of a Minister here who furnished landlords at the taxpayers' expense with battering-rams to demolish the houses from which tenants had been evicted?

"*February 25th.*—Morley made a good speech in moving an Amendment to the Address, which declared the Irish administration to be 'harsh, oppressive and unjust.' "

On the 26th February, after recording the flight of Pigott, I say: "Popular indignation is rising against the infamous conspiracy, in which both 'The Times' and the Government are wrapped up"; and on the 2nd March I record that "the wretch Pigott has committed suicide in Madrid." During the debate on the Address on the 28th February, I witnessed a curious scene.

"O'Hanlon (P.), who was sitting on a back bench, made some remark to T. W. Russell (L.U.), who was sitting in front of him, which I did not catch. Russell turned round and said, 'I have nothing to do with Pigott!' whereupon Sir Henry Havelock-Allan (L.U.), who was wandering about the back benches on our side on the war-path, deliberately barged into O'Hanlon and threw himself on the top of him. O'Hanlon appealed to the Speaker, and H. J. Wilson (L.) corroborated O'Hanlon's statement. Sir Henry said he noticed O'Hanlon's irregular remark, but had 'not the

Dr. Tanner's Feat

slightest intention of touching him'!!! The Speaker ordered him to apologise. Sir Henry is clever enough to make even an apology offensive, and did so on this occasion. Later he selected me for some blasphemous and obscene insults, and dogged me to the Library and back again; amongst his pretty threats was one 'to do me in on my doorstep, where he would be at 2 a.m., when he would cut my —— liver out.' I told him I should report him to the Speaker for a nuisance, and I did, but asked him to speak to Sir Henry privately; he did this at the Chair, and Sir Henry returned to me and with profuse apologies begged my forgiveness and added, 'You see, Pease, it was because I was in *great pain* from pinching my finger in shutting a window yesterday!' I will say this for him, that he was almost as much tickled as I was with his excuse (and we laughed together, sitting side by side not far from the Speaker, who seemed puzzled by the reconciliation)."

The next day the division took place, and I voted with Morley—

'after listening to Gladstone, Goschen (whose tone and gestures were those of a tyrant at a two-penny theatre), Asquith, Matthews and Parnell. Matthews's was the usual mountebank performance. We were beaten 339 to 260.'

During this debate there was an astonishing incident.

"Ever since Dr. Tanner made a speech on the 17th October last year he has been 'wanted' on a warrant for his arrest. He boasted then that he would speak all over Ireland and present himself in Parliament the following year without the

Balfour and Ireland

warrant being served, and he did this, and to the great delight of the Irish Party and in a scene of great excitement and amazement he marched straight up the House and took his seat this day. It was not until he reached his hotel at night that he was arrested. A crowd of M.P.'s and others kept round him until he got to the Westminster Palace Hotel, where he accepted service of the warrant by Sergeant Screney, and was led away in custody."

I have a letter of Tanner's to Frank Lockwood smuggled out of prison in which his chief complaint is that he has been ill "from over-eating," and that "the prison *chef* is not *cordon bleu*."

In March there were great protest meetings in the country, and debates in Parliament about Balfour's treatment of his political victims in prisons, and our stucco Cromwell was induced to give up some of his more brutal methods, though he had been very "resolute" in such matters as having William O'Brien, M.P., shaved, his beard clipped off, and forced into convict garb.

"When O'Brien objected to this, Balfour said he was a 'monomaniac' on the subject, and that he himself, if he came into collision with the law, would not object to this treatment at all. My word! if he was treated similarly he would be a beautiful Clara."

(Clara was one of the names Balfour went by, due, I suppose, to the effeminacy of his face and attitudes.)

Another subject aired was the pressure put on and inducements offered to convicts on behalf of the Government by officials in order to procure

The Attorney-General and Parnell

witnesses for "The Times" against Parnell. Before the end of March W. H. Smith was again in such a mess and muddle with his business that he proposed to take away Private Members' nights (a strong step in those days), take the whole time of the House, and to suspend his new twelve-o'clock rule. "Goschen and others, in long-winded speeches, discussed for hours the question whether time had been or had not been wasted!" On the 19th March "we sat until 4.10 a.m. on this useful question." At question time—

"Matthews (Home Secretary) had to admit that *Pigott* had been given an interview with the convict Daly, a dynamitard, and the following day more was extorted from Balfour and Matthews about Daly and Pigott, Anderson and the spy, Le Caron, etc.

"*March 22nd.*—We had a hot debate on the Attorney-General's (Webster) salary, on such points as: Webster's promises to prove the genuineness of the letters, now admitted to be forgeries; his knowledge that Pigott was a discreditable witness; his attempt to get all his 'expert witnesses' as to hand-writing into the box first; and having allowed his clients to continue during the Inquiry to disseminate libels and forgeries."

Among the pictures which are left on my memory is one of Parnell standing with a fixed look on the now-exposed libellers on the front bench, and challenging *any* member to follow Lord Salisbury's lead—to signify by voice—by a word—by a gesture—by a nod of his head—that he believed in the genuineness of a single one of the letters which they had produced to defame Irish Members.

Balfour and Ireland

“ Not a soul stirred while he stood quietly waiting to detect a sound or a movement. I voted in the minority as a protest against the Attorney-General’s conduct of this case (286 to 206), and was astounded at the Liberal Lawyers absenting themselves from the division after all they had said and with their private opinions of this conduct, putting their profession, fees and expectations before their public duty. The Attorney-General pockets £12,000 a year to do the country’s work, and has devoted the whole of his time to this disgraceful conspiracy.

“ It must be remembered that all the principal counsel on both sides had a pretty good idea of what was coming, and I had it from Lockwood. This was on Friday. On the following Monday another lie was nailed down.

“ On *Friday* the Attorney-General boasted and took credit for the assertion, amid the cheers of the Tories, that (1) five days before Pigott entered the witness-box ; (2) he, the Attorney-General, *volunteered* to give Sir Charles Russell (the leading Counsel for Parnell & Co.) ; (3) Pigott’s letter of *November 11th*, 1888, to Soames, in which he confessed his infamy.”

This day [the Monday following]—

“ Sir Charles Russell rose and proved this statement of Webster’s to be a dishonourable invention, and that (1) *a* letter was given up, (2) two days before Pigott entered the box, (3) which was *called for* and which they were *compelled* to give up, and (4) it was not a letter from Pigott at all, self-incriminating or otherwise, (5) but only a letter from Soames.”

This is what party passion will lead men to do—to put a man in the box to swear away the charac-

Gladstone on the Attendance of Members

ters of political opponents when they knew their witness was a “ wrong ’un ” of the worst class.

“ *March 26th.*—I spoke to Sydney Buxton’s Resolution in relation to the Slave Trade Conference. I dealt with my case against the French, who will permit no search of *any* vessel which flies their flag—a flag used in the Red Sea and Persian Gulf by the regular ‘ Slavers.’ One instance I gave was of a cargo of slaves run into Pemba (a British island) under this flag under the nose of a British man-of-war.

“ *March 30th.*—The day of John Bright’s funeral. I attended the Memorial Service in Westminster Abbey. The day before we had the usual sort of tributes to his memory by those who never said a kind word about him until death stopped his ears. Some of the eulogies were sincere and deserved.

“ *April 3rd.*—We carried the Second Reading of the Bill legalising Marriage with a Deceased Wife’s Sister by 184 to 131.

“ *April 4th.*—I had voted in a division in favour of Childers’s Amendment to the Navy Resolution, which was a protest against a departure from the established and constitutional practice of voting for the year the moneys required for the year *and no more*. Gladstone had spoken strongly for the amendment, but we were beaten by [what was then] the small majority of 33.”

The point is important, and we were often better defenders of the Constitution than the other party. After dinner that evening I was seated by Gladstone, and asked him if he had known times when parties were kept in such continual attendance by their Whips, and the following is the account in my diary of what Gladstone said in the ensuing conversation :

Balfour and Ireland

“ Speaking of majorities in the House à propos of the small one of 33 that evening for the Government, Gladstone described how in the time of the Melbourne Ministry, which came to an end in 1841, by the adverse majority of *one vote*, a majority of 20 was considered a splendid majority for the Government. He went on to describe ‘ the perfection of party organisation within the House,’ the ‘ punctuality and unremitting attendance ’ of Members, and ‘ the *daily* tension and excitement.’ In language which alone he is master of, he related ‘ *the most* extraordinary scene ’ in his parliamentary life, when, in spite of ‘ Ben Stanley ’ (the Liberal Whip) polling Lord Douglas, whom he brought into the division lobby ‘ in articulo mortis, in a Bath chair, with mouth wide open, eyes set, absolutely unconscious and practically a dead man,’ ‘ amidst all the hubbub and row ’ the Government was defeated by 1 vote.

“ He went on to pronounce his very high opinion of Melbourne, saying with great emphasis, ‘ He never has had justice done him.’ Torrens’s ‘ Life of Melbourne ’ he described as ‘ *totally* inadequate and unworthy.’ I remarked that Melbourne was in advance of his time in regard to Ireland, and Gladstone said, ‘ Yes ! Yes ! *remarkably* so ; the time of Melbourne and Drummond is one of the most extraordinary in Irish history. I know Melbourne was said to care little about West Indian Slavery ; he thought no good would come of it [i.e. of the efforts for its abolition—A. E. P.] and he declared “ the damned fellows [Fowell Buxton, Joseph Pease & Co.] better leave it alone,” but he had many great qualities, and was not an ungenerous man ; indeed, he had many very original opinions at times and stuck to them. Those he held on Ireland were almost original in those days. . . . I look back on the days of Melbourne and of Lord John Russell,

Wellington, Melbourne, and Beaconsfield

when they were opposed by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel as a time when parliamentary life was peculiarly full of honourable emulation and of high political morality ; the secret being that BOTH parties were led by men of great moral worth and sincerity. . . . One great debt we owe to Melbourne is the *admirable* training in constitutional government he gave the Queen—though in those days it [his close association with the Queen] caused much anger among the Tories ; indeed, they said [Gladstone smiled an amused and slightly contemptuous smile here], “He has the Queen body and soul.” I *know* the Duke was once assailed on this point, that is, for not protesting with his party, but he declared, “I don’t care a damn if he sleeps there every night, no harm will ever come to the Queen from Melbourne.” . . .’ Reverting to the biographies of politicians, he remarked, ‘They are seldom good,’ ‘as of all complex men politicians are the most complex.’ He went on to say that he doubted if ever Dizzy’s life would be written, but if it was, of one thing he was ‘sure,’ that anything approaching an ‘adequate historical effigy of Lord Beaconsfield’ was impossible, ‘for of all complex statesmen he was by far the most complex in English history.’ ”

It is a melancholy reflection that no one who was not familiar with a great statesman in the flesh can be a competent judge of the character given him by a biographer who never knew him or maybe never saw or heard him. Posterity can hardly be competent to pass definite verdicts. Historians can collect contemporary evidence, which, if merely political character is under review, will for the most part be *ex parte* testimony, or that not free from bias. It is indeed a difficult task to analyse our own

Balfour and Ireland

motives in all we do or say. The highest motive may adorn character, and by its application to action produce results which may destroy political reputation.

When May arrived, among questions in which I took a part were (1) that of Nyasaland and the Government's "weak and waffling" attitude and knuckling under to Portuguese pretensions. Portuguese policy in regard to natives is so bad everywhere that we should never hand over more African territory to them than justice requires. (2) The Government's defence of the Chief Justice of the Bahamas in a case, the particulars of which I do not remember, aroused my indignation either at the sentence of 30 lashes and penal servitude for life, or because the Government refused an enquiry. (3) On the 18th June, 1888, by way of reprisal for the murder of Mr. Dalrymple, the British authorities on the Gold Coast massacred 700 men and 200 women and children. Dalrymple, contrary to instructions, had arrested ten natives, and while conveying his prisoners was killed by natives who attacked him.

"De Worms defended this atrocity in a light and heartless manner, and also the employment of native hereditary foes in wreaking this vengeance. 191 Unionists voted approval of this butchery to our 103 votes of protest."

Baron de Worms was Under-Secretary for the Colonies, he was the third son of an Austrian Baron de Worms—later he was created Baron Pirbright, a pleasanter title, which, however, died with him in 1903.

Extraordinary Case at York

Another incident arose out of the Falcarragh evictions, where one Harrison was seized and imprisoned for giving a loaf of bread to one of the families which was being "starved out" with the help of the police.

"This is the 'newest dodge' for clearing an estate, and was introduced owing to the public outcry against Balfour's battering-rams and petroleum brigades. It was being tried at Falcarragh, and that curious and uncouth English M.P., Conybeare, actually *cheered* for the Plan of Campaign there, and got three months for this crime. The R.M.'s argue as only Balfour's tools can. The Plan of Campaign is declared an illegal combination, *therefore* any man who says 'Hurrah' for it is a criminal; therefore off to jail with him."

A case at York in my own constituency occupied some of my time. It was a very curious one, and I went to Matthews (the Home Secretary) several times about it.

"In 1876 a York boy, when thirteen years of age, was sentenced by the York bench to two months imprisonment for an assault on his father. The committing magistrates consented to suspend [i.e. to 'stop'] the execution of the Commitment warrant on the promise of the lad to be of good behaviour. To do this is technically *ultra vires*, or even to suspend its execution, though I have often been a party to suspending; in those days the difficulty of avoiding harsh treatment of juveniles was not possible in many cases without doing something technically irregular. This boy, whose name was Thomas Beresford, kept his promise faithfully for thirteen years, and up to date, viz. May

Balfour and Ireland

4th, 1889, he had gained promotion in the service of the North Eastern Railway Company. On this 4th May, 1889, he was arrested on the warrant of 1876, which had been found amongst old documents, and he was taken to York Castle to serve the sentence passed on him when a boy. This was amazing, but I could not have believed it would have taken so much time and labour to extort a liberation warrant from the Home Office. I was backed by a memorial signed by 100 signatories, including the Lord Mayor, the magistrates, the aldermen, the railway officials, etc. This comes of having a pedantic lawyer as Home Secretary."

The Parnell Commission was still pursuing its enquiry ; a second week still found Parnell in the witness-box. I remark :

"The enquiry originally was directed to the object of tracing a connection between Parnell and the Irish members with *crime*. This having utterly and ignominiously failed, the Judges have allowed the Court to be perverted into a party engine in the hope of discovering means to discredit them by a cruel and minute investigation into their private affairs, examination of their bank-books, etc. It has now adopted as the object of the inquest, 'Whether or no the general conduct or the occasional tendency of their party or of their policy has conduced to general tranquillity, order and good behaviour.'

"*May 8th.*—Tom Milvain (C.), M.P. for Durham City, got his Corporal Punishment Bill read a second time 194 to 126. I voted for it, being strongly in favour of flogging for the awful outrages on children, often by diseased men, a crime worse than murder and terribly prevalent in the industrial districts of Durham County. My father,

Flogging as a Deterrent

my cousin, H. F. Pease, and I all voted for it, which led Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who of course voted the other way, to say to me, 'Peases and Quakers are a bloodthirsty lot.' He made a rhyme on the subject and gave it to me, but I have lost it."

I knew Tom Milvain well ; he was a barrister, an excellent boxer and a genial soul, and died comparatively young. Towards the close of my life, after much reflection and considerable experience of flogging sentences in South Africa and elsewhere, I am still in favour of flogging (not of juveniles by order of a Court, which our law sanctions) for brutal crimes of violence. I was at one time governor of a large convict jail in the Transvaal (1903-1905), and had flogging sentences to carry out, and had to witness their execution if passed in my Court of Resident Magistrate or in the Gaol Court. I think this rule a salutary one, and makes you think twice before you pass a severe sentence of lashes. Under some laws conviction entailed lashes, so that the Court had no option. For most crimes where flogging was prescribed the maximum number of lashes was 24—but one or two statutes prescribed more, e.g. the *minimum* sentence in the case of a coloured man convicted of marriage (form of) with a white woman was "7 years and 70 lashes." The mere existence on the Statute Book of such a punishment was absolute in deterrent effect, and I am convinced of the deterrent effect of a *real* flogging on individual men with brutal propensities. The deterrent effect of statutory punishment on the minds of potential criminals depends on two things : (1) severity, (2) *certainty* of its infliction on conviction.

Balfour and Ireland

At the present time there seems a blindness to the mercy of severity in cases of serious crime. It is really merciful to give a first sentence of, say, one month under such conditions as to make the prisoner determined never to see the inside of a prison again, rather than allow him to become a jail-bird. The class of crimes for which Tom Milvain was providing flogging is one which was unknown in the colonies where I have been, because the *inevitable* penalty on conviction was death. The argument that flogging brutalises those who administer it and the culprit is totally at variance with my experience. Suffering does excite pity in the beholder, but the daily routine of men in charge of long-term convicts does tend sometimes to blunt the feelings of members of a prison staff. Forgiveness is won quickly by visible physical suffering.

The following day, although I always detested Sir William Harcourt's advocacy of Death Duties, I note that nearly every Minister supports Goschen's Budget proposals for precisely the reasons which they gave for opposing the Liberal Budget. I regard the Death Duties as a great evil, bleeding agriculture and industries of capital on a vast scale, and inimical to the prosperity of every class of the population. All this capital is squandered as *income* by successive Governments.

“ *May 28th.*—The terrible atrocities in Armenia were being discussed when, after about an hour, W. H. Smith closed the debate. Another subject brought up this day was the Government's boycott of the French Exhibition, because it commemorates the French Revolution, and the

The Earl of Rosebery

withdrawal of Lord Lytton, our Ambassador, from the opening. Gladstone spoke against this attitude, and quoted from Pitt and Fox in support of his views. I voted with Gladstone, though not comfortable about it, as I am convinced that neither France nor mankind has gained as much as it has lost by the bloody orgy of crime and the consequent conflagration of Europe. It may have compelled us to put our house in order, but involved us in wars and strife of all sorts. As for France, it was her downfall ; she has never regained her former influence nor secured true internal peace. The British public have viewed it through such distortions as Carlyle and Dickens provided in their pictures. Those who knew the earlier history and the later of France have other perspectives.

“ *June 25th.*—John Ellis (L.) moved the resort to arbitration before eviction in Ireland, but was defeated. The proposal was bitterly opposed by the Irish landlords, who in their own words are out ‘ to teach the tenants a lesson ’—a lesson they have been teaching them since the Irish famine, it being to clear their estates of the native human cattle and to let them to Scotch graziers, a campaign of destroying thousands of homes, starving women and little children, and driving the dependents on their mercy to America, to workhouses and to death.”

In June I saw a good deal of Lord Rosebery, and stayed with him at Mentmore.

“ He is interested in my keenness on the Irish Question, and curious to find out my opinions. He himself is not very enthusiastic about Home Rule, nor very sanguine, but is of course strongly against Balfour’s régime. Naturally, he is not as impressed as I am with the sufferings and injustice which he has never witnessed, and which must

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be seen to be believed. He just recognises that England has made a great mess of the job of ruling Ireland, and that repression is futile, and prefers alliance with those who attempt to improve the lot of mankind and to remove stains on our reputation. He is, as I am, a believer in the justice of Englishmen elsewhere, and he is puzzled as to why we cannot succeed in Ireland. Yet the reasons are very similar to those which led to the revolt and separation of the American colonies.

“*July 1st.*—The subjects of debate were the Government’s violence in Ireland, the Ponsonby Evictions, and the batoning and arresting of Members of the House. The Orange Party is free to do what it likes, the Nationalist may do nothing, e.g. in Tyrone, at Cookstown, on Friday night an Orange party of about 200 with their band paraded the Roman Catholic quarter, and as the congregation issued from the R.C. Chapel struck up, ‘We’ll kick the Pope before us,’ and of course there was a free fight.”

Between the 4th and 9th July I voted a good many times with the Government on the Royal Grants, and remark that—

“the want of discipline and order on our side is lamentable. It is a party of incongruities. What is there in common between such people, say, as Sam Whitbread and Sam Storey, my father and Labby, Gladstone and Sir Charles Dilke, Bryce and Portman, Old Mundella and Paulton, Frank Lockwood and Tommy Burt, Sir W. Lawson and Christopher Furness, Edward Grey and Conybeare, Cavan and Bernard Coleridge, or between John Morley and myself?

“*July 10th.*—We defeated the Conservatives on the question of allowing children under ten years

The Royal Grants

of age to be employed in theatres—188 being against allowing this to 139 for, but many Tories voted with us ‘without permission.’

“*July 25th.*—I went to the Rendels, at Carlton House Terrace, to pay my respects to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, who were celebrating their golden wedding.

“In the House Labby moved his amendment to the Royal Grants, which declared them already adequate.”

I make rude remarks about some of the participators in the debate.

“W. H. Smith, gasping, puffing and stammering through a written speech, Labby dull and long-winded, Sam Storey, his seconder, was frightful—a pharisaical, sententious speech in the worst possible taste, followed by a really beautiful one by Gladstone, delivered with fire and eloquence of voice and gesture. John Morley, of course, had to ‘explain his position,’ then a cold insolent speech from Gorst, directed at Morley (I did not mind the direction). Then Sam Whitbread took up cudgels for poor limp ‘Honest John,’ and exposed the retreat of the Government all along the line in Committee, and finally Churchill made a good speech. I voted, of course, with Gladstone. Fancy following Labby on this question, yet 116 Liberals did! The Queen has made great concessions, and the surrendered hereditary revenues of the Crown and of the Crown lands bring in only £70,000 short of what the whole Royal Family costs the country. I vote on my own opinions always, but I believe my constituents and the country are for a liberal provision, and would despise a fight over £36,000 a year after such a reign and such service as the Queen has given. With Gladstone against Labby, there voted only 37 Liberals :

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37	Liberals
43	Liberal Unionists
51	Parnellites
268	Conservatives

379

51 Liberals absented themselves or were paired.

“The opposition to the Royal Grants on the part of many supporters of Labby is a mere affectation and pose for the benefit of a section of their constituents, the absentee Liberals are mostly afraid of radical voters and like to say, ‘I did not vote for the Grants.’ It all comes of the growing tendency of M.P.’s to regard themselves as local deputies of local opinions and not as representatives charged with the duty of exercising their best judgment in the national and imperial interest. It was curious too elbowing so many of the Chamberlain and Jesse Collings type, who three years ago did what they could to depreciate monarchical institutions and to hound ‘the people’ at them. Then, after Labby, John Morley’s Amendment to the Royal Grants Bill came on, known as ‘Morley’s Whitewash.’ Only 14 Liberals voted against Morley, and were dubbed by the Radicals the Grand Old Tories. We were : Cavan, Dr. Farquharson, Herbert Gladstone, W. E. Gladstone, E. Marjoribanks, Sir Chas. Palmer, Parker, A. E. Pease, H. F. Pease, Sir L. Playfair, W. Rathbone, C. R. Spencer, Sir A. S. Cowell and Sir Hussey Vivian. Forty-two Parnellites voted with us, and we were 358 against Morley. Morley polled 130 Liberals, 1 Conservative, 1 Liberal Unionist and 4 Parnellites.

“Dr. Tanner has been sentenced to five months imprisonment, this time for an assault on the police and contempt of Court. Sexton, in consequence of the circumstances, moved the adjournment in a good speech. Now, Tanner is a queer chap, but

Balfour's Removables

I do not believe him capable of what he was charged with, viz. spitting at a police officer. The charge was made by a notoriously ferocious and vindictive District Inspector. Tanner absolutely and indignantly repudiates the idea that he could ever be capable of such an act, and is more wounded by the charge than by the sentence.

"August 7th.—I dined at a large new hotel, 'The Savoy,' which is not yet furnished. It was a 'dog party,' given by Shaw-Lefevre¹ to about a dozen M.P.'s to meet two of Balfour's criminals, namely Pierce Mahoney, M.P., and T. D. Sullivan, M.P. The Rt. Hon. Henry Fowler, Herbert Gardner, and Mundella were among those there. Sullivan sang us two songs, one being 'Murty Hynes,' low be it spoken, yet I have heard even Tories sing 'The wearing of the Green.'

"August 8th.—I led off in an hour's speech on the vote for Resident Magistrates (Irish Estimates). My attack was directed against the 'Coercion R.M.'s,' generally known as Balfour's 'Removables,' being specially appointed to carry out Coercion, and who held their posts at Balfour's pleasure. They were in a different category to other R.M.'s, who were permanent. The contrast between the sentences given by one class and those of the other was very great. I singled out one 'Removable' as an example for outrageous conduct in a judicial capacity. He had been a paid lecturer of the party previous to this job. I reviewed the genesis of the enmity to our rule and laws, and cited terrible instances in connection with the clearance of estates. Balfour listened to me attentively throughout, and then proceeded to lecture me, after telling me that for a speech of such

¹ Rt. Hon. George, b. 1832; he had held many offices in Liberal administrations since he entered the House in 1863, and had been a Civil Lord of the Admiralty in 1866. He was at this time about sixty years old. In 1906 he was created Baron Eversley, and lived on until 1928.

Balfour and Ireland

violence he had never known such mildness of tone and absence of action. After spending an hour shouting and gesticulating at me, and denouncing my conduct in collecting facts, I thought on the whole he had treated me more fairly than he usually does his opponents, and he at any rate paid me the compliment of saying later that mine was 'the only important contribution to the debate.'

"In the course of his speech Balfour charged Edward Harrington with having called the police 'uniformed bloodhounds.' Harrington jumped up, pale with rage, and demanded Balfour's authority for this. Balfour declined to give it, and shook his fist at Harrington. At this Harrington went into a tearing rage, flung his hat on the floor, and was actually 'going for' Balfour had not his Irish friends forcibly held him back. It is one of Balfour's amusements to tell a thumping lie about an Irish M.P., pay no heed whatever to any contradiction, and when pressed for his authority to just smile and wave a hand about, and when the Irish blood is up he is satisfied. In the papers will be 'Another Irish Row.' 'Disgraceful conduct of Irish M.P.'s.' It is very curious why they allow themselves to be drawn like this, but even our Old Hand Gladstone is easily drawn by Churchill, who only does it to amuse himself."

The debate I raised continued to the 9th of August, when I was beaten 149 to 107.

My last sentence in regard to this session is on the 12th August, after which I paired with R. Norton for the rest of it.

"McGee, an evicted Donegal tenant, was discharged from prison dying of typhus fever, and died before reaching 'home' (wherever that might be). The landlords' Emergency-men in charge of the

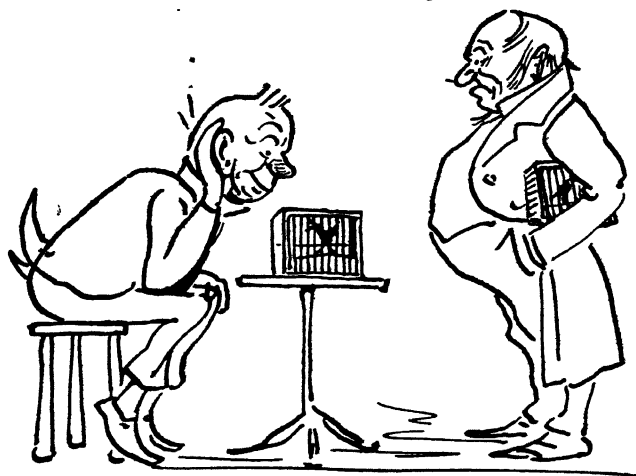
The Landlords' Brigade and The Union Jack
 ruins of his home, as soon as they knew he was dead,
 ran up the *Union Jack* over it."

Mark you, the Union Jack !

13 Mess.

2. PAPER BUILDINGS,
 TEMPLE

My dear Alfred



5/-
 Yours
 Frank Lockwood

Lockwood and I, in order to keep level in the matter of York subscriptions, kept each other informed of what we did. This intimated to me that Lockwood had given 5s. to a linnet-singing contest.

CHAPTER VIII

1890

I PASS over the political activities of the autumn of 1889. I saw a good deal of my delightful colleague, Frank Lockwood, and learnt much of the proceedings of the Parnellism and Crime Commission, and of what transpired behind the scenes. All he told me confirmed me in my opinion of this political conspiracy. Judges and lawyers were numbered among his guests, and his friends were by no means confined to those of our political colour, and I was present when I heard the views of professional lawyers on matters of public interest, which always interested me, and were often instructive, yet I never got rid of the impression that lawyer M.P.'s have generally an eye on their professional prospects, and that this influences their speech and action as Members. I have known not a few cases where men considered carefully which side to take before standing as candidates as the better means to an end. When staying with Lockwood and shooting his moor we had plenty of fun, though on one occasion one of his guns was within two inches of blowing my head off, which caused our host much indignation and distress.

I am straying from my subject, but I think the following incident is worth preserving. One morning, as the guns were going to the butts, Chitty

Lockwood Interested in Quakers

(the Judge) asked Lockwood, "Do we shoot everything which comes?" "Yes," said Lockwood. "Elephants?" asked Chitty. "Yes," shouted Lockwood to him, "but spare the hens." Now, unknown to Chitty, the main road between Scarborough and Whitby ran through the moor, but was sufficiently below the level of the moor as to be quite invisible from the butts, which were some sixty, and some two hundred, yards to the south of the road. The guns had their backs to this road; Lockwood was in the next butt to Chitty, and after waiting a quarter of an hour he called to Chitty in a stage-whisper, "Mark *Elephant*." Chitty looked towards Lockwood, who repeated, "Mark Elephant! BEHIND you!" Chitty turned round, and there, some sixty or seventy yards away, were several (three if I remember) elephants' heads and backs coming through the heather and bearing slightly in the direction of Chitty's butt. Chitty was paralysed with amazement. The elephants were the only visible part of a menagerie on its way from Scarborough to Whitby.

I and my two sons were born Quakers, and remained members of the Society of Friends until the Great War, when, having undertaken military duties, we all resigned. In January 1890 I took Lockwood, who was staying with me, to a Quakers' meeting at Guisbrough. It was an entirely silent one, and he was much impressed by it. In the afternoon I gave him the quaint autobiography, "The Life of Thomas Ellwood" (Milton's Quaker Secretary), to read. With this he was fascinated, and insisted on reading aloud the obstinate young man's conversations with his father, who strongly objected

to his son wearing his hat at meals and family prayers. The sketch below was inspired by this Sunday's experiences.

The prospects of the Liberal Party were looking up. Balfour's policy of repression was but stoking the Nationalist fires. Lord Salisbury's Administration had suffered in reputation by the failure of the



*Lockwood as a Quaker
Caricature by himself, inspired by reading the
Life of Thomas Ellwood*

Commission to connect the Irish Party with crime, when the Irish cause got another "set-back." The blow came from a quarter that no one would have thought beforehand would affect a national issue. At the very beginning of the year the Divorce case of Captain O'Shea with Parnell as co-respondent "came to the fore"—but no one anticipated that it would tear the Irish Party asunder. No case in an English court of law ever had such political consequences.

W. H. Smith and the Forged Letters

On the 7th January I was staying in York for political meetings. A neighbour and friend of mine, old Squire Wharton, of Skelton Castle (born 1809), was staying in the same hotel. His only son had joined the Conservative Party, and as he was an old Whig I was anxious for his views on Ireland, as he had lived through many phases of the Irish Question.

“ I had a long conversation with him, and though he is ‘ a bit uncertain as to Gladstone’s Home Rule proposals,’ he says he is ‘ too old to change his colours.’ I asked him if the late Lord Zetland would have been a Home Ruler ; he was inclined to think he would have been, but that Palmerston would have been a Unionist and Lord John Russell a Gladstonian. I think the same.”

In February “ The Times ” paid all Parnell’s costs in respect to the Commission and £5,000, and his Secretary also got some damages. I settled in rooms in Duke Street, St. James’s, in the same house as that in which Alfred Milner, Goschen’s Secretary, had apartments. Here I first made his acquaintance and enjoyed his society when our exacting duties left us free. Some thirteen years after I was serving under him in South Africa, and in this brief period he had risen from being an almost unknown private secretary to a great Imperial position.

“ *February 11th.*—When the House reassembled and before the Address was moved, it was left to Harcourt to take action about the Forged Letter and ‘ The Times.’ Smith, as leader of the House,

missed the opportunity of raising a question of the honour and traditions of the House above party. Harcourt moved that the publication in 'The Times' in April 1887 of a letter falsely alleged to have been written by Parnell and comments thereon was a false and scandalous libel and a breach of the Privileges of the House. Sir John Gorst was put up to oppose it; he made a queer case against the motion, viz. that it was *too late* (it was the earliest possible moment), that it was *too soon* (the Report of the eight Judges acquitting the Irish Party of all complicity in crime apart from intimidation and boycotting was not circulated until 10 p.m. on the 13th February 1890), that it should have been moved *three years ago*, that it should have been moved *last year*, that it *had been* moved and had been defeated *in 1887*! That it *never had been made before*, that it was a correct motion, that *though correct* it should be negatived! That Harcourt should have quoted *more* precedents! That precedents had nothing to do with it! Gladstone, Balfour, Bob Reid, Lockwood and Parnell all spoke. I voted Aye:

Ayes for the motion	.	.	.	212
Noes	.	.	.	260

Majority for poltroons . 48

Except Albert Bright and Caldwell, the L.U.'s present voted with the Government."

After a prolonged debate on the Address we divided on Parnell's Amendment on the 18th February—this or its like comes every year. Here is its progress:

Anecdote of Joey Biggar

1887	.	.	352 to 246, adverse majority,	106
1888	.	.	317 „ 229, „	88
1889	(Morley			
	moved it)	.	339 „ 260, „	79
1890	.	.	307 „ 240, „	67

Joey Biggar, the Chief Irish Whip, who “ told ” us in this division, died a few hours after. He was an indefatigable and efficient Whip for many years, and, unlike any other I ever heard of, combined the exacting duties of this office with that of being always at hand to take part in any debate, and could be relied on to keep it going for any length of time. I have heard him at short notice speak for four hours. Gorst, Balfour, Churchill and Wolff were supposed to have brought obstruction to a fine art, but the four of them together were no match for Joey Biggar. He was ugly, short, deformed and ungainly ; his voice was horrible, yet under this forbidding and harsh exterior hid a kind and generous heart. I can give evidence as to this, for not long before his death he came to my father, who had two maiden sisters who spent their winters in a villa at Cannes, and said, “ Sir Joseph, you have two sisters living at Cannes. I have a sister there (giving her address). I am anxious about her. I believe her circumstances to be straitened ; she will have nothing to do with me, as she is a Tory and cannot endure my politics. I should be most grateful if you would get the Misses Pease to find out and to see that she has everything for her comfort and well-being.” My father attended to this at once, and in this indirect way, without her being apprised of the source, Joey

Biggar was able to minister to his sister's requirements.

Biggar was a Belfast man, and sat as the unopposed Member for Cavan. In 1885 Colonel Saunderson stood against him, but was defeated by thousands of votes. When Joey first appeared in the House, Dizzy asked, "What's that?" The last time I heard Joey Biggar's voice, he was standing at the top of the stairs which led down to a dismal underground smoking-room much frequented by the Irish Members. He shouted down, "Are any of the boys there?" A distant voice replied, "They are." "Is Crilly there?" shouted Joey. "He is," came back the answer. "Is he sober?" "He is," was again the reply. "Then send him up," shouted the shepherd of the flock. Crilly arrived, and was packed off to make a speech. I do not know why, but this little scene comes back to me when I come across Biggar's name, and I see the dirty grey horse-hair carpets, the long dreary passages, with their rows of Members' lockers, every detail of the lobbies, the library and of the place in which I worked so many years of my life. The faces and voices are there, hundreds of the dead reappear, and mysterious memory brings all back to life.

I note this year a great change in Brooks's Club through structural alterations, but there was much more than this material transformation. Up till about this time Brooks's was the preserve of the old Whig families and of the moderate Liberals. Usually it took about three years for a candidate to come up for the ballot. In 1877 (21st April) I was proposed by Lord Cork and seconded by Lord

Changes in Brooks's

Wolverton and "came up" and was elected the 21st February, 1880. My father, my son and I were all members together. Viscount Halifax, elected in 1870, is now, in 1931, the senior member of the club. Up to about 1890 it was essentially a political club, with great political influence from the political importance of many of its older members. From the time of Gladstone's 1881 Irish Land Bill there had been a widening rift in the club, as elsewhere, on the Irish Question. Then came a time when no matter who the candidate was, if he was suspected of being a Home Ruler he was inevitably pilled, and as three black-balls excluded, three or four bitter Liberal Unionists could work this. The Home Rulers, or a few of them, retaliated by pilling Unionists, so that no one could hope to get in, even when he had a sponsor from each side. The Committee of the club then suspended all elections until an understanding was arrived at, but the Unionists had permanently destroyed the character and political prestige of Brooks's; henceforth, even Tories and Radicals were elected, and the club dropped down into the ranks of the best social clubs.

To one like myself, who has been a member for over fifty years, the modern way of running the club is painful. It is at least quite as good, I suppose, as any other club, but in the eighties and nineties it could boast a perfection in every detail of service, staff, equipment, that could not be exceeded; unlimited credit was the rule, and bills were sent once a year, a system which promoted a vast expenditure by its members. I nearly had a fit the first time one of the staff asked me to pay for my

dinner. I believe one of the old staff would have given up his job rather than do such a thing !

This session was one of hard work. One Committee I was on had to deal with the very real grievances of the Indian Civil Service, and was most interesting and instructive, for we had before us numbers of distinguished, most able and experienced Indian administrators and officials. The impression it made on me of the magnificent quality of the service and the stupendous achievements it has to its credit has lasted to this day. I kept pegging away at such subjects as Ireland and Slavery, and give one of the admissions I extracted from Balfour from my diary.

“ Denis Connell was tried at the last Tullamore Assizes by a Special Crimes Act Jury for the murder of one Dennis Dale on the 22nd November, 1888, for which one Hickey had been tried and hanged. Connell had already been tried *three times* on this charge and each time the Jury disagreed. This time the Jury disagreed again. On each occasion the Jury was a ‘ packed ’ Jury under the Coercion Act. At the last two trials the Jury was packed entirely with Protestants ; 41 R. Catholic Jurors in the previous and 47 R. Catholic Jurors in the last trial being ordered to stand down before the prosecution got a Jury to suit themselves. In all four trials the venue was taken out of the county where the crime had been committed. Yet Judge O’Brien put the prisoner, who had already been tried four times for his life with every device used to secure a conviction, back for a fifth trial.”

Balfour denied none of these facts, but gave me one of his half-lies : “ No *enquiry* was made as to

Balfour and Peggy Dillon

the *religion* of the Jurymen !” What can honest people think of the way in which our laws are imposed upon them? I remark on the extraordinary effect of Balfour’s régime, and give illustrations, such as that of the *Manchester Regiment* marching through Tipperary cheering for one of Balfour’s chief criminals, William O’Brien, M.P., and groaning for Balfour and for Smith-Barry, and of troops entraining for India doing the same.

Although the Irish Question dominated everything at this time, one got some fun and amusement out of life, even in the parliamentary world, and a reference to sporting M.P.’s may break the monotony of this somewhat lugubrious history.

The Irish Question and the nasty atmosphere which surrounded it invaded even the realm of sport. I myself had named an Irish mare, which I had entered in the first House of Commons Steeplechase (1889), “Peggy Dillon,” after a midwife who brought an action for slander against Balfour. He had charged her with refusing the services of her profession to a patient, in giving instances of boycotting. Peggy had a clear case against Balfour, as there was no foundation whatever for the charge, but because the libel was delivered in the House of Commons, though published in “Hansard” and elsewhere, Balfour pleaded the privilege of Parliament, and the Lord Chief Baron delivered judgment against the plaintiff. The case was regarded, however, by the public as one where the Chief Secretary ran away before a poor Irish midwife who had been slandered. Balfour was made fun of in various cartoons, and was said to have been much annoyed and also that he ceased to speak to

a member of the Carlton who had had the bad taste to be amused at a caricature of Balfour being roughly handled by Peggy Dillon with the title "Balfour's Miscarriage." I think it doubtful if there was much truth in either of these rumours, but on the whole Peggy Dillon was a heroine who had tackled the brave Balfour.

However, I had to scratch my "Peggy," who I had thought might score a good mark for the Liberal contingent among the competitors. The race was won by Cyril Flower on a horse entered as "Home Rule." This victory pleased even the least sporting of the Gladstonian M.P.'s. It was a fine performance over a pretty stiff and heavy bit of the Bicester country for a man forty-eight years old. But our satisfaction was short-lived. I knew the horse well as "Sultan"; he was a genuine hunter, and as far as Flower was concerned he did not know that he had ever been raced before, but he christened him "Home Rule" for the purpose of this race, and at that time it was legitimate to do so, although you cannot amuse yourself thus nowadays. A very searching enquiry into the history of the horse was set on foot by the Unionists, and in the end it transpired that in his youth, long before, "Sultan" had been raced on the flat by a previous owner; under our rules he was therefore disqualified, to the great jubilation of the Unionists. This was all fair, but the way in which Cyril Flower's little joke was worked to represent him as a "wrong 'un" was not. He was quite incapable of underhand tricks, but there were many people who were prejudiced against him. I knew him particularly well, and admired him very much. He

House of Commons Steeplechases

was one of those men who lived in most luxurious surroundings, who kept both his body and his mind "fit." Most hospitable, and with every temptation to indulgence and pleasure, he lived himself most simply as regards food, most abstemiously as regards drink and smoking, rode and fenced daily, whilst otherwise working very hard, kept his mind well stored with the best literature and poetry, was a true connoisseur in art and music, rode hard to hounds and, what always appeals to me, was devoted to children and charming with and to them. He is one who never had justice done to him, and who had shameless detractors. He was created Baron Battersea in 1892 and died in 1907.

The race in 1889 went to Elliott Lees, who, in spite of a fall, finished second, three lengths ahead of the Hon. W. S. W. Fitzwilliam. Among those who rode well and were in the race until they fell were F. B. Mildmay, P. A. Muntz, Bromley-Davenport, Lord Henry Bentinck and Colonel Heath. As it was, Mildmay finished fourth and Walter Long fifth.

The next House of Commons Steeplechase (1890) was run at Rugby, and I led to the last fence on another Irish mare, "Nora Creina," but was beaten by Elliott Lees on "Damon," and finished second. The following year I won the race on this mare at Daventry in the Pytchley country. I consider this about my best performance in real point-to-point racing, for it was over a very big country, in the best of company, and my win gave great pleasure to my party, my constituents irrespective of party, and to my county. Gladstone wired me his congratulations. I should think no other "winner" ever

received this honour from him and his family. I often wonder if he ever saw a race. Personally, I do not think any Englishman's education is complete who has not seen the Grand National, for until he has seen this he cannot realise why the horse has played its part in the evolution of English character. It is the supreme example of the greatest physical performance that any living creature can achieve, and the test of skill and brain is a high one for any man who completes the course.

In 1891 Elliott Lees's "Damon" started a strong favourite for the Daventry Steeplechase. The result was that five of us finished in the following order :

A. E. Pease's "Nora Creina," 1st, a field ahead.

Lord Henry Bentinck's "Bugler," 2nd, beat the 3rd by a head.

Walter Long's "Crusader," 3rd.

Hermon-Hodge's "Lady Evelyn," 4th.

Elliott Lees's "Damon," fell, but finished 5th.

Sir Saville Crossley's "Borderer," fell.

Lord Ernest Hamilton's "Bridget" did not finish.

Mr. Bromley Davenport's two horses, "Daw-trey" and "Delilah," the former ridden by Lord Carmarthen, and Mr. Muntz's "Landmark" either fell or finished far behind.

My mare was lauded in poetry and in the Press, for she was as beautiful as she was good. She had been sold when young and headstrong for £17. I gave £85 for her, with a guarantee that she would face "fire, wire and water," and I refused £600 for her after she won this race. In this and all the earlier House of Commons Steeplechases the Hon.

London Over-represented

E. Chandos Leigh, Q.C., acted as Judge. He was Counsel to the Speaker, and was in every way qualified for the office. He was a Fellow, and had been sub-warden of All Souls College, Oxford ; for many years he was Recorder of Stamford and then of Nottingham ; he died in 1920, when about eighty-eight years of age. He was a very popular and familiar figure in London, and better known in town than his elder brother, Lord Leigh, who was eight years his senior.

At this time Lord Ripon, Arthur Acland, M.P., John Barran, M.P., and I were a committee of our party charged with the duty of looking after the Liberal interest in Yorkshire constituencies, and in finding candidates. I acted as Secretary, and found the work a very trying addition to my labours. As I made it a rule to answer with my own pen every letter from my constituents, and on occasion had some forty to write a day, these extra duties were a trial. I disliked the new Caucus system, devised by Chamberlain, and now adopted by all parties ; it destroyed the old one, under which leading local people as committees selected a man on *his* statement of *his* political opinions, and on the degree in which he had the confidence of the public in the constituency. The tendency now began to be to select a candidate who "toed the line" of some programme, and for the Central Party Office to send down persons on its London list of aspirants for parliamentary honours. London is always over-represented, for as all M.P.'s are more or less London residents, they have an interest in London politics ; this new system gave Londoners many seats in the Provinces, and "carpet baggers" became common.

However, I was brought into closer contact than ever with Lord Ripon, who was our Lord-Lieutenant and a colleague on the N. Riding County Council, and I enjoyed his friendship. He was a sound Liberal, and had a long experience of office and of parliamentary life. I did not think him quite wise or successful as the Viceroy of India, for there are better ways of securing the Pax Britannica and progress in the East than by applying our political ideas to peoples with a totally different history and mentality. He had become a Roman Catholic and lost some political influence by this step, but I never found that it narrowed or affected his broad, tolerant and liberal views in every other direction. His appearance was not prepossessing or impressive, and he had a sort of nervous twitch about his mouth, but he spoke well, and was never undignified. He wore a broad-brimmed high-hat, which made his rather squat stature more conspicuous.

“*February 20th.*—We had a long discussion after a dinner of the XXXIX Articles Club¹ on Home Rule, during which Rosebery examined and cross-examined us each in turn, and the conclusion come to with his help was :

¹ I cannot remember the complete list of the XXXIX Articles in 1886, but the following, I believe, were original members of the club :

Acland, Arthur H. Dyke ; Asquith, Herbert H. ; Birrell, Augustine ; Bryce, J. ; Buxton, Sydney ; Carrington, Earl of ; Compton, Lord William ; Crawford, Donald ; Denman, Lord ; Ferguson, Ronald ; Flower, Cyril ; Gardner, Herbert ; Gladstone, Herbert ; Grey, Sir Edward ; Gaskell, C. G. Milnes ; Haldane, R. B. ; Houghton, Lord ; Kilcoursie, Viscount ; Lawson, H. ; Lacaita, C. C. ; Lockwood, Frank ; Maitland, W. Fuller ; Marjoribanks, Rt. Hon. Edward ; Menzies, R. S. ; Morley, Arnold ; Morley, John ; Paulton, Jas. M. ; Pease, Alfred E. ; Reid, R. T. ; Rendel, S. ; Roscoe, Hy ; Rosebery, Earl of ; Spencer, Earl ; Spencer, Hon. C. R.

The Clongorey Evictions

“(1) That more was offered in 1886 than was necessary to ensure the acceptance by the Irish Party of a scheme.

“(2) That the next offer will, if it gives as much in practice, delegate less in form.

“I consider (1) as probably true, but doubt about (2). I took a more discouraging view of the next general election than did most of those present [but was wrong]. I held that ‘the Tories have a good game to play’—Balfour to ‘lift’ Coercion as the election approaches, declaring social order is restored ; Land purchase to get rid of the Irish landlords and exterminators at our expense ; Relief for the Congested Districts ; Local Government, Railway and Drainage, and say *Try this* before Home Rule.”

The Clongorey Evictions attracted much attention at this moment owing to certain incidents which distinguished them from the everyday ones. A number of evictions had been carried out in 1889, and were resumed in the dead of winter in January 1890.

“The houses were burnt down by the landlords’ ‘Paraffin Brigade.’ The homeless people got huts built on a neighbouring estate, and a tenant on this estate, a Mrs. Kelly, offered shelter to some families in her out-houses and buildings, and workmen came to adapt and enlarge them. In Ireland the tenants on estates built all the equipment of the holdings without interference or help by the landlords. But what were landlords to do if evicted tenants with their wives and children got shelter, especially when the best lesson could be given in winter ! The agent for Mrs. Kelly’s landlord made an affidavit as to ‘*waste and destruction*’ in regard to her extensions and alterations

before the R.M. [Forbes], and the R.M. issued a precept, but the work went on. On January 21st Father Kinsella, and late the same night 16 men, were arrested ; on the 22nd 17 more were arrested under a Statute of Edward III and sentenced to two months each. Within a week 70 arrests were made. Newbridge was occupied by Dragoons, Infantry and Constabulary, and any persons found in the streets were charged or batoned. Balfour would teach not only a lesson to the tenants, but to anyone or to any town where sympathy and aid was given. Sexton made a good speech, and I voted with the Irish in protest against these arrests ; we were beaten 196 to 154, and I published all the facts."

The following are the official figures for the number of *evictions of tenants* in Ireland. These returns were known as "Balfour's Bag." Multiplying these evictions by five gives a conservative estimate of the persons dispossessed of their homes. It must be remembered that the Plan of Campaign was checking evictions and advertising the cruelty :

1887.	22,345	tenants evicted	×	5	=	111,725
1888.	11,965	"	×	5	=	59,825
1889.	7,334	"	×	5	=	41,670
						<hr/>
						213,220 ¹

This figure represents an enormous proportion of the agricultural population of Ireland. The total population of Ireland was a little over 4,000,000.

On the last day of February there was a great scene in the House, which arose on a discussion of the Cleveland Street "scandals." Labby charged the Government with giving certain of the culprits

¹ This total excludes many tenants reduced to "caretakers" and then evicted.

Debate on the Report of the Judges

who were "wanted" the hint to be off, and he certainly clearly insinuated, if he did not allege, that Lord Salisbury had connived at the delay in issuing the warrant for their arrest. The row began over Courtney (the Chairman of Committees) "naming" Labby for refusing to withdraw his statement that he "did not believe Lord Salisbury." Courtney was altogether wrong in his ruling, and in demanding a withdrawal of the statement. It is perfectly permissible and against no rule whatever for a Member of the Commons to say that he does not believe a peer's statement. I voted in two divisions against Labby's suspension, but it was carried by 177 to 96 and 178 to 97. I heard even Jim Lowther (C.) declare "Courtney is in the wrong, he has put his foot in it." I voted again to report progress to get the Speaker into the Chair, but I did not vote on Labby's original motion, as he did not absolutely prove his case, and made some wild assertions, yet I have no doubt that someone tipped the wink to — to flee the country. This much is certain, that the case of humbler individuals would not have been made the subject of a consultation with the Lord Chancellor, nor is it expected that the Prime Minister should concern himself with and "consider" Newgate cases and advise on them.

"On March 3rd began the great debate on the Report of the Special Commission of three Judges on Parnellism and Crime. W. H. Smith moved that thanks be given to the Commissioners, and that the Report be entered upon the Journals of the House. Gladstone moved an amendment, expressing also 'reprobation of the false charges of

the gravest and most odious description based on calumny and forgery,' brought against Members of this House, and particularly against Parnell, 'regretting the wrong and suffering caused by these acts of flagrant iniquity' and made a great speech. . . ."

This debate only finished on the 10th March with "a fine speech from Sexton, a savage and stupid one from Balfour, and a pretty fair one from Harcourt. We were beaten 339 to 268." But it was the next day which brought the great sensation, when on the main motion Lord Randolph Churchill revolted from his party.

"There were many Conservatives and some Liberal Unionists 'fed up' with Balfour's methods and illegalities in Ireland, and were indignant at the foul conspiracy which had at last been exposed, but they held on and supported the brazen-faced Ministers on their front bench. Not so Churchill; he was determined to condemn them. His speech and the occasion is most memorable. He denounced the Special Commission, he denounced the conduct of the Government in language which aroused the anger of the party he had lately led so well, he compared their proceedings to the Tudor period, declared them to be unworthy of the House of Commons, a House which till then had fought against arbitrary imprisonment, and he claimed that even the latter-day Tories would have protested, and then with indescribable disgust in his voice and contempt in his attitude he asked the front bench, 'WHAT is it you have as a result?—A man—a thing—a reptile—a monster—PIGOTT—the *bloody*—ROTTEN—GHASTLY FÆTUS—PIGOTT!—PIGOTT!—PIGOTT!' Then he warned the Con-

Churchill's Revolt

servative Party that they, having set this execrable example, might some day be in a minority, 'when *you* may be treated as *you* have treated your political opponents.' He proved this was no new view of his, and he finished by hoping a future Parliament would expunge from our records that of the unconstitutional and arbitrary actions of this Government, and administered a rebuke to the Ministers for their outrage and violation of constitutional liberty."

In his impaired state of health this speech tried him. He asked for a drink of water of Captain S. C. R. Colomb, who was a Kerry Conservative, but who was returned for some London suburban constituency as a "non-Coercionist," who refused point-blank, but Bauman (C.) went out and brought it him. He thanked him and said, so that we heard it, "I hope it will not compromise you with your party!"

"Then arose Joe Chamberlain, the one-time revolutionary Radical, and went for his late ally. When Whitbread (L.), who was always worth listening to, rose to follow him, the Conservatives walked out. Caine (L.U.) moved Jennings's (C.) Amendment, which Jennings, in spite of being a political associate of Churchill's, now would not move, and instead of attacking the Government he accused Churchill of 'stabbing his party in the back,' whereas he had delivered a full frontal attack. Goschen when he spoke just went mad, and was merely an ugly sight and sound, and then we divided on what had been Jennings's Amendment—Caine (L.U.) and Edward Grey (L.) "told" for us. The numbers were: for the Amendment, 259, against, for the Government, 321. The Govern-

ment majority had been declining from 106 to 71. As Churchill had pointed out, it was now down to 62.

“Thirty ‘Unionists’ did not vote, 4, including Churchill, voted with us, 5 Liberals and 9 Nationalists were absent, there were 19 pairs and 3 seats vacant. Churchill was covered with abuse in the Conservative Press after years of great service because he dared to tell his party the truth.”

He was now left almost alone. His brilliant career practically ended with this great and noble effort. He was an excellent leader of the House while he occupied that position; he exhibited then the serious side of his impulsive nature with a rare understanding of what matters most in constitutional government. His health failed, and he remains a pathetic figure in our history. Had he been wiser earlier, he had in him those qualities which might have fitted him to lead his party on a better road than that taken later by the paltry politicians who have led it nowhere and achieved so little with great majorities. What might have been done with the Government which in the years under review was filled with men of outstanding ability under his leadership is a matter for speculation, but as it was, it became the most unconstitutional, the meanest and the most disintegrating one of modern times.

On the 24th March—

“Balfour introduced in a masterly speech the Bill for clearing out the Irish landlords by purchase. Ten million pounds had already been allocated to this object; this measure was to add to this sum 30 to 35 millions of pounds.

Henry M. Stanley

“ April 12th.—We heard that one Lloyd George had won a seat for the Liberals, namely the Carnarvon Boroughs—turning a Conservative majority in 1886 of over 1,100 into a Liberal one of 18.

“ April 17th.—Goschen presented a very good Budget, and distributed his £3,548,000 surplus thus :

	£
Barracks	300,000
Volunteer Equipment	100,000
2½d. Postage to India and the Colonies	80,000
Remission Silver-Plate duties	200,000
2d. off 6d. Tea Duty	1,500,000
5s. off Currants	210,000
3d. off Beer	386,000
Reduction of Lower-class Houses	
House Duty	540,000

“ April 21st.—Parnell moved the rejection of the Land Purchase Bill. He demonstrated why it could not effect its object—that if the principle of the Bill was adopted the problem could not be solved without spending 166 millions ; that under the Bill only one-ninth of the landlords would be bought out. He propounded a much better plan for utilising £30,000,000, namely to limit the scheme to £50 rentals or under, which would reduce the area to be dealt with by 55 per cent., and involve an expenditure of only £27,000,000. It was a sound speech, but Balfour always knows better what is good for Ireland, and the Bill was read a second time on May 1st by 348 to 268.”

About this time I had a “ turn-up ” and a warm correspondence with Henry M. Stanley. I acted in the House for the Anti-Slavery Society, being a

member of its committee. Stanley was being lionised in London, but I avoided the man, and disliked him and his methods of conducting expeditions. It is not much exaggeration to say that he often left a track of native blood behind him. Cameron¹ the explorer told me, that when he walked across Africa from ocean to ocean (the first man to do it), he did the whole journey with nothing but a walking-stick ; but, he said, "Neither I nor any other man living will do that again after Stanley's performances." Later, when I made several expeditions into the wilder and less-known parts of Africa, my men were armed, and I have known critical situations, but to be in a position to defend yourself is a very different thing to forcing your passage quite indifferent to the slaughtering of natives. I am convinced that then and now you could make your way anywhere with patience and tact where Stanley went, without ever striking a blow. I had men (Somalis) with me who had been with Stanley, and even they spoke with detestation of Stanley's treatment of themselves and of natives.

From the outset I had always been for the promotion of the East African Chartered Company's

¹ Commander Vernon Lovat Cameron, R.N., C.B., arrived at Kalombela the 28th November, 1875, having walked across the quite unknown part of the continent. He was a much greater and better man than the now famous Stanley and a benefactor to his fellow-creatures. He furnished me with a great deal of information apart from that about Stanley. He had served in our Navy, seen the Civil War in America, been stationed on the East Coast of Africa, taken part in the Abyssinian Campaign of 1868, was employed in the suppression of the Slave Trade, led the Royal Geographical Society's Expedition, 1873, to succour Livingstone, did much exploration and endured great hardships. He received the Royal Geographical Society's Gold Medal. After he had retired from the Navy in 1883 he did much more exploration, and travelled in Asia Minor and elsewhere. He was the recipient of many honours, and was killed out hunting in Buckinghamshire in 1894.

The Channel Tunnel

enterprise and interests, and had supported the project of the Uganda Railway. My surprise was great when, on the 13th May, at the London Guildhall Stanley denounced *me* for having accused the Company of employing slave labour and of making profits out of it, and he asked, "Have the Quakers of England ever contributed 12,000 pence to redeeming their dark relatives from slavery?" I challenged him to produce anything which I had ever said or insinuated against the B.E.A. Chartered Company. He said he had written out his speech with this charge against me in it, but in *speaking* it he had left my name out, as he had been told I had never said anything of the sort, but that he had given his written speech with my name in to the reporters. He went on with a tirade against Quakers and about a question I had asked in the House about the Stanley Expedition and the Congo contracts. I replied that my questions were fully justified by the answers I received, and that his opinion about the Society of Friends was one I need not concern myself with. I have always regarded him as one of the worst type of English-speaking African travellers or explorers. There have been worse German ones.

"*June 5th.*—I voted against the Channel Tunnel. It is good to be an Island, it is good for the English to have a taste of the sea ; our national character is influenced by our insularity, and by being a seafaring people, yet with our insularity or because of it we are the most adaptable of races. The strategic danger of a tunnel is no doubt exaggerated, but is the argument used the most effectively

against the vast expenditure it would involve. As long as we have any pride of the sea we should be equal to an hour or two's experience of the element. I have heard two of the worst sailors I know (and I am a good one) say that, under all circumstances, they would prefer the open sea to a tunnel. Besides, if our trade remains what it is, could the tunnel take a great proportion of our trade, and if it could, would it be a blessing to be rid of a large proportion of our Mercantile Marine and seagoing men? I see no good in the proposal. Half the expenditure would give us improved ports and splendid cross-Channel services."

Perhaps enough English money is expended on the Continent as it is on pleasure without making expensive facilities.

We had a great variety of subjects before us this session, but on the 9th June we were back to that of Ireland with—

"a motion for adjournment on the violence with which a meeting had been suppressed in Tipperary. A very heated debate followed, in which all the big guns fired off. Captain Bethell (C.) protested against the violence of the authorities, in giving no notice before smashing meetings up, and the batoning of fleeing people. He also described Balfour's system of 'shadowing'¹ as '*damnable*.' We were beaten 281 to 220."

¹ Shadowing was the following and watching by Government spies of political opponents, whether Irish or others, in their daily life and movements, e.g. when I or any other Liberal M.P. landed in Ireland, we were "shadowed" from the boat to the railway, from the railway station to our hotel by these agents. One stood by you when you booked your ticket and noted your destination; you were shadowed wherever you went, whatever you did, a note made of whomsoever you spoke to; your private correspondence was opened in the post office, and reports sent to Dublin Castle.

Lord Salisbury gives Heligoland Away

In June I was in Berlin, and returned to find that Lord Salisbury had made a very humiliating arrangement with Germany. To purchase the "friendship" of Germany he was surrendering Heligoland and sacrificing British interests in East Africa. I was furious about this, and in view of the terrible results of this deed twenty-four years after, I give a few sentences from my speech on the 25th July denouncing the Anglo-German Agreement. In my diary I say :

"I was astounded at the indifference of the House and its want of appreciation of the vital importance of it (the Agreement). *Only 61 M.P.'s* voted against giving Heligoland and its loyal inhabitants to Germany."

After the Great War I was not less indignant that when we were throwing away the fruits of victory we also left Heligoland in the hands of Germany, and that it was not receded to us or at least transferred to Denmark.

"The honourable Member (who had last spoken) said that we had bartered away our birthright in Africa for a mess of pottage. We had bartered away our birthright, but I fail to see where is the mess of pottage. . . . Our position in Africa to-day has changed distinctly for the worse since 1886. We are told that the proposed concessions and surrenders with the evacuation of Heligoland were necessary in order to receive the friendship of Germany. I feel pretty confident that when we have done all that was proposed, Germany's policy would still be mainly dictated by her own interest. . . . An honourable and gallant Member

had depreciated the position of Heligoland as a point of strategic value. I do not know whether the honourable and gallant member is a more competent authority than some of those who appeared before the Commission on Colonial Defences or than some of the great men who preceded these authorities. Whilst the honourable and gallant member was speaking I turned to a despatch written by Admiral Russell in 1807, in which the gallant Admiral said that at small expense the island could be made a small Gibraltar. . . . I remembered that even Lord Salisbury in another place dwelt on the great use that Heligoland had been when Napoleon promulgated his decrees against the commerce of Great Britain. . . . Heligoland was able to defeat the design of Napoleon, and it is impossible to anticipate how, in other respects, Heligoland may not be useful to us again. The Prime Minister had found out now that it was better to cede Heligoland than to submit to the humiliation of surrendering it as we should, *he said*, in the event of war with Germany. But surely *some preparations would be made to defend our possessions*. . . . I am surprised, too, that the supporters of a vigorous foreign policy set so little store upon our outpost in the North Sea. . . . I protest against the inhabitants being handed over to Germany like cattle."

I pleaded that the opinion of the people there should be taken, or even that of the Council of Heligoland. I pointed to what this humiliating arrangement really did. Germany was to have "Heligoland, Damaraland, Namaqualand, the mainland of the Sultanate of Zanzibar, various concessions in the Gulf of Guinea, *and for what?*" I protested against the disregard of the interests of

The Sacrifice of British African Interests

South Africa and against the humiliation of the Agreement, which, "while failing to secure the gratitude of Germany, would in the long run land us in difficulties."

The effect of my speech was negligible, but when I reflect on the deplorable consequences of this bargain, the frightful damage to our commerce and to the effective use of our fleet through Germany's possession of the formidable Heligoland base in the Great War, the hard-fought campaigns which resulted in South-West Africa, West Africa and in German East Africa, due to Lord Salisbury's folly and contempt for African interests, I re-read my speech with more satisfaction than that of any other which I made in the House of Commons. Such gifts have been used to our great hurt, and justice demanded their forfeit at the Peace and their return to us.

Lord Salisbury and John Morley were alike in despising British interests in Africa. Later, when I had a direct and familiar acquaintance with Somaliland and East Africa, nothing that I could urge at the Foreign Office and India Office¹ would induce them (with this ever-present attitude of Lord Salisbury) to believe that British East Africa, Equatorial Africa or Somaliland was of any importance. Lee Warner at the India Office was as bad as Lord Salisbury. The giving up of South-West Africa, Tanganyika, the Rodd Treaty, all involved us with long and costly campaigns with Germany, with the Somali Mullah and the loss of strength and prestige.

¹ Somaliland at that time was under the India Office and administered from Bombay.

As evidence of how much value the Conservative Party placed on our African interests and Heligoland, W. H. Smith attempted, on the first day's discussion, *to closure the debate*, but the Speaker refused, much to the annoyance of W. H. Smith and his party.

To those who remember London with many residential streets and squares protected from the noise and nuisance of general traffic and omnibuses, the following may be of interest. There was before Parliament a "Removal of Gates Bill," and during its passage the Lords came in for much abuse for opposing it so far as to insert clauses providing for compensation for the so-called "bloated property-owners." On the London private estates of the great landowners there were some 200 gates ; many of them gave protection to the residential roads, crescents and squares in the West-End. In some cases a gate-keeper supervised the traffic ; other gates and bars were open by day to general traffic and closed at night about 10 or 11 p.m. Residents within the barred areas were usually provided with keys. The residents were really the chief sufferers by the abolition of the gates : "The absence of the gates may depreciate parts of the estates, but I hardly think it will." The so-called "unearned increment" in London estates has been enormous, but it is an arguable point whether the owner who develops land for building, promotes building, makes the roads, sewers, etc., is not the cause of value quite as much as the population. Anyhow, although I am a poor man, I have always regarded accumulated wealth, wherever it is, as an advantage to all,

The Liberal Unionists

and probably of greater service to the community than to the possessor, who can only eat a certain amount, wear a limited amount of clothing and sleep in one bed at a time.

This session the Irish Land Purchase Act was passed, but Balfour was still busy with his battering-rams and paraffin tins. I transcribe one note I have on the 1886 attitude of the party towards Gladstone when he proposed Land Purchase.

“ In 1886 the Conservative and Unionist Party obtained their big majority at the polls on three points :

“ (1) They were against Home Rule.

“ (2) They were against Coercion and ‘ exceptional treatment ’ of Ireland.

“ (3) They were dead against Land Purchase.

“ As regards Chamberlain’s attitude, he not only had denounced Coercion, Dublin Castle and had called our rule that of a Government ‘ of 20,000 bayonets ’ camped permanently, as in a hostile country, and compared ours with Russian methods, but had also declared his belief ‘ in the right of Ireland to govern itself ’ in matters of ‘ domestic business ’ ; many (Liberal) Unionists had followed suit.”

The Liberal Unionist section were a very heterogeneous one. Some were merely Liberals in name, others were Whigs ; some were Liberals apart from the Irish Question, others were Radicals, others teetotal fanatics, and a small body was whatever Chamberlain was. Harcourt described this collection as being like a knot tied in a dilapidated mule’s tail to keep the harness on ; this was their use—they kept the Conservatives in power 1886—

1892. What we achieved was the cornering of our opponents in such a way that they passed remedial measures and radical reforms in Great Britain and Ireland faster and faster to defeat us on Home Rule.

I have often thought of a story I was told as a child of a Russian family flying before a pack of wolves in their sledge with four horses. To save themselves they tried sacrificing one horse, then another, each victim reprieving them for a short time from a terrible fate, and in their desperation finally sacrificing their children, and all in vain. Constitutional and Conservative principles, their promises, their opposition to reforms, all had to be thrown away to defeat the policy of conciliation and justice until the day when England's difficulty became Ireland's opportunity long after Gladstone had disappeared from the scene where he had warned those who refused his policy that they would ultimately concede to violence far more than his rejected proposals.

CHAPTER IX

1890 AND AFTER

DURING the recess it became certain that there would be a potato-famine winter in Ireland, yet evictions were increasing. More M.P.'s were being prosecuted—John Dillon and the Irish Whip, little Patrick O'Brien, had been arrested. John Morley had all but been assaulted by the police in Ireland, and English M.P.'s had been attacked by the Constabulary. Lord Spencer had spoken strongly on this subject of the batoning of peaceful crowds. Balfour, whose rôle was one of real or affected indifference to the fate of his victims, went on with his golf at North Berwick.

The Parnell and Kitty O'Shea business needs little notice here, but the political excitement which arose out of it was so great that when the House reassembled on the 25th November the debate on the Address collapsed. Mrs. Peel being ill, Peel was not in the Chair, and Courtney took his place. White, our Chaplain, had died, and Canon Farrar was appointed in his place. The Address itself was abbreviated and in a new form. Parnell faced the music and was in his place.

“The great topic of discussion, is, ‘What will Parnell do?’ I think he ought to resign, but it is somewhat disgusting to hear Liberal Unionists denouncing Parnell’s immorality (and I proceed to indicate that they are not without men who are

like sinners among themselves). This question should not interfere with our duty to a nation, and we have no right to dictate to the Irish Party on it.

I was very glad to dine quietly with Frank Lockwood. We talked over the Parnell case. He is very angry with Parnell, and called him a "damned scoundel" for saying to him that "*his* people would not believe him guilty and that his divorce case would *only injure* us." The fire-escape story he says is all rot. Parnell and Kitty O'Shea did not let him know till eleven o'clock the night before the case came on that they were not going into the box. They wanted him to cross-examine Captain O'Shea, but he declined to go on a foraging expedition and to throw dirt unless they would go into the box to prove an issue.

This is part of my note after talking to Frank Lockwood, Counsel for Kitty O'Shea, but it must be stated here and accepted, that the Judge, in granting Captain O'Shea the decree nisi and the custody of the two younger children, entirely absolved Captain O'Shea from connivance and collusion, and the Jury agreed with that view.

"Parnell quite miscalculates the working of the British national mind, which is a curious article." (This is illustrated by citing personages, their known delinquencies and their popularity, and contrasting their situation with the popular attitude towards Parnell—which is that "he is not fit to live.") We cannot forget he has saved his country years of suffering, has made his party strong, increased respect for it and has won for Ireland from unwilling Governments every reparation and reform in the

Parnell Deposed

last ten years. Gladstone expected and then pressed for Parnell's resignation, but the Irish Party re-elected him its Chairman with unanimity. In John Morley's "Life of Gladstone," the sequel is well and truthfully told. No one could have acted with greater wisdom, prudence or tact than our "Old Man." His letter, which he entrusted to Morley, has often been published. Morley was his "go-between" with Parnell, and the evil consequences of Morley's failure as an ambassador, in not getting the letter into Parnell's hands *before* the meeting which re-elected him Chairman, are obvious. Morley's description of this period and crisis is excellent, as is his exposure of the crazy ingratitude of Parnell to Gladstone and the Liberal Party, but Morley defends all that was done, and never admits his own failure, though he was not clever enough to seize the obvious opportunity for success. The result of this failure was politically the greatest tragedy in Gladstone's life, for if now Parnell had gone politically straight and been loyal to Gladstone, there can be little doubt that the latter was on the eve of a final victory for his policy of conciliation.

On the 8th December, 1890, we knew that Parnell had been deposed from the leadership, after frightful storms in Committee Room No. 15, by the Irish Party. Fifty were against him and some thirty for him. In the majority were the McCarthys, *père et fils*, Esmonde, the two Healys, the three O'Briens, Sexton, Dillon, and Sullivan. For Parnell were the two Redmonds, Colonel Nolan, Power, the two Harringtons and Pierce Mahoney.

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At the end of November Parnell had issued his wicked and vindictive Manifesto. His atrocious conduct politically towards Gladstone and his followers doubtless sealed his fate in Committee Room No. 15. No doubt the Liberal Press maddened him, sitting in judgment upon him. The Kilkenny election was hailed as a victory over Parnell in Ireland and in England. I wrote to a friend of mine in the Parnellite camp deploring the language used towards us, who had given up place and made great sacrifices for a generous policy towards Ireland. He wrote me a very long and very kind letter, admitting all this gratefully, but which exhibited the great division in the Irish Party and the bitterness of each section towards the other. Of the Kilkenny election he said :

“ It was a victory for the lowest and most tyrannical set of priests it has ever been my lot to come in contact with ; they worked like fiends, they uttered the most filthy expressions, they lied unhesitatingly, they threatened their ignorant flocks with spiritual punishment. The ‘ Daily News ’ says nothing of this, but sings the praises of — and —, whose language would disgrace a prostitute. . . . If some of Mr. Parnell’s strictures are too severe, I think they are only balanced by the blackguardly articles in the ‘ Daily News ’ and other English Liberal papers.”

The Liberal Press need not have taken a violent side, but—

“ Parnell had called the majority of the Irish Party, which for years had served him faithfully, ‘ a lot of miserable gutter-sparrows whom he had picked

Political Consequences of the O'Shea Case

out of the mud,' and in his rage he poured scorn on the efforts which lately had so fully satisfied him. He denounced any scheme which might ever come from the Liberals, and yet he once said to my uncle, Arthur Pease, M.P., 'Give us what you like, but call it a Parliament on College Green, and that will satisfy us.' Of course that was a mere *façon de parler* and nonsense, but shows he is now suffering from political delirium tremens."

Mentioning my uncle, reminds me that, in the House of Commons cloak-room, Parnell's coat-peg was next to the Pease pegs, the order of them being alphabetical. My uncle one day put on the overcoat hanging on his peg, and when he put his hand in his pocket found it was Parnell's, for there was a revolver in the pocket.

1891

There is a mass of contemporary information in my journals for 1890 and 1891, but I leave most of it alone, and I do not propose to go into details as regards the session of 1891. The Parnell divorce case and the result, the splitting in two of the Irish Party, turned back the cause of Ireland, and made it almost certain that whoever lived to see Home Rule it would not be Parnell who would see it as his achievement, with one-third only of the Irish representation, and he apparently considering the raising of the standard of revolution and separation. It is a strange reflection that the private sin of a public man may change the whole course of political history, and at the same time a hundred other political leaders in history may be sinners of the same class and their private lives

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publicly known to be much worse without it being of serious political account.¹ The Liberal Party were discouraged, for up to this Parnell business it had been certain of victory at the next general election, and the Whips were already considering the claims for office. It seemed as if we were being drawn back to the situation of 1885. Meanwhile, the two Irish factions met in conference at Boulogne (i.e. William O'Brien and Parnell), but did little to improve the situation.

But amidst all this trouble a change came over Arthur Balfour. He had gone beyond Dublin Castle and seen Ireland at last in the autumn. Possibly I am wrong, but it seemed to me that he actually discovered that there was truth in what we had told him for years, and that he had been "stuffed" and misled by the landlord faction. There was no change in the general condition of Ireland except more distress, accompanied by more evictions. He now almost dropped Coercion, and actually joined in an appeal of Lord Zetland's (the Viceroy) for help for the starving peasantry in the so-called congested districts. I thought the suffering and cruelties I had witnessed which resulted from his policy and methods must be largely due to ignorance, and I regarded this change in him as one of those rare conversions (without confession) which does infinite credit to a party leader.

There were outside Parliament amongst the Liberal Unionists not a few who realised the condition of the Irish peasantry, and who laboured to

¹ Gladstone once said he had known many cases where men who were dishonourable in this respect were entirely honourable in every other.

Deaths of Notable Persons

ameliorate their condition. Although they might despise the constitutional Nationalist representatives of the Irish people and support the unconstitutional and coercive policy of the Government, these were a great help to Balfour when his spirit changed. One Quaker gentleman, James Hack Tuke, deserves special mention. He had striven for the amelioration of the poorest classes in Ireland for about fifty years, and was one of the foremost of these philanthropic Unionists. Between 1889 and 1891 he saw his suggestions placed before Balfour and embodied in legislation, or carried out by a Board set up in Ireland for this purpose ; these included light railways, public works, the development of fisheries, the provision of potato and other seed, and assistance to emigrants. We, of course, with all parties, welcomed these efforts. But we knew that practical benevolence would not wean Irishmen from their desire to rule their own country any more than brute force would frighten them out of their national sentiment. This fact was so obvious that I regarded, and still regard, the Unionists of those days as politically stupid not to have seen it.

Death removed from the House this session Bradlaugh, The O'Gorman Mahon, Sir Robert Fowler, Sir Charles Forster and a few others. Lord Granville also passed off the stage. Lord Albemarle (the 6th Earl, born 1799) died when ninety-two years of age, one of the last of the well-known men who had fought at Waterloo. To some a few brief extracts may be of interest.

“January 30th.—Shaw-Lefevre's motion in favour of arbitration between Irish landlords and tenants

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was rejected by 213 to 152, the Government majority being fairly steady."

On the 11th February I see I voted with the majority (205 to 155) in the division which carried the Second Reading of the Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

"There is quite a fair case against this measure, which certainly destroys the existing close family relationship which is very valuable, as sisters-in-law until now have been regarded as sisters, but the case for the Bill is stronger."

On the 20th March I voted with the majority which rejected the Sunday Opening of Museums by 116 to 35. It is strange to have lived to see the entire destruction of the British Sunday as a day set apart for rest and the opportunity for worship ; this division shows how opinion has changed in the last forty years. The next day I won the House of Commons Steeplechase at Daventry. I was staying with Lord Spencer at Althorp, and had a day or two with his hounds (the Woodland Pytchley). He considered I was not quite a sound Free Trader, and gave me a wonderfully convincing lecture on the subject which for a long time kept me "straight" and in line with my party, yet I always felt that conditions might arise which could lead to the destruction of our basic industries piecemeal on such a scale as to make it imperative to protect them, and that taxation of imports might be a better source of revenue than direct taxation and less oppressive to industries. On the 7th April I spoke and told for the Hares Bill, providing

An Obstinate Scotchman

a close time for hares, and we carried it 124 to 63. On the 9th April, after years of labour and many defeats, my father at last carried his motion against the Government by 160 to 130 for the abolition of the policy of forcing Indian Opium on China and the abrogation of the Opium clauses in the Treaty with China.

I was the initiator of legislation for the Protection of Wild Birds, and worked hard at the drafting of a Bill and the schedules this session. The distinguished ornithologist, Professor Newton, gave me most valuable aid in arranging and amending the schedules. When the Bill was drafted, I took it to Herbert Asquith for criticism. He read through the clauses and said, "Come to the Division Lobby," and in an incredibly short time transformed an old-fashioned long Bill with preamble and legal phraseology into a short, simple, concise Bill in plain English. He was the first truly sensible draftsman I had come across. He just said, "Tell me *what* you want to do," and in twenty minutes it was done exactly right. This may interest some readers, as it is really the shape in which the Act exists which was passed after I lost my seat in 1892. My failure to get the Bill through was due to the obstinacy and mulish stupidity of a single M.P. on our side, one Peter Esslemont, the Liberal member for East Aberdeenshire. I never came across his like, and hope I never shall : he was an Aberdeen draper with a parish-school education, and must have had qualities which commended him to the Aberdonians, as he had held the offices of Baillie and Lord-Provost in Aberdeen. Having this record behind him, no doubt he felt

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equal to dealing with the soft-tongued Saxons in the House of Commons. In any case, he was more than a match for me.

As, with the exception of Peter, the whole House was in favour of my Bill, I had only to put it down every night, to be in my place at midnight and Peter to be absent *but once*, and it would get read a second time. After talking to him nicely, after all my Scotch friends, his friends and men of all parties had tried persuasion in vain, I adopted the following plan, and had at least the satisfaction of keeping Peter out of bed after midnight the greater part of the session. He rose nightly after me at midnight with his "Mister Speakerr, I object." I told him, "Then I shall 'block' all your three Bills," which I did continuously, much to his annoyance, and I was denounced by the Scotch Radical Press. His measures were Rights of Way Bill No. 1, School Board Elections (Scotland) Bill and Returning Officers' Expenses (Scotland) Bill. I told him I would give him all his Bills if he let mine alone, but he just gave me the same stupid answer, "Noo ! Noo ! Mr. Pease. Ah'll nut be a parrtee to the creation of new crimes." I had often pleaded the popular aversion to cruelty, the value of certain birds to agriculture, the immunity of all who were not cruel and did not persecute birds from the very mild provisions of the Bill, that the whole House desired it and that all he said applied to his Bills and to *all* legislation.

On the 8th June Hart Dyke introduced the very Radical measure for the Tory Government, facetiously called the "*Free Education Bill*." On the 10th June obstruction to the Deceased Wife's Sister

Gorst and Bartley and their Party

Bill was tried, and we had nine divisions on it, and on the 15th W. H. Smith took the whole time of the House, and the Irish Land Purchase Bill was read a third time (225 to 96). The day following this division we had the Manipur debate. Sir John Gorst made one of his very clever, cynical and almost brutal speeches. I thought for one who was supposed to be defending the Government the following sentence was rather a stinger for it: "Governments have *always* discouraged independent and original talent, and have *always* promoted mediocrity. In my *own* time I have known numbers of cases of this kind." George Curzon condemned Gorst's speech and of course knows much more than anyone else! Sir Richard Temple denounced the treachery of the arrest at a Durbar.

On the 18th of June—

"we had the pleasure of defeating the Government (202 to 186) on Sydney Buxton's mild Amendment to the Factory and Workshops Amendment Bill, to raise the age of 'half-timers' to eleven years of age. Gorst again got a few good digs into his colleagues in the Ministry, e.g. he called the half-time system a 'makeshift' good enough for forty years ago, and asked 'Members, when they were boys, what sort of school work *they* would have done after six hours in a cotton factory?' I enjoyed watching Smith's and Matthews's faces while their Balaam was speaking, they were a study."

On the 22nd June—

"Bartley had a go at his own party and the front bench, and denounced the unprincipled conduct

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of passing ' Free Education ' after all their denunciations of it, and deplored this popularity and vote-hunting business."

I note that at this time the total cost of elementary schools was $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions of pounds, made up thus :

Grants in aid and rates provide	.	$4\frac{1}{2}$	million	£.
Fees paid by parents	.	2	"	"
Endowments and subscriptions	.	1	"	"

We have moved a bit since then, but whether with more and wider instruction at more than ten times the cost we have obtained a more general "education," in the sense of forming character, in increasing pride in skilled and professional craftsmanship and "satisfaction" in industry is very doubtful. Work is now regarded in a different light. With thousands it is either a hateful or a despised thing. The less work the better, the shorter the hours and the more leisure the better. Let us have as little of this nasty thing as possible, let us prevent the young from beginning to work and the old from continuing work, seems to be the mental attitude of a large proportion of the thus "educated" people, and yet work is a blessed thing.

"Goschen disgusts me in his pharisaical pose of superior virtue, *he* does not sacrifice his principles or change *his* mind, but in May this year he declared it was highly immoral politically to act on the principle, that if the Tories did not introduce a measure the Liberals would ; so do it. Yet in his speech on the Free Education Bill, he said he agreed to the Bill *because* it will *save* the voluntary schools, and *because* if this Government had not intro-

Eyes as Windows to the Soul

duced it the Liberals would. In 1876 he declared that if schools received public money they must sooner or later be subject to public control. He really is an old shuffler."

1892

On the 9th February the House reassembled, with Balfour now leader of the House.

"He was very disappointing on his first day; one never expected much of Smith, and we always felt that he wished to do his 'duty to the House' and to say the right thing, even if he couldn't, and so he was without any personal enemies. More was expected of Arthur Balfour, and yet his opening performance in dealing with the death of the Duke of Clarence (Prince Eddie) was ugly, and clumsy in delivery; Harcourt protracted his expressions of grief unduly, and all missed Gladstone's language and feeling.

"There was a dinner of the XXXIX Articles Club that evening, but it was poorly attended. I think Billy Compton (Lord William Compton, afterwards 5th Marquis of Northampton, died 1913), Paulton, Herbert Gardner and I generally do a bit towards brightening things up, but it was rather difficult this night without the presence of Rosebery, Birrell and Frank Lockwood and the usual victims of their chaff and wit—Charlie Carrington (Earl of Carrington) is Rosebery's favourite butt, and Bob Reid is Lockwood's prey. But our efforts were only mildly successful in the company of John Morley, Bryce and Haldane. Their eyes monopolise much of my attention and puzzle me as windows of their souls. Morley's are little pig eyes deeply set, Bryce never ceases to blink his, which are not much more visible than a mole's,

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and Haldane half-shuts his and squeaks out what he has of wisdom. I have never heard him laugh.¹ I should like to hear this trio laugh loud and long."

There is one incident that is worth relating which illustrates the humour of Lord Rosebery, though it does not strictly belong to the period under notice. The first dinner of "The XXXIX Articles Club" which I attended after my return to the House in 1897 was held at Lord Carrington's, whose hospitality and geniality were notable, and there was a large muster of members. As Lord Rosebery passed through Lord Carrington's sanctum on the way to the room where we assembled before dinner,

¹ In the first period of my being an M.P. (1885-1892), I saw a good deal of Haldane, and later we occasionally met, on the old terms of personal friendship, in the House; at meetings of the XXXIX Articles Club, at Brooks's and elsewhere. He was exceptionally gifted and equipped with learning. Though it was not obvious to all, being somewhat hidden by an affected manner and a falsetto voice, he possessed a simple and very good heart. Fat, ungainly, singular in his habits, and at times unintelligibly "high-brow," he proved capable of carrying out very valuable practical reforms at the War Office. The latter end of his political life was puzzling, but he was very badly and unfairly used by the Liberals. That he should become a Socialist and seek the patronage of the "Labour" Party was the most curious vagary of any among my political acquaintance. No doubt the Woolsack is the highest honour of the legal profession, but I wondered to see him there. It was more surprising than it had been to see the Radical Bob Reid seated there before him, or John Morley, coroneted, reposing in the Gilded Chamber after many years spent in denouncing it and its contents. To be a great metaphysician, exercising his own mind in endeavouring to explain mental processes, did not always make for lucidity in expressing his conclusions. For instance, here is his cure for unemployment:

"I am convinced that there is *one way only* of dealing with unemployment, and that is by enlightening the mind of the nation and *setting it free* to work out its own destiny."

Whatever this means, it indicates some little delay; meanwhile, what do we do with the unemployed? Is not the mind of the nation free, and if not, how do we free it? There is no doubt much wisdom in the great and wise, but their admirers will hail from the lips of such as a revelation what in truth is gibberish—the less intelligible the pronouncement the wiser the dictum.

A Presentation by Lord Rosebery

his observant eye fell upon the most colossal three-decker solid silver inkstand that ever was seen, on our host's writing-table. Having contemplated it for a minute, he rang the bell, and when a footman answered it, he instructed him to wrap it in a large table-cloth, and told him that when we reached the dessert stage after dinner, he was to bear it into the dining-room thus covered up and place the enormous article in front of himself. Rosebery was seated at dinner at Carrington's right hand, I was near the far end of the long table.

At the right moment the door opened, and the footman entered bearing this enormous draped object and placed it in front of Lord Rosebery. Everyone wondered what it could possibly be, and what was coming. There was a general hush, our host looked puzzled, Rosebery gazed on the snowy mountain before him with the greatest solemnity, and then rose slowly to his feet and addressed us with the greatest gravity. The burden of his speech was the importance of an occasion which marked my return to the Club, the political significance of my having been re-elected to the House during my absence in Somaliland, and why he had been selected by the Club to choose and present to me something to remind me of their sentiments towards me. He begged me to accept it, in spite of its small intrinsic value, but commended it as a useful and handy article for a Member of Parliament to possess. He then signalled to a footman to unveil the gift, and with great pomp it was carried down the room and placed before me. When it was uncovered most of us

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were gaping, Carrington's face was a study, and Rosebery had turned towards Carrington and gazed at him as if surprised and pained at our host's lack of enthusiasm and his expression of bewildered astonishment, whilst I, in such appropriate terms as I could muster, accepted this trifling but most valued mark of the Club's good-will.

This was quite characteristic of Rosebery, for he was always on the look-out for some absurdity with which he could amuse himself and others by exposing it to ridicule. For some reason or other he found Carrington a suitable butt for the exercise of his wit or humour. Carrington's radicalism seemed to tickle him, and there was certainly something incongruous in it. No doubt Carrington's good temper encouraged Rosebery to play his pranks.

Our Home Rule policy led this session to the production of the Irish Local Government Bill by the Government. "Harcourt has denounced it before he has seen it ; because he said he was a gardener, and knows that thorns do not produce figs, nor thistles grapes !" Things looked dull, so I paired with my Tory friends, Muntz and Hermon-Hodge, and we went off to hunt and to local political meetings until the 23rd February. On that day we rejected the Eight Hours Bill for Mines 272 to 160. Burt and Fenwick (the miners' representatives) spoke against it, and John Wilson, another miners' representative, told against it. The South and West Yorkshire miners were in favour of the Bill. Chamberlain, who knows nothing about it, said shorter hours would increase output ! I put down the varying local conditions,

My Defeat at York, 1892

the differences in seams, the different distances from the face and other reasons why Parliament should not and cannot, without injury to mines, lay down hard-and-fast lines. Gladstone, Asquith and Sir Henry James spoke against it.

Now (1931) that most of our mines and many of the collieries in the North (and elsewhere) are closed, and thousands without employment under the legislative restrictions subsequently passed, it is interesting to look at my analysis of the division on the Eight Hours Bill :

	For	Against
Liberals . . .	52	80
Conservatives . . .	77	64
Liberal Unionists . . .	12	24
Nationalists . . .	6	3
Parnellites . . .	5	4
	<hr/> 152	<hr/> 175

In June came the General Election. At York the Conservatives only ran one candidate, J. G. Butcher, and won one of the very few seats gained by that party in 1892, and, what is more, he held the seat for many years. After a very hard fight the result was :

Butcher . . .	5,076 (C.)	}	elected.
Lockwood . . .	5,030 (L.)		
Pease . . .	4,846 (L.)		

My defeat was due to the Great Coal Strike, which affected the North Eastern Railwaymen, who were

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in consequence on short time. My father was Vice-Chairman of the Railway Co. and also Chairman of Pease and Partners, Ltd., and a number of the workmen in the railway works "took it out of me." A very wicked libel on my father was spread through their ranks, that he had declared that he "would let the grass grow in the streets of the villages before conceding anything to the pitmen," whereas we were giving their families assistance and them free houses and free coal. My father took no part whatever in the dispute, being wholly absorbed with my mother's illness, for she lay dying. I had to represent my father in his own constituency in his absence, and to return thanks after the count at Barnard Castle for his re-election.

In Cleveland much the same causes as lost me my seat at York reduced my cousin's, H. F. Pease's, Liberal majority of 1886 of about 4,000 to between 300 and 400 in his contest with Mr. Arthur Dorman (C.). On the other hand, my younger brother entered Parliament as the Liberal Member for Tyneside, and commenced a political career that was a very successful one from 1892 to 1916, when he was created Baron Gainford. In 1895 I declined invitations to stand for Stockton, Newcastle and Scarborough, but was so hard-pressed by the Liberals at York that I was induced to try York again at a few days' notice. A week's campaign resulted again in defeat :

Butcher (C.)	. 5,516	} elected.
Lockwood (L.)	5,309	
Pease (L.)	. 5,214	

The Second Home Rule Bill

and I did not go back to the House until 1897, when I was elected to the vacant seat in Cleveland at the by-election consequent on the death of my cousin. At the time I was in Somaliland, in distant Ogaden, knew nothing of my nomination, and did not hear of it until some time after I had been elected.

But to return to 1892. My defeat came at a most unfortunate moment for me. Though the part I had played is long since forgotten, I had been marked out for office, and had accepted the position of Liberal Whip in association with Ellis (a Welsh M.P.) in the assured event of a Liberal victory at the polls. However, Lord Rosebery, as soon as he was at the Foreign Office, appointed me his Private Secretary. Nothing could have suited me better, for I trusted him above all other leaders, had great affection for him and in his own words this post would give me the "run of the Foreign Office" until I got a seat. This appointment I had to resign the same autumn owing to the illness of my wife, who was ordered abroad, and for eighteen years it was a battle with a fatal disease. In 1897 I returned to the House of Commons and sat for six years more in two Parliaments. There are entries in my diaries that may be of interest some day, but I shall only briefly allude to the main subject of this volume, and to the South African War.

In 1893 Gladstone with immense labour, prepared his second Home Rule Bill, and it passed the Third Reading in the Commons, only to be rejected by the Lords by 419 votes to 41 ! Gladstone was for appealing to the country "on the

1890 and After

House of Lords." His association with John Morley was close at this time, and Morley may have egged him on in this direction, but his Cabinet was not favourable to this course. The Lords proved to be entirely justified, for the country was with them. What, however, is to be thought of the stability of the British electorate under the expanding application of democratic theory? In the closing years of his long and illustrious career Gladstone had seen his policy of concession and conciliation first rejected in 1886, then accepted by an overwhelming majority in 1892, to be again rejected by a tremendous majority in 1895. He was spared from witnessing the fulfilment of his prophecy that much more than what he pleaded for, as a concession to justice, would, after wasted years, be surrendered to violence. He was spared much more than this : that which the author of these pages has witnessed ; a ragged remnant of the great host he once commanded, torn by dissensions, fighting foul against the repeatedly declared will of the nation, making itself responsible for the outrage of every Liberal canon of taxation, of every violation of economic law, of every injury to the power and influence of Great Britain on land and sea, of every loosening of the bonds of Empire, of which two Socialist administrations have been guilty.

I have but a faint memory of the last speeches I heard of Gladstone's, but one curious little incident I remember in this later period. I was sitting just behind Gladstone during an Irish debate ; the old man, who was getting deaf, was leaning forward with his open hand to his ear trying to catch what an Ulster M.P. named Rentoul was



From Left to Right. THE RT. HON. J. LLOYD WHARTON, M.P., THE RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH, M.P., SIR J. W. PEASE, B.T., M.P., at Hutton Hall, Hutton Low Cross, November 1897.

Policy towards the Transvaal, 1899

saying, when he turned sharply to his neighbour on the front bench and said in a loud voice, "What is this *snivelling dog* saying? I can't hear a word!" I looked at the Speaker, who must have heard this, to see what he would do, but though he gave a glance at Gladstone he took no notice. As a matter of fact, Rentoul, the member for East Down, was a distinguished scholar, a barrister, and had been on the London County Council, though he made no mark in the House. Gladstone's language amused and interested me as evidence that there was a bit of devil left in the great old man.

Once again, towards the end of my parliamentary life, I was to find myself on the unpopular side. In the Home Rule struggle I had been called everything nasty, and now I was called a Pro-Boer for opposing the attitude and policy of Chamberlain and of Milner towards the South African Republic. I took the same view as Arthur Elliot, M.P. (L.U.), of The Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Clarke, M.P. (C.), of Captain Bethell, M.P. (C.), of Fred Selous, of Field-Marshal Sir Neville Chamberlain, and of others who were not blinded by the frenzy and hatred that the controversy evoked. The Boers had made concessions beyond what the Government originally demanded, and if Chamberlain's dispatch in September 1899 had been made a few weeks earlier, in which in return for certain reforms he offered a British guarantee of the Transvaal's independence, all would have been well. Before hostilities broke out I wrote in the Press, and I give a few extracts from a letter published on the 30th September, 1899 :

"The demands of the Colonial Secretary are based on the grievances of the Uitlanders. The real object of those who clamoured for intervention was the subjection of the Transvaal and the possession of its material resources. A more sordid object was never more hypocritically cloaked. . . . I can understand the Boers being slow to see the fun of being swamped at the polls by the foreign voters of all nations, and their hesitation as to whether they would be 'forced out' or 'squeezed out.' The Boers' is not such a transparently ridiculous view of the Uitlanders' position. To them they are foreigners who, knowing the conditions, have preferred to seek their fortunes under the Boer flag rather than live under their own Governments. . . . I believe the Transvaal Government to be mistaken in not giving civil equality to British and Dutch inhabitants, as we have done at the Cape, but I believe that they can be persuaded to do it without recourse to bloodshed.

"As we appear on the verge of war . . . there is little hope of restricting it to the Transvaal. The Orange Free State will make common cause with the South African Republic. . . . The majority of the population in our Cape Colony are in sympathy with the Boers. . . . The war instead of being in 'Pretoria at Christmas' will be in all probability a long and a cruel one. Do not let anyone suppose it will be either a cheap war or one in which we shall have a walk over. The Dutch are akin to us in race and quality. . . . All these considerations would not deter me from supporting the employment of force did I believe that necessity, justice and honour demanded it."

When the Boers invaded Natal and thus opened hostilities by invading our colony, I voted men and money for the war, though it was deliberately

Unpopular Views

provoked by Chamberlain and Milner. To defend our own territories and our fellow-subjects is the first duty of an Englishman. Milner, as I learnt afterwards when serving under him and enjoying his friendship and confidence, took the view, carefully thought out and held with a conscientious conviction, that he was charged with the great responsibility of maintaining the British supremacy in South Africa, that the Dutch were getting the upper hand, that they were trying to put back the British, that they were arming, and that each year would make it a more difficult task to maintain the British connection in South Africa. To put it roughly, the struggle as to which was to be "top dog" was imminent, and each year that passed made our chance worse—so the sooner the better. Though I held a different view and expressed it very strongly to Milner on several occasions up to the time when I brought an escort to see him out of the Transvaal at Komati Poort in 1905, he kept telling the British "to keep their fighting end up." I believed in absolute equality and the encouragement of fusion between the British and the Boers, I never believed in government having for its object the pride and glory of the rulers, or any other than the happiness and prosperity of the governed. I preached and acted on my own views with the full knowledge of my chief, and singularly enough with his full approval of my methods and their results. He was no narrow-minded man, and he was one whom I served loyally and with affection and admiration.

At the General Election of 1900, in spite of the unpopularity of my views on the Transvaal Question,

1890 and After

I was returned unopposed for the Cleveland Division. My election address was to be my last one, and the last words of it were : " I make no promise to be the blind follower of any party or of any section of it." At the end of 1902 I resigned my seat, having been ruined in my fortunes. Whilst I was early in 1903 considering the difficult problem of how to start life again at the age of forty-five, a remarkable thing happened. The Boer War was just over, and the task before Milner was to bring order out of chaos. Lord Onslow was at the Colonial Office in the Conservative Government. He sent for me, and told me that Milner, then High Commissioner in South Africa, would like me to go out to him and help him in the task of restoring order and confidence in British administration in the Transvaal, and he offered me a Resident Magistracy at £1,000 a year with choice of certain districts where this post was not filled. I was astonished at the offer, for I had been a determined opponent of his policy and a severe critic of the Government's conduct of the war. I pointed all this out to Onslow, but he said that did not matter, and that Milner was collecting men whom he could trust as administrators, to prove that British rule was just and benevolent. He gave me a few days to decide. I accepted, and asked Onslow what my duties would be ; he replied, " Oh, very light ; you will just ride about and be a father to the people." That was the idea of a Resident Magistrate's duties at the Colonial Office !

I often thought of these words when working every day in the week from 6 a.m. to midnight, and on duty eight hours every Sunday. At that time

Sir Ian Hamilton's Warning

there were Criminal or Civil Courts every day at 11 a.m. The R.M. was responsible for Repatriation, in charge of the S.A. Constabulary, he was the Municipality of each town, he was Coroner, Head of Native Affairs, Revenue and Tax Collector, Land and Mining Registrar, Governor of the Gaol (a large convict prison) with Gaol Courts, had to report each month on the state of his district in respect of agriculture, mines, natives, prisons, etc., had to run the Government hospitals, and keep in touch with the O.C. of the garrison of his district, and a score of other duties fell to him in administering a district about the size of Yorkshire. I was certainly a father to the people, for to the R.M. fell the personal charge of all orphans and of their property, at his own personal expense !

The work was intensely interesting, for in no position which I have occupied did the fruits of labour show themselves in such abundance and so rapidly, and in addition to my Assistant, R. M. Oscar Staten, a man after my own heart, I had a splendid staff to second every effort and a white population of many nationalities who were brave and cheerful in spite of great financial distress. This is the only Government post I have ever occupied, and it was those whom I had most strongly opposed who gave it to me. I owe absolutely nothing to the party to whose interests I gave the best years of my life, but then, I never sought any favour from it in my life.

But to return to the Boer War for a moment. General Sir Ian Hamilton, who knew the Boers twenty years previously and had been severely wounded and permanently crippled at Majuba, wrote to me at this time on his way out :

1890 and After

“ I hold that we are in for a long and bloody struggle, for the Boer in his own country is a redoubtable man of war, and although Mr. Morley spoke of him the other day as a man in his shirt opposing ten armed men, I only hope the Cabinet realise better the job we are undertaking.”

But they did not, and the talk of spending Christmas in Pretoria went on. A most miserable war followed. One would have thought after Majuba and the growing unrest in South Africa that we should long before have arranged certain defences on the frontiers of our colonies of Natal and Cape Colony, but not a bit of it ; we had not even decent maps of our own countries. After the Jameson Raid Krüger was on his guard, and began to prepare for what he saw was coming. We did nothing. When we were sending our Army Corps out, Krüger, instead of waiting, as of course he should have done, and as our stupid Government expected he would, for it to land, he himself declared war. Now for the war ! great popular enthusiasm ! Majuba to be avenged ! For unpardonable ignorance of the enemy and of his country, for bad strategy, for a succession of humiliating defeats, and that at the hands of farmers in mufti, there has never been such a war : Colenso, Spion Kop, Val Krantz, Maggersfontein, Stormberg ! Our cavalry armed with carbines against Boer Mausers ! Our artillery lined out in the open with horses packed together in the rear, in full view of the Boers with their guns. It was a war of “ untoward incidents,” and only after years of fighting, devastating the country and the “ unavoidable ” cruelties of the “ Concentration Camps,” we got to the end of it.

Asquith and Lloyd George

Then we did do our best generously to set the colonies "on their legs" again and to heal the wounds of war.

I was a humble worker in these efforts, but the English public will never know how hard a task it was to bring about order and reconciliation. It could only be done by sympathetic justice and realising what we should have felt in the situation of the beaten Boers. The cruelty of the Concentration Camps had made the hatred of us a burning one. Imagine what each month meant. I have the figures for July 1901, when 1,117 children and 187 women died in these camps. It takes a long time for fathers and mothers to forget these things. It was an inglorious war, and in my judgment the only wise course was that taken by the Liberal Administration under Campbell-Bannerman of conceding self-government to the two annexed colonies.

In 1907, when I returned home, I had some idea of re-entering the House of Commons, but Mr. Asquith was out for the "Labour" vote, and the Liberal Whips were preferring left-wing candidates. Asquith had taken Mr. Lloyd George and Limehouse to his bosom, and by 1909 his Socialist and financial policy was such that I severed my association with his party and its neo-Liberalism. I have remained detached from all parties. Asquith won for himself and his great talents almost the worship of his own party and the admiration of many outside it. His wonderful brain and the lucidity of his expression compelled this. Great talents are not enough in a statesman, and he was devoid of certain instincts and sympathies which are

necessary to command general support or national approval. I do not feel that I am competent to judge or to criticise him, for a personal question has affected my opinion of his character and possibly warped my judgment. It is during my long life the only experience of a man, who had been on terms of personal friendship with me, withdrawing that friendship purely on account of my political views. From the day I left his party Asquith never spoke to me again, nor would he recognise me when we met by so much as a nod. In my experience of gentlemen this behaviour is unique.

This bit of conceit about myself or undue sensitiveness tempts me to allude to the personal equation in politics. The way we are treated as individuals must and does influence us. We cannot feel personal enmity to those from whom we receive courtesy and kindness, and the attitude of distinguished men to their political friends and opponents is of much more importance than they often realise. The less important a man is the more susceptible he is to kindness or to the reverse. I call to mind a furious attack of Joseph Cowan, the Radical M.P. for Newcastle, on Dizzy and his Government, in a debate on the Bulgarian atrocities. Cowan was a great orator. After his speech, Dizzy met him in the lobby, and told him what a splendid speech he had delivered, and though it was an attack on himself he wished to congratulate him and to shake hands with him. From that day Cowan never said a harsh word about Disraeli; the attitude of the man and the tone of his great newspaper, the "Newcastle Daily Chronicle," were

Political Solitude and Consistency

entirely changed. I have noticed that in dealing with all sorts and conditions of men the personal touch is of immense value.

It is very obvious in all relations with natives that the man who is interested in them individually, who learns their names and understands each character can do pretty much what he likes with them, whereas the man with equal or greater authority who treats them collectively and regards them in the sort of way in which some people regard a pack of hounds, as just "a lot of spotted dogs," fails lamentably, however just and benevolent in his general intentions he may be. M.P.'s, in spite of the commonness of their office, think "no small beer" of themselves, and statesmen make a mistake when they are indifferent to individual values.

I have often been asked why I am detached from present parties. This volume, I believe, answers that question. There is no virtue in political solitude, but there is a certain satisfying freedom in the liberty to speak and act according to your honest convictions which is denied to such practical persons as candidates and M.P.'s, for these are all but useless unless co-operating with others. There is no virtue either in political consistency, I mean in being the consistent follower of a party or of a party leader. It is, of course, the easiest and most direct road to political advancement, but if you have supported a principle or a policy against your better or maturer judgment, it is a betrayal of your trust to persist in your error. There are few more miserable excuses than the common pretence that it is preferable that your side should do the un-

1890 and After

desirable thing than the other. Half our troubles arise through this false and mean sophistry, and in accepting evils as inevitable.

In these pages certain political principles are defended, and the application of them is illustrated as I have understood them. I have written of politicians as I found them in the heat of conflict and in the language of my youth. It is intended to be in some measure an apology for the Liberalism of bygone days.

FINIS

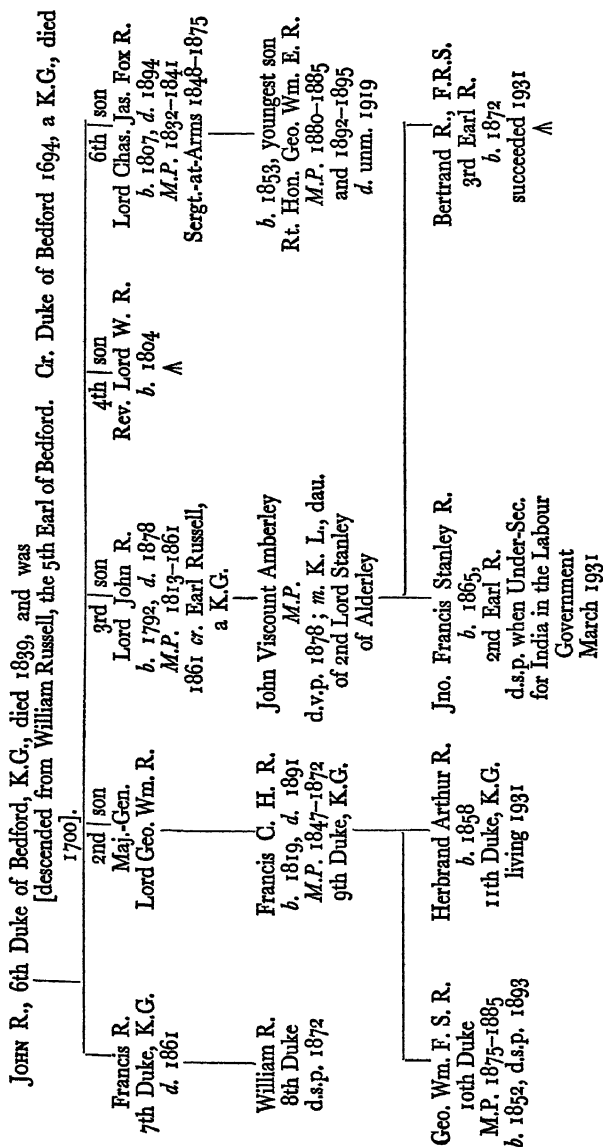
APPENDIX

THE following tables are to aid the reader to follow the relationship among the M.P.'s and politicians belonging to the several families of :

- I. Russell.
- II. Grey of Howick, Grey of Fallodon.
- III. Vane of Raby.
- IV. Milbank, of Thorp Perrow and Barningham.
- V. Duncombe.
- VI. Lambton.
- VII. Beaumont.
- VIII. Pease.
- IX. Dawnay.
- X. Lowther.
- XI. Dundas of Aske.

I

THE RUSSELLS



II

GREYS OF HOWICK AND FALLODON

HENRY GREY, *cr.* a Baronet 1746*d.* 1749

Sir Henry G., 2nd Bt., M.P.

b. 1722, *d.* 1808 s.p.

Thomas G.

K. in a duel
with Lord Pomfret.Gen. Sir Chas. G., a very distinguished soldier, received thanks of Parliament. *Cr.* Baron Grey 1801, *cr.* Visct. Howick and *Earl Grey* 1806, *d.* at Falloodon Ho. 1807, in his 79th yearChas. G., 2nd Earl G. and 3rd Bt.
M.P. 1786-1806, P.M. 1830-1834*b.* 1764, *d.* 1845Hy. Geo. G.
3rd Earl G., K.G.
4th Bt.
M.P. 1826-1845
b. 1802,
d. 1894 s.p.2nd son
Gen. Hon.
Chas. G., M.P.4th | 5th
Adm. Geo. G.
b. 1809, *d.* 1891
had issue
Rev. Jno. G.
b. 1812, *d.* 1895
had issueAlbert Hy. G., M.P.
4th Earl Grey and 5th Bt.
b. 1851, *d.* 1917
M.P. 1880-1886Chas. Robert G.
5th Earl and 6th Bt.
b. 1879, living 1931Rt. Hon.
Sir Edward Grey
3rd Bt., a K.G.
M.P. 1885-1916*cr.* 1916 Visct. Grey of Falloodon
b. 1862, living 1931
m. twice s.p.2. George G.
d. unm. 1911
3. Rev. A. Henry G.
d. s.p. 1914
4. Charles G.
d. unm. 1928

* heir presumptive to the Baronetcy.

3rd son

Capt. Hon. Sir Geo. G., K.C.B. (R.N.)
cr. a Baronet 1814
b. 1767, *d.* 1828Rt. Hon. Sir George G.
2nd Bt.
M.P. 1832-1874
b. 1799, *d.* 1882Chas. Saml. G.
b. 1811, *d.* 1860*Capt. Harry Geo. G. Edw. Geo. G.
R.N., *b.* 1852 *b.* 1858Lt.-Col. Geo. Hy. G.
b. 1835, *d.* 1874 v.p.1. Chas. Geo. G.
b. 1880; *m.* 1910
2. Harry Martin G.
b. 1882; *m.* 1920
3. Geo. F. G.
b. 1885; *m.*

III

THE VANES OF RABY AND DUKES OF CLEVELAND

- SIR HENRY VANE, 1589-1655 (a P.C. 1630), bought Raby and Barnard Castle estates. He gave evidence against Strafford.
- Sir Henry V., 1613-1662, was executed for high treason (for his record against the King). He had been a great ally of Cromwell and an eccentric Puritan. He had been dismissed from his offices and went over to the Parliament in 1641. The Attainder has never been reversed, and though the Arms, etc., of Vane were reallocated by the King, it is doubtful even if this was legal without an Act of Parliament
- Christopher V., *cr.* Baron Barnard 25th July, 1698, *d.* 1723
- 38 Gilbert V., 2nd Baron Barnard, *d.* 1753
- 88
- | | |
|---|--|
| Henry V., 3rd Baron Barnard, <i>cr.</i> 3rd Apr., 1754, Visct. Barnard and Earl of Darlington, <i>d.</i> 1758 | The present (1931) 10th Baron Barnard descends from a younger son of the 2nd Baron Barnard |
|---|--|
- Henry V., 4th Baron Barnard, 2nd Earl of Darlington, *d.* 1792
- William Harry V., 5th Baron Barnard, 3rd Earl of Darlington, *b.* 1766, *d.* 1842; *cr.* 5th Oct., 1827, Marquess of Cleveland; *cr.* 29th Jan., 1833, 1st Baron Raby and Duke of Cleveland. He *m.* 1st, 1787, Lady Katherine Margt. Poulett, co-heiress of the last Duke of Bolton. By her he had issue 8 children, of whom 3 sons and 3 daus. (*as shown overleaf*). She *d.* 1807. He *m.* 2ndly Eliz. Russell. She *d.s.p.* 1861. He is famous as a foxhunter, and began to keep hounds in 1789

DUKES OF CLEVELAND AND VANES—*continued*

By his first wife, *née* Lady Katherine Powlett

6 children of the 1st Duke of Cleveland, who *d.* 1842

3 daughters

- | | | | |
|---|--|--|---|
| Henry V.
4th Earl of Darlington
2nd Duke of C.
<i>b.</i> 1788
<i>M.P.</i> 1812-1842
<i>m.</i> 1809 Lady Sophia Powlett
He <i>d.s.p.</i> 18th Jan., 1864 | Lord Wm. Jno. Fredk. V.
3rd Duke of C.
5th E. of Darlington
7th Baron Barnard, etc.
<i>b.</i> 1792
<i>M.P.</i> 1812-1857 co. Durham
<i>m.</i> 1815 Caroline, 4th dau. of
1st Earl of Lonsdale
He <i>d.s.p.</i> 6th Sept., 1864
This Duke, 1813, assumed the
name and arms of Powlett,
but reassumed Vane in
1864 on succeeding. From
1813 to 1864 he was known
as Lord William Powlett | Lord Harry Geo. V.
4th Duke of C.
6th E. of Darlington
8th Baron Barnard
<i>b.</i> 1803
<i>M.P.</i> S. Durham and other
constituencies
<i>m.</i> Catherine Lucy, widow of
Lord Dalmeny (mother of
Archibald, Earl of Rose-
bery, <i>b.</i> 1847, <i>d.</i> 1929).
She <i>d.</i> 1901
He <i>d.</i> 21st Aug., 1891, <i>s.p.</i> ,
when all his titles became
extinct, except the Barony
of Barnard and Henry de
Vere (son of Sir Hy.
Morgan Vane), descended
from the 2nd Baron Bar-
nard, was adjudged 9th
Baron Barnard by the Cec.
of Privileges Ho. of Lords
1892, he <i>d.</i> 1918 and was
succeeded by his son
Christopher Wm. V., 10th
Baron Barnard, living 1931. | 1. Lady Louisa C. B. V.
<i>d.</i> 1821; <i>m.</i> 1813 Major F.
Forester and had issue
2. Lady Augusta H. V.
<i>d.</i> 1874; <i>m.</i> 1817, Mark
Milbank, <i>M.P.</i> , who <i>d.</i>
1881 and had issue
(See next page)
3. Lady Laura V., <i>b.</i> 1800,
<i>d.</i> 1882; <i>m.</i> 1823 Col. Wm.
Hy. Meyrick. He <i>d.</i>
1865 |
|---|--|--|---|

IV

MILBANKS, OF THORP PERROW AND BARNINGHAM

MARK MILBANK, of Thorp Perrow and Barningham, Yorks
M.P. 1818-1832

b. 1795, *d.* 21st Oct., 1881; *m.* 1817 Lady Augusta H. Vane, dau. of
1st Duke of Cleveland. She *d.* 1874

(See Vane pedigree p. 308.)

had with other issue

Mark V. M.
b. 1819, *d.* 1883
m. a Miss Farquahar
She *d.* 1850
issue 2 daughters
A

[Sir] Fredk. Acclom M.
b. 1820, *d.* 1898
M.P. N. Riding 1865-85
M.P. Richmond Div. 1885-86
cr. a Baronet 1882
m. 1844 Alexina Harriet, *d.* 1919
only dau. of Sir Alexr. Don, Bt.
(her mother claimed the Earldom of
Glencairn 1797)

Hy. Jno. M.
b. 1824, *d.* 1872
had issue
by two
marriages
A

Augustus S. M.
b. 1827, *d.* 1892

Augusta C. M.
m. 1841 Hy. F. Coore of
Scruton, Yorks

Hy. Mark Coore
b. 1842

Wm. Harry V. M.
Lt. R. Horse Guards
b. 1848, *d.* 1892, s.p.
m. 1871 Alice Sidonie
widow of E. C. Belleruche
She *d.* 1916.

Sir Powlett Chas. Jno. M.
2nd Bt., *b.* 1852
d. 30th Jan., 1918
M.P. Radnor 1895-1900
a Unionist
m. Edith Mary, 4th
dau. of Sir Rich. Green Price, Bt.
issue 1 son and
3 daus.

Sir Fredk. Richd. Powlett M., of Barningham
3rd. Bt., *b.* 1881

m. 1904, Harriet A. D., dau. of
Col. Jno. Gerald (Jerry) Wilson of Cliffe, Yorks

Alice M.
m. 1888 as his
and wife Sir David
Dale, 1st Bt.
She *d.* 1902 s.p.
he *d.* 1906
(with issue by 1st marriage)

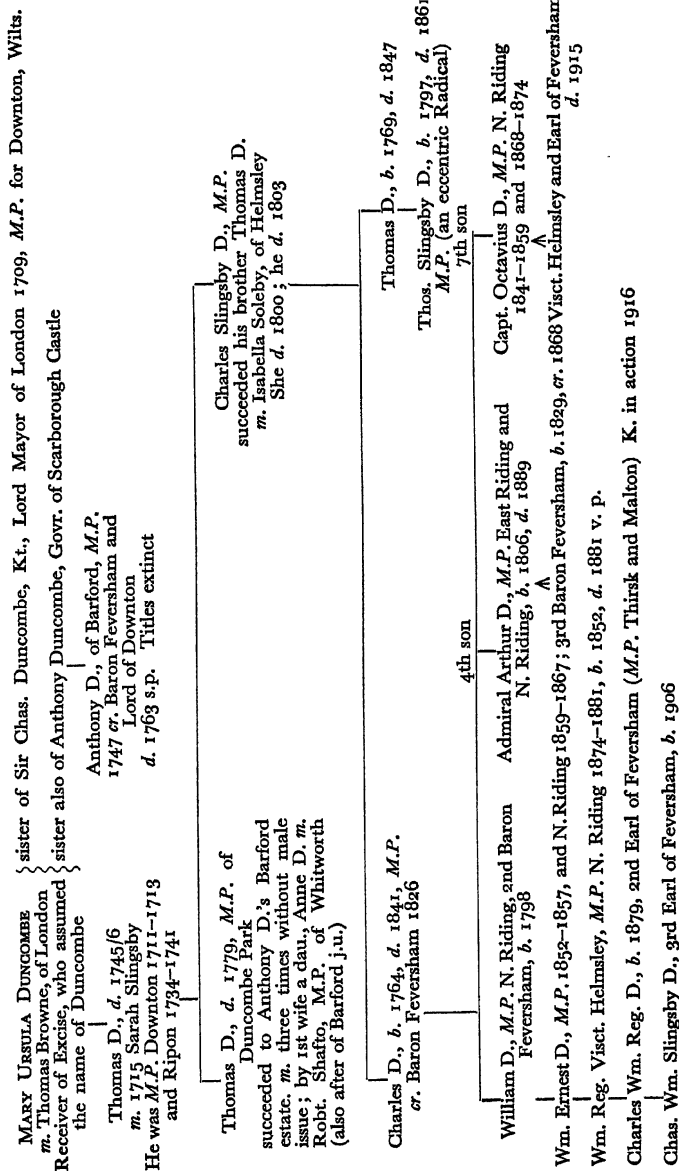
W. Louisa M.
d. 1903
unmarried

Mark V. M., *b.* 1907

Jno. Gerald Fredk. M., *b.* 1909

V

EXTRACT FROM THE DUNCOMBE PEDIGREE



VI LAMBTONS

MAJ.-GEN. JOHN LAMBTON, *M.P.* Durham City
b. 1710, *d.* 1794; *m.* Lady Susan Lyon (Strathmore)

Wm. Henry L., *M.P.* Durham City, 1787-1794
b. 1764, *d.* 1797
m. 1791 Lady Anne B. F. Villiers (Jersey)
issue 3 sons and 1 dau.

3rd son

Sir John George L., Kt. (G.C.B.), *b.* 1792, *d.* 1840
M.P. co. Durham 1813-1828

The distinguished Govr.-Gen. of Br. N. America. *m.*, 1st,
Harriet Chomondley; issue 1 dau. (*m.* Earl of Besborough).
He *m.*, 2nd, Lady Louisa Eliz., dau. of 2nd Earl Grey
[*c.* 1828 Baron Durham, and in
1833 Visct. Lambton and Earl
of Durham]

Hedworth L., *M.P.* Durham City 1832-1847
b. 1797, *d.* 1876

George Fredk. d'Arcy L., 2nd Earl of Durham
b. 1828, *d.* 1879
m. Lady Beatrix F. Hamilton (Abercorn)
issue 9 sons and 4 daus.

Twins

3rd Earl, John George L.
b. 1855, *d.* 1928
m. 1882 Ethel Milner, s.p.
d. 1931

4th Earl, Fredk. Wm. L.
M.P. S. Durham and S.-E. Durham
b. 1855, *d.* 1929
m. 1879 Beatrice Bulceel
issue 3 sons and 3 daus.

Adml. Sir Hedworth L.
took surname of Meux
b. 1856, *d.* 1929 s.p.

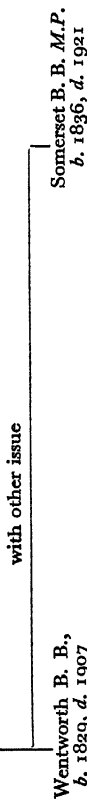
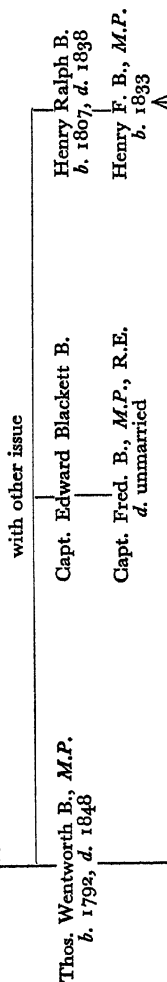
Chas. L., *b.* 1857
Geo. L., *b.* 1860
Sir Wm. L., *b.* 1863
Cland L., *b.* 1865
D'Arcy L., *b.* 1866
Francis L., *b.* 1871, K. in ac-
tion 1914.

5th Earl, John Fredk. L.
b. 1884
Geoffrey L.
b. 1887
Cland L.
b. 1888

VII

EXTRACT FROM THE BEAUMONT PEDIGREE

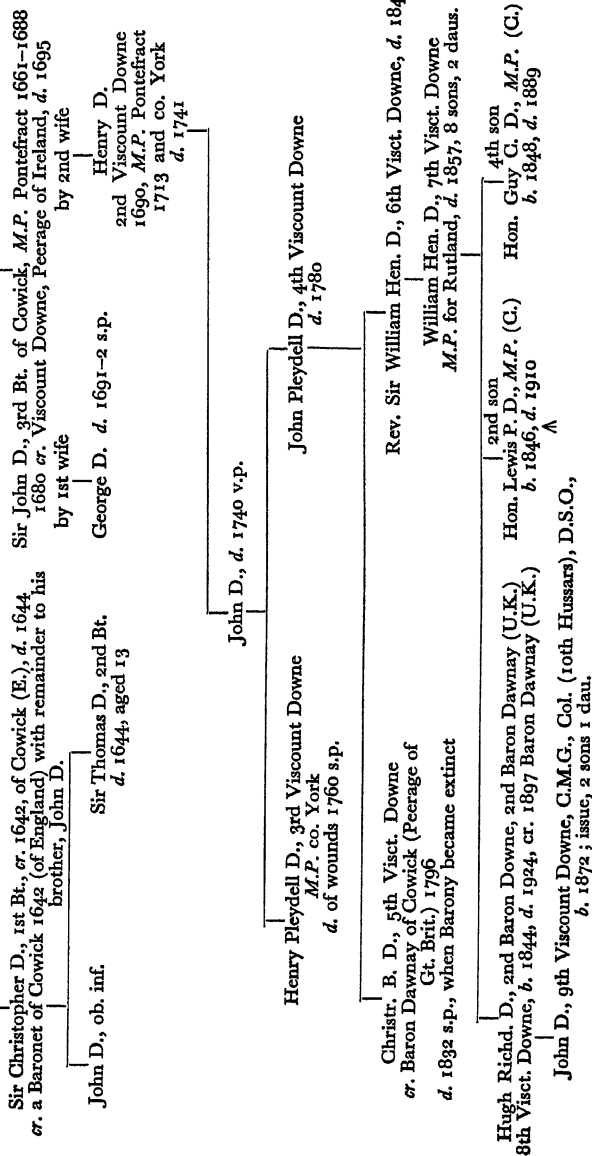
THOMAS RICHARD BEAUMONT, *M.P.*, *m.* 1786 Diana, dau. and heiress of Sir Thos. Blackett, Bt., formerly Wentworth
b. 1758



IX

DAWNAY

SIR JOHN DAWNAY, Kt., of Sessay, *M.P.* for Thirsk 1571-1592, *d.* 1595,
from whom descends, in direct descent, his great-grandson



XI

DUNDAS OF ASKE

LAWRENCE DUNDAS, (*M.P.* for twenty years between 1747 and 1781, various constituencies),
cr. a Baronet 1762, *d.* 1781

Sir Thomas D., 2nd Bt. (*M.P.*, Richmond 1763-8, Stirlingshire 1768-94)
cr. Baron Dundas 1794, *d.* 1820

Lawrence D., 2nd Baron D. (*M.P.*, Richmond 1790-1802, 1808-11, York, 1802-7, 1811-20)
cr. Earl of Zetland 1838, *b.* 1766, *d.* 1839

Hon. Chas. L. D.
b. 1771, *d.* 1810
 (*M.P.*, Malton and Richmond
 1798-1810)

Thomas D., 2nd Earl of Zetland, K.G. (*M.P.*, Richmond 1818-30, 1835-39
 and other constituencies)
b. 1795, *d.s.p.* 1873

Hon. John C. D.
 (*M.P.*, Richmond)
b. 1808, *d.* 1866

Fredk. D.,
 (*M.P.*, Orkneys and
 Shetlands)
d.s.p. 1872

Admiral Geo. H. L. D.
 (*M.P.*, Richmond and
 Orkneys and Shetlands)
d. unkn. 1834

Lawrence D., 3rd Earl of Zetland
cr. Marquess of Zetland 1892
 (*M.P.*, Richmond 1872-3)
b. 1844, *d.* 1929

Hon. John C. D.,
 (*M.P.*, Richmond 1873-85)
b. 1845, *d.* 1892

(1873 raised to the rank of Earl's son)
 issue 2 sons, 2 daus.

Lawrence Jno. Lumley D., 2nd Marquess of Zetland
 (*M.P.*, Hornsey 1907-16)
b. 1876, living 1931, with issue

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